SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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# MY REMEMBRANCES

## BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

### THE OLD LYCEUM THEATRE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"THE HIGHEST BIDDER"

WHERE are they gone, "the old familiar faces"? The Lyceum Theatre, on Fourth Avenue, opposite the Ashland House, is now but a memory. For sixteen years it was my home actually, for I lived there constantly in spirit—even when I was away, ever contemplating what I would produce there on my return. For sixteen years I brought out there a new play each summer under the direction of my guide, philosopher, and friend, Daniel Frohman. There I grew from boyhood to manhood. There I made many of my closest friendships, and there most of the comedy, farce, and tragedy of my existence had its genesis in the real and in the mimic world. I was twenty-three when I began to play there; I was thirty-nine when I left there never to return. I watched the theatre building, wondering whether I should ever act in it; I watched it being pulled down by a wrecking concern, sad that I should never play in it again.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." In front of the house and behind the curtain, Time has been busy with his scythe. In sixteen years, Death has had time to gather a heavy harvest.

In 1886, therefore, it was with much acceleration of my pulse that one evening, coming out of my modest lodging, I saw right before my eyes my own name in letters twelve feet high. I was a star! I had, so to speak, blossomed during the night. While I slept the bill-board man, with paste and broom, had labelled me as "Valuable goods. Fragile! This side up with care!" I stood before these giant letters and reflected upon the power of print and the bubble-like quality of reputation. Then I wended my way to Daniel Frohman and said: "The letters are too big; I can never live up to them."

Managers are optimistic. "We will try," said he.

I had been two years at the Lyceum Theatre in the company of Miss Helen Dauvray. Fortune and Miss Dauvray had been kind to me. I had proceeded toward a modest success. My brother Sam had joined me in America, having just finished his schooling in Paris. He brought with him two dogs: Death, a bulldog, and Trap, a fox-terrier. One day I brought to my rooms in 23d Street a box of old manuscripts, mostly copies of "Lord Dundreary" and others of my father's repertoire. Death and Trap and Sam stood by and looked on idly while I, as idly, looked over the plays. Suddenly Trap flew at a heap of manuscripts and seized a printed book. We tried to get it from him. He dashed about the room, as fox-terriers will, under the bed and over the bed, waiting, watching, fleeing. Death, an unwieldy fellow, began to take notice and amble after us as we pursued

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Trap. My landlady opened the door. Out went Trap, Death after him, nearly upsetting my landlady. My brother and I rushed after the dogs. Trap headed down 23d Street direct to the Lyceum Theatre, play in mouth. In and out of cabs and cars, pedestrians and jehus, that wonderful dog went directly to the box-office of the theatre.

Frank Bunce, the business manager, beheld him. "What has he got there?" said he.

"A play," said I.

"Does he want me to read it?" said Bunce.

"If you please," I replied.

"Take it up-stairs to Mr. Frohman," said the business manager.

'Twas done. Frohman read it. He accepted it and produced it. The play had been written twenty years before for my father by Madison Morton and Robert Reece. They called it "Trade." Frohman christened it "The Highest Bidder." The hero was an auctioneer who fell in love with the daughter of a haughty baronet; hence the conflict between Trade and Birth. The play was a great success and started both Dan Frohman and myself on the waters of prosperity. "Out of the mouths of dogs cometh wisdom!"

The structure and the dialogue of "Trade" was rather old-fashioned and stilted. David Belasco, the stage-manager of the Lyceum, took it in hand to doctor it and produce it. Belasco and I worked with the fervor and enthusiasm of youth. We both enjoyed our work; we were both indefatigable. A great deal of the dialogue I wrote myself as the days of rehearsal went by. I was allowed great liberty in that respect. LeMoyne and the other actors were good comrades, and all went as happily as could be. We all fancied we were rather clever, when one day Mr. Frohman came to see how we were getting on. The very fires of enthusiasm consumed us; we stood panting and exhausted before our manager, strong in the consciousness of work well done.

"Awful!" said he. "It is simply awful! The thing will be a shocking failure!"

Printing twelve feet high! Much talk about the coming début of a new star; much affectionate reminiscence in generously inclined newspapers of that new star's old father. "These things have to be lived up to. At it again!" Sam and I and the two dogs and Belasco and our sympathetic crew; day and night did we rehearse and write and discuss. One scene, the crucial scene of the play, concerned an auction of the proud father's estate. The hero, the despised auctioneer, buys in the property through an agent who bids on the stage. "Going! going!! gone!!!" cries the hero in the auctioneer's box.

"Who has bought 'The Larches'?" weeps the heroine.

"I!" says the hero.

Consternation! Victory! Defeat of the villain! End of the act!

This scene was very intricate and what we call "liney"; twelve or fourteen different people had to talk constantly in it; extra people had to shout on exact cues approval or disapproval, the thing had to go like clockwork. The man working it out might see his way to some successful consummation, but to an onlooker, what with interruptions, repetitions, pauses to write things down or argue about them, the prospect must have been hopeless and the future black with disaster. Since Mr. Frohman had said "Awful!" we had worked like so many devils. I had rewritten many scenes; especially had I labored at the auction scene. So much had it been changed and added to that when the dress rehearsal came I had to read the scene from my pages of manuscript placed among papers on my auctioneer's desk. I had to pretend to drink champagne during this scene. Refreshments are being handed about at this particular auction; my clerk observing my distraction and grief plies me with glasses of wine. I insisted on having real champagne, so that we would get the real "pop" when the cork was knocked out. This pleased the rest of the cast; at the dress rehearsal the scene was played with enthusiasm. All the characters and the extra people—the stage-hands, the scene-painter, the stage-manager, when Jack Hammerton said "I!"—felt we had earned each other's esteem and admiration. The third and last act was rehearsed. This consisted chiefly of love scenes between the bashful hero and the

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lovely heroine. "'Tis love that makes the world go round," said I to myself. These scenes, since there were no lovers in front to experience the gentle throes and share the sweet madness, went sadly enough at this dress rehearsal. When all was said and done and Jack Hammerton had won the heroine, had bestowed his first kiss upon her pouting lips, we stood once more expectant of approval. Mr. Frohman came down the aisle of the theatre to the footlights. There stood the sweet sweetheart of the play; there the delightful old comedy friend, Le-Moyne; there the enthusiastic and conquering hero; there the gratified stage-manager, Belasco.

"Well?" said I, my bosom swelling with certain confidence that the twelve-foot printing was not all in vain; "well, how now? What do you think now?"

"Awful!" said Frohman. "It will be a frightful failure!"

Belle Archer, the heroine, faded away in tears; Archer, her husband in real life and the wicked baronet of the play, muttered as only wicked baronets can; Le-Moyne began to talk about the palmy days of the drama; Belasco alluded to the marvellous climate of California. For one moment my heart sank within me.

LYCEUM THEATRE,

DANIEL FROHMAN, · SOLE MANAGER.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, AT 8:30.

Mr. Frohman presents this Souvenir in Commemoration

—OF THE—

50th PERFORMANCE

—OF—

THE HIGHEST BIDDER,

A Comedy in Three Acts, by Maddison Morton and Robert Reece.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| LAWRENCE THORNHILL, of "The Larches," | J. H. Pyatt. |
| BONHAM CHEVIOT, of "The Firs," his neighbor, | Wm. J. LeMoyne. |
| SIR MUFFIN STRUGGLES, A Philanthropist, | Richard Buckstone. |
| SIR EVELYN GRAINE, Baronet, Etc., | Herbert Archer. |
| JOSEPH, Servant to Thornhill, | Walter Burns. |
| PARKYN, | Wm. A. Sheridan. |
| FRANK WIGGINS, | Percy Sage |
| SERGEANT DOWNEY, | Alfred Young. |
| BILL, His Assistant, | Maurice Clyde. |
| ROSE THORNHILL, | Belle Archer. |
| MRS. HONITON LACY, | Lizzie Da Ray |
| LOUISA, Her Daughter, | Nettie Wilson. |
| JACK HAMMERTON, of Hammerton, Mallet & Co., London, | E. H. Sothern. |

ACT I.—Breakfast Room of The Larches, . . . . . "The Bidder."
ACT II.—Salesroom at Hammerton, Mallet & Co.'s, London, . . . "The High Bidder."
ACT III.—Scene 1 · Exterior of The Larches, "Sunset."
Scene 2—The Glade, "Twilight."
Scene 3—Same as Scene 1, "Moonlight," . . . "The Highest Bidder."

The Play edited by and under the Stage Direction of Mr. BELASCO.

DAVID BELASCO, Stage Manager. GEO. ELLIS, Ass't Treas. W. BELLOWS, Ass't Stage Manager. E. G. UNITT, Scenic Artist. THOS. GOSSMAN, Machinist. FRANK D. BUNCE, Treas. ERNEST NEVER, Leader.

Cast of characters from the souvenir programme in commemoration of the fiftieth performance of "The Highest Bidder."

Sketches by E. H. Sothern

"He did do it very well. But he did it"

Facsimile of autograph on the cover of the programme.

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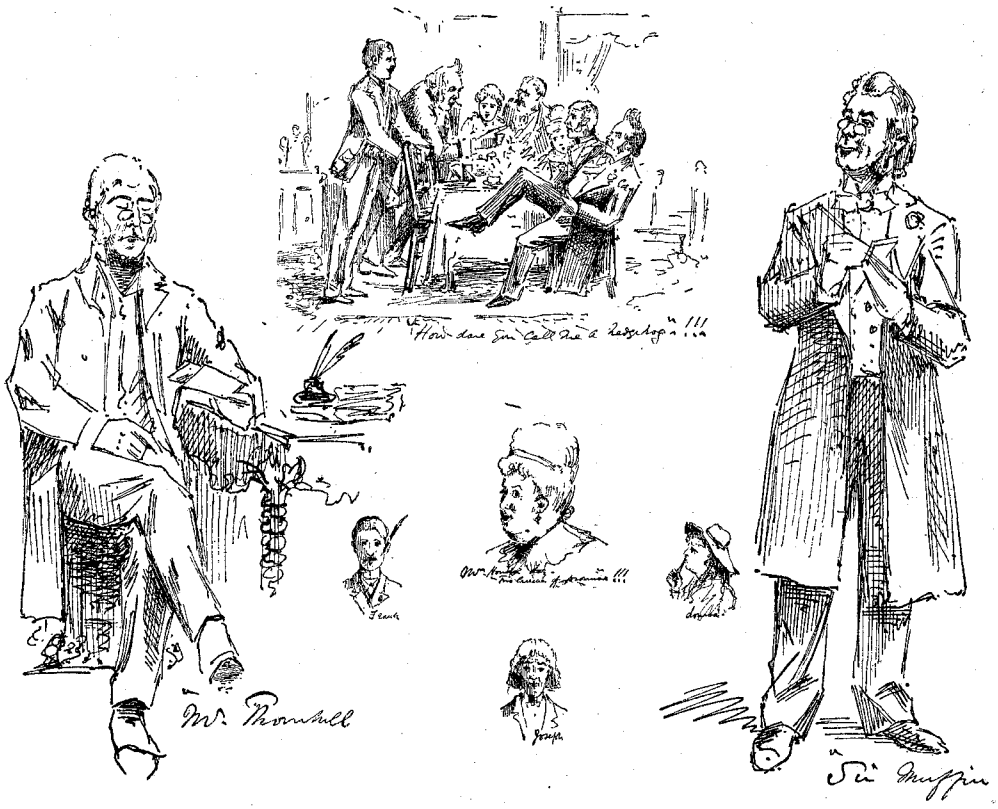
Mr. Frohman was retreating up the aisle. He saw his first production in his new theatre a fiasco. Let us respect his reflections and draw a curtain over his grief.

I was up with the lark. "Trap!" said I, as that restless fox-terrier jumped onto my bed, "Trap, you selected this play." breakfast-table excited much laughter, thanks greatly to the excellent comedy of Mr. LeMoyne. The curtain went down to one call.

Where was Mr. Frohman? He did not come behind with encouragement or advice. We knew not then, but afterward



Sketches by E. H. Sothern in the souvenir programme.

I made some little pen-and-ink sketches of which I was extremely proud.—Page 394.

"Bow-wow!" said that animal with extreme confidence.

"Booh-hoo!" boomed Death, the bulldog, in a deeper note, as who should say: "Me, too!"

This was inspiring. Up and out and to it again! Some few final touches, some few words of advice and some parting instructions on the eve of battle, and we were in for it.

The night was upon us. There we were playing the play. The audience was kind and generous. The first act, however, went quietly. The exposition was a bit long, but one amusing scene at a we knew. He had seen part of the first act and had left the theatre in despair. He had gone to the Ashland House across the way. There on this hot summer night, the windows in front of the theatre being open, he could actually hear the actors speaking on the stage; he could hear the audience laugh and applaud whenever they were so inclined. There he sat on one of those well-remembered rush-bottom chairs, the picture of wretchedness; Bunce, the business manager of the theatre, on a chair beside him, glum, silent, pale, desperate. These two, who saw the fortunes of the theatre blasted,

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*From photographs in the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell.*

"Going!" "Going!!"

E. H. Sothern as Jack Hammerton in "The Highest Bidder."

sat with lips compressed and chairs tilted back, like men whose doom was sealed.

"What's that?" cried Frohman.

"My God! the theatre's on fire!" cried Bunce.

They rushed across the street. The place was in an uproar. Up the stairs on either side of the lobby they sped, followed by the police and several old patrons of the hotel across the way. Passers-by stopped and stared. Some one cried: "Sound the fire-alarm!" In the theatre the audience rocked and roared with applause. Shouts of victory resounded in the air. Up went the curtain again, and again, and yet again. There was Jack Hammerton in the auctioneer's box, a bottle of champagne in one hand, a glass in the other, his hair on end and wet with perspiration, his collar wilted and burst from his collar-button, his waistcoat undone, gesticulating hysterically as picture after picture came and went again. Five calls, six calls, seven! eight! nine! ten!

"Gone!!!"

"Ten calls! What's the matter with Sothern?" whispered Bunce.

"It's that champagne! I knew it was a mistake!" said Frohman.

But it wasn't the champagne at all. We had lived up to the printing—at least we thought we had. The last act went finely. Frohman beamed like the morning sun; the lovers loved like Love himself; the audience played its part and all went merry as a marriage bell. "The Highest Bidder" was a fine success. We began at once to consider our next play.

An interviewer was asking me one day



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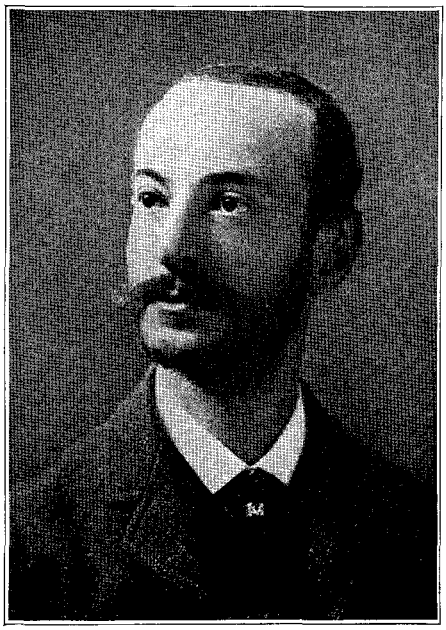
for a record of my modest achievements. Said I: "Any distinction to which I may lay claim is not connected with the theatre. Acting is a side issue with me. My chief accomplishment in days to come will be admitted to lie in the realms of invention. I am an inventor."

"What did you invent?" said the surprised scribe.

"The London messenger boy," I replied. "It is entirely owing to my enterprise that messenger boys exist in London."

I proceeded to enlighten my interlocutor. When my little play, "The Highest Bidder," had achieved the distinction of a fifty-night run in New York during the summer of 1886, Mr. Dan Frohman and I, in the pride and enthusiasm of victory, got up a souvenir to celebrate the occasion. I made some little pen-and-ink sketches of the characters, of which sketches I was extremely proud. I said to my brother Sam one morning: "I think we ought to send some of these souvenirs to the authors of the play." John Madison Morton was a most prolific writer of farces, "Box and Cox" being, perhaps, his most famous one; and Robert Reece had for years and years written the burlesques for the Gaiety Theatre, London. At this time, Reece was an old man, an inmate of the Charter House in London. The Charter House is an hospital and school founded in 1611 by Sir Thomas Sutton. It was originally a Carthusian monastery established in 1371. It is an asylum for poor brethren the number of whom is limited to eighty, and they must be bachelors, members of the Church of England, and fifty years old. Each brother receives, besides food and lodging, an allowance of twenty-six pounds a year for his clothing, etcetera. Neither Reece nor Morton had ever expected to hear again of their play, "Trade," which they had sold to my father twenty years gone by, and I thought it would please them to know that at last it had been played and had met with success. "We must send them some of these souvenirs," said I. "How shall we do it?"



*From a photograph by Sarony.*

Daniel Frohman about 1891.

"Send a messenger boy," said my brother.

I have before remarked on the astonishing acumen and the strange ability to see through millstones possessed by my brother. The idea immediately struck me as not only feasible but capable of vast advertising possibilities. In those days, thirty years ago, it was still something of an adventure to cross the Atlantic. I had, myself, only recently been interviewed because I had gone to London and back within twenty days. Today this is, of course, commonplace.

We rang the messenger call. A very small boy responded. Said I: "I want you to take this package and these two letters to Mr. Robert Reece at the Charter House, London, England."

"Yes, sir," said the boy without exhibiting the slightest surprise. He took the package and the letters and went away.

"A remarkable boy!" said I.

"American," said my brother.

We went over to Mr. Frohman and told him of our plan. He was enthusiastic. The head man from the messenger office came over to the Lyceum Theatre; this was a matter of more than fifteen cents. Arrangements were made through the office of the Edwin H. Low Steamship

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Agency. A ship sailed the next morning and our messenger boy, named Eugene B. Sanger, in a new uniform and looking as though taking letters to Europe were his daily duty, went his way.

The old Lyceum Theatre, Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Up to the time of Sanger's arrival in London no messenger service existed; any one who wished to send a message either sent it by a cab or called for a commissionaire—that is, an old soldier disabled from active service, retired on a pension, and whose progress as a Mercury was aided by the loss of one arm or one leg. There was a commissionaire's office where one could obtain the service of one of these veterans to perform many and various duties; as a rule you sent a commissionaire in a cab! Sanger's visit was, for our purposes of advertising, made as public as possible. Buffalo Bill was at that time giving an exhibition at Earls Court; to him also was a souvenir sent, and we soon received a photograph of our boy surrounded by Buffalo Bill's Indians, cowboys, and other Wild West citizens. Sanger's mission to Morton and Reece was discussed in the *Daily Telegraph* and other papers. Then a corre-

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spondence ensued as to the messenger service in America; Sanger was interviewed and discussed learnedly upon his profession. Much argument to and fro resulted. His comings and goings were chronicled and the establishment of a messenger service was discussed and advocated. Not long afterward it was actually instituted, and, as all the world knows, you can call a messenger boy in London to-day with the same facility that you can call one in New York.

This, I declare, is a sufficient claim to immortality; here is a useful and really necessary concomitant of daily existence, which brings ease and peace and comfort to thousands of people, which facilitates intercourse in all business and pleasure—a long-felt want supplied! And who did this thing? To whom is glory due?

To me! From the housetops I cry it! I did it—Sam and I.

Sanger's visit was a triumphal progress. On land and sea he was petted and entertained, as though he had been a messenger from Mars. He gave up being a messenger boy and went on the stage; became an actor, a writer, a manager, a man of letters in more senses than one.

Said I to my newspaper friend:

"Here's a service which should arouse the gratitude of mankind, and yet you will persist in talking to me about my inconsequential doings on the stage."

"But," said he, "I was not aware you had distinguished yourself in this line."

"'Twas ever thus," said I. "The records of invention teem with the wrongful wresting of reward from the patient investigator. Some other brow will wear the laurel which should have been mine. History, however, will vindicate my claim."

### LETTARBLAIR

"WHAT is a Lettarblair?" said Miss Marguerite Merington to me one memorable morning in 1887.

Said I: "Lettarblair is the name of a cousin of mine, Lettarblair Litton, and it is a first-rate name for the hero of your play."

We were talking in the sitting-room of Miss Merington's home on Grand Boulevard at 120th Street, New York, whither I had journeyed carrying a letter of introduction from that identical good fairy who has flitted through these pages. She had sped down Miss Merington's chimney, and, having waved her wand, Miss Merington, a teacher of Greek in the Normal School, at once became plagued with a bee in her bonnet which buzzed to her concerning many a fanciful scene and many words of pretty wit and gentle wisdom.

"You shall write a comedy," cried the fairy, whereupon the teacher of Greek seized a pencil and began.

She already had the matter in some shape when I paid her this visit. Events happen quickly when enthusiasts confer. In one minute, Miss Merington's hero, who was a fiddler, absent-minded and a dreamer of dreams, became, in the play of her lively fancy, a soldier, an Irishman, a man of action.

In two minutes he had changed his name to Lettarblair from whatever it had previously been, and in half an hour he had become enmeshed in some very fascinating adventures.

The play proceeded apace and soon was in condition to submit to Mr. Daniel Frohman.

The authoress and her fellow conspirator, myself, awaited the manager's verdict with impatience.

"It is the worst play I have ever read," said he.

To many people this would have proved a shock. To us it was merely a means of perceiving that the play must be made better.

The advice of Mr. Fred Williams was sought. He was the stage-manager of the Lyceum Theatre, a very dear old fellow and a wise man in the ways of play-making.

Mr. Williams, however, permitted himself on occasion to become somewhat the slave of tradition. In a certain play, Mr. Herbert Kelcey was called upon to enter the room of a house in London. Mr. Williams, reading from his carefully prepared manuscript, said:

"Enter Kelcey with a gun in his hand. Property-man, where is that gun? Hand it to Mr. Kelcey. Now, then, go on! Enter with a gun in his hand."

"Pardon me, Mr. Williams," said Kel-

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Eugene B. Sanger, the messenger boy sent to London to distribute souvenirs of "The Highest Bidder," photographed in London with the "Buffalo Bill" company.

"It is entirely owing to my enterprise that messenger boys exist in London."—Page 394.



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cey, "but I don't quite understand. There is nothing in the play about a gun. There is no reason that I perceive why I should enter with a gun."

Said Mr. Williams: "My dear boy, there is no *reason*, but it makes an admirable entrance."

Mr. Williams smiled benignly upon us. He read the play.

"I will copy it out," said he; "perhaps something may occur to me in the process."

With much labor and in a hand remarkable for its size and its clearness, Mr. Williams copied out the play. We were then called upon to hear his suggestions.

Mr. Williams, with an all-embracing smile and a most mellifluous Dublin brogue, began.

"I will read you a play," said he, "called"—here he considered sagely, and then, as though the idea were his own and an inspiration of the moment—"'Lettarblair'!"

"Yes," said Miss Merington, "that is my title."

Mr. Williams ignored this remark.

"'Lettarblair'!" said he. "I will call my play 'Lettarblair.'"

"*My* play!" said Miss Merington.

Mr. Williams read the names of the people in the play. "There," said he, beaming upon us affectionately—"there you have my cast of characters."

"*My* cast of characters," said Miss Merington weakly.

He had reconstructed the comedy to some extent, and many of his suggestions and amendments were of importance. But we were disconcerted by his most amiable but insistent habit of alluding to "my play." However, that was merely a figure of speech, and we soon dismissed our misgivings. We both recognized the value of Mr. Williams's advice, and Miss Merington went at it again.

In a few weeks another version was submitted to Mr. Frohman.

"This play," said he, "is impossible. "I have never read such a bad play."

Again Miss Merington and I departed and again we consulted Mr. Williams, who once more copied out the manuscript and once more read us "*his*" play.

This happened a third and a fourth time, until two years had passed. At length I declared to Mr. Frohman that I wanted to put the play in rehearsal, but he was obdurate and would have none of it.

Things looked badly for "Lettarblair," and I had to write to the good fairy to say that I must abandon the conflict. Not so the good fairy, however. She went to Buzzards Bay with the manuscript and its author, who read it to Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the fairy hovering by. Mr. Jefferson said it was charming and wrote to me recommending that I should consider the matter further. But I was now embarked on other enterprises and my enthusiasm had grown cold. However, when Mr. Jefferson began his engagement with Mr. Florence at the Garden Theatre, in New York, I placed the play in rehearsal.

Lettarblair's Irish brogue and many very witty lines, a beautiful new British soldier's uniform and some charming love scenes were all very well; but there was no doubt that the story lacked form and backbone and plausibility.

For many days we struggled valiantly. Mr. Jefferson came to several of our rehearsals and offered valuable suggestions, but the members of the cast, all old and eager comrades though they were, felt that the play was incoherent and incomplete. Still, I determined to try it at a matinée.

"I won't buy a single stick of scenery for it," said Mr. Frohman.

"I will do it with what is in the theatre," said I, "with the exception of one small front scene, and all I want for that is the table with the bench around it which one sees in Marcus Stone's picture."

"What will it cost?" said Mr. Frohman.

"About fifty dollars," said I.

"It is too much," said he. "It would be throwing away the money."

I consulted the carpenter and the scene-painter.

"We can do it for thirty dollars," I said.

"Well, go ahead!" said Mr. Frohman, and it is a fact that "Lettarblair" was produced for thirty dollars.

The people wore the clothes they al-

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*From a photograph by Sarony.*

E. H. Sothern as Captain Lettarblair Litton.
I, of course, had to purchase that beautiful uniform.

ready possessed, but I, of course, had to purchase that beautiful uniform.

Now we went to work in earnest.

In Act II the heroine has an interview with the hero in his rooms at the barracks. This interview is the real crux of the play, and certain matters are there discussed on which hang the future conduct of the story.

One day I stopped at rehearsal.

Said I: "Miss Merington, here is the great difficulty. I have felt at each rehearsal that this scene is unreal, untrue. It couldn't happen. The girl would not remain in the man's rooms after the exit of the others, and if she did remain she would leave the instant that Lettarblair, with whom she has quarrelled, should enter."

"She must remain, though," said Miss Merington, "or there is no play."

"But we must make her remaining necessary. How will you make it absolutely necessary for her to stay—necessary for her to hear against her will Lettarblair's explanation and his protestation of love? There is every reason why she should go and no reason why she should stay."

Here we were at a standstill, for unless



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this could be mended the whole play fell down.

"I have it," said I. "She must get her dress caught in the door."

"But she could turn the handle and release it."

"There must be no handle. A few moments previous to this, some character must open the door and the handle must come off. It must roll a little distance down the stage. Shortly the heroine turns to take a last look at the scene, standing so that her dress is between the door and the frame of the door. The person who has just gone off shuts the door and her frock is caught. She is a prisoner."

"She could pick up the handle."

"No, it is too far from her, and here is where we have a splendid comedy scene. She must try to reach the handle. She calls for the others to open the door. They are too far away to hear her. She takes that sword there and tries to reach the handle. She can barely touch it. She puts the scabbard on the end of the sword-blade, she touches the handle, but, ah! the scabbard falls off and she cannot get it again. She moves to take off her frock when Lettarblair enters. She demands the handle. He perceives her dilemma and his own opportunity. He laughs, takes a chair, sits down in front of her, and there is the interview which she has to take part in whether she will or no."

Then and there the whole scene was acted out and entirely rewritten. Everything became not only possible but convincing and inevitable. The play rapidly developed in every direction, and in a few days, at our dress rehearsal, our hopes ran high.

This particular scene at the first performance proved a fine success, and when the heroine was relieved from her predicament just as Lettarblair, pleading his cause and trying to undo the Gordian knot which the authoress had skilfully tied, took the rebellious lady in his arms; when the door was burst open from without, the heroine released and the climax of the act shortly after achieved, Miss Merington knew that her comedy was victorious. Soon the play was put on at night and ran for a year.

This incident does not belong to the chapter of accidents, but is one of those opportunities begot of endeavor; for obstacles present themselves to the adventurer merely to be overcome, and of such conquests events are born. Thus was my father confronted with the impossible task of making the original part of Lord Dundreary a great or even a good character study when that emergency which rendered him desperate proved to be his salvation.

On the occasion of the first dress rehearsal of Justin McCarthy's play, "If I Were King," Mr. Daniel Frohman pronounced a judgment which undoubtedly secured the success of that drama. In the original version the heroine, Katherine de Vaucelles, was aware during the entire second and third acts that the new grand constable was actually the François Villon of Act, I and the interest centred in her observation of the toss-pot poet's regeneration before her very eyes, and his transformation from a rascal to a counsellor and commander of the king's army constituted the chief interest of these acts.

"These acts have no movement whatever," said Mr. Frohman when Mr. McCarthy and I joined him in the auditorium on the fall of the curtain. "There is no suspense. That long recitation of 'Where are the snows of yesterday' is extraneous, tiresome. There is no drama behind it. There is no conflict. The moment the curtain rises, we know the heroine is about to surrender to the hero, and when she succumbs at last we have anticipated it for an hour and a half. There is no surprise, no victory over obstacles, no achievement, no opposition."

Mr. McCarthy looked exceedingly blue.

I myself saw that Mr. Frohman's objection was just, but perceived no remedy.

"Were you not interested in the love scene?" I asked.

"No, not a bit," said Mr. Frohman.

"Why not?"

"The heroine's submission is a foregone conclusion."

"The poem is beautiful."

"Perhaps, but since she already admires the hero, all his wooing in verse seems superfluous. The action drags. If we knew that he was luring her into a

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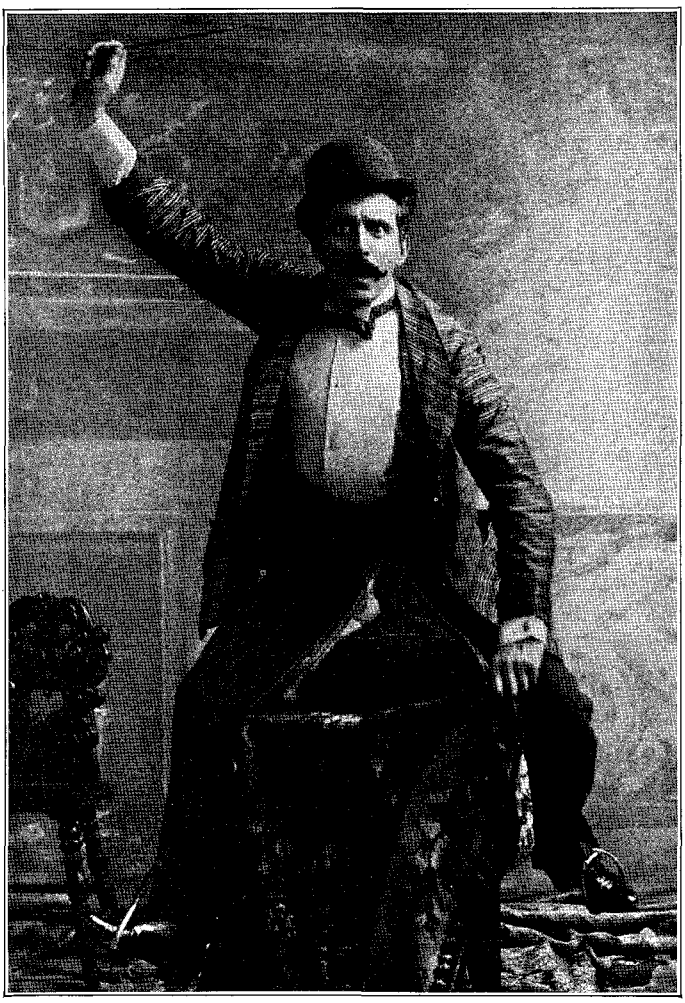

*From a photograph by Sarony in the collection of Marguerite Merington.*

E. H. Sothern in the horse-auction scene—Captain Lettarblair.

trap with all his honeyed talk, and if, when she had declared her love for him, she should discover for the first time that this magnificent grand constable is in fact no other than the ragged vagabond of the first act, then you would have a dramatic situation; we in front would be aware throughout acts two and three that this revelation was pending, was threatening, and we would watch the rhymester's wooing of the haughty lady with keen anticipations, we would look forward to her anger, her scorn, and her denunciation."

"You mean that she must not know who the new grand constable really is?"

"Of course she must not."

"Who shall betray him?"

"He must confess."

"But that is the plot of the 'Lady of Lyons.' That is exactly what Claude Melnotte does."

"What does that matter? Such a revelation is one of the thirty-six situations of Gozzi. Novelty consists not so much in situation as in treatment."

The wisdom of these remarks was evident.

That night Mr. McCarthy rewrote the scenes of the third act. The alterations were surprisingly simple.

The next day we rehearsed the new



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version. The love scene, the poem, the wooing, all assumed a new interest. Every word and glance which now drew the heroine more and more into the mesh of love increased the excitement of the auditor, and when Villon, having won her heart, confessed that he was the vagabond poet and Katherine denounced him for his perfidy, the strength of the situation was intense.

Thus did a grave fault beget a great excellence.

Some time after the success of the play Mr. McCarthy said: "That was a lucky thought of mine, that change at the end of the third act."

A lady who had been present at the dress rehearsal laughed scornfully. "*Your* thought!" said she. "Why, the idea was *mine*."

"Really," said I, "it is immaterial, but in mere justice to myself and in the cause of truth and history I must declare that the suggestion was *mine*."

Such is the ingratitude of the victorious.

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# WITH THE ALLIES IN SALONIKA

## BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

IF it is true that happy are the people without a history, then Salonika should be thoroughly miserable. Some people make history; others have history thrust upon them. Ever since the world began Salonika has had history thrust upon her. She aspired only to be a great trading seaport. She was content to be the place where the caravans from the Balkans met the ships from the shores of the Mediterranean, Egypt, and Asia Minor. Her wharfs were counters across which they could swap merchandise. All she asked was to be allowed to change their money. Instead of which, when any two nations of the Near East went to the mat to settle their troubles, Salonika was the mat. If any country within a thousand-mile radius declared war on any other country in any direction whatsoever, the armies of both belligerents clashed at Salonika. They not only used her as a door-mat, but they used her hills to the north of the city for their battle-field. In the fighting, Salonika took no part. She merely loaned the hills. But she knew, whichever side won, two things would happen to her. She would pay a forced loan and subscribe to an entirely new religion. Three hundred years before Christ, the people of Salonika worshipped the mysterious gods who had their earthly habitation on the island of Thasos. The Greeks ejected them, and erected altars to Apollo and Aphrodite, the Egyptians followed and taught Salonika to fear Serapis; then came Roman gods and Roman generals; and then St. Paul. The Jews set up synagogues, the Mohammedans reared minarets, the Crusaders restored the cross, the Tripolitans restored the crescent, the Venetians re-restored Christianity. Romans, Greeks, Byzantines, Persians, Franks, Egyptians, and Barbary pirates, all, at one time or another, invaded Salonika. She was the butcher's block upon which they carved history. Some ruled her only for months, others for years. Of the monuments to the religions forced upon her, the most numerous to-day are the synagogues of the Jews and the mosques of the Mohammedans. It was not only fighting men who invaded Salonika. Italy can count her great earthquakes on one hand; the United States on one finger. But a resident of Salonika does not speak of the "year of the earthquake." For him, it saves time to name the years when there was no earthquake. Each of those years was generally "the year of the great fire." If it wasn't one thing, it was another. If it was not a tidal wave, it was an epidemic; if it was not a war, it was a blizzard. The trade of Asia Minor flows into Salonika and with it carries all the plagues of Egypt. Epidemics of cholera in Salonika used to be as common as yellow fever in Guayaquil.

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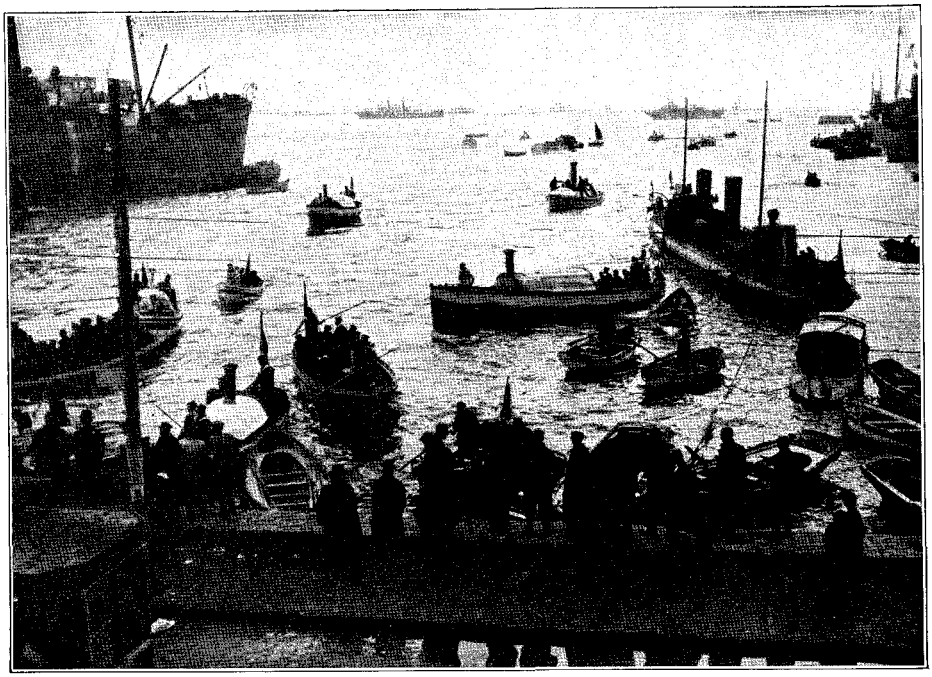

The landing-place for the shore-boats of the British, French, Russian, Italian, and Greek warships.

Those years the cholera came the people abandoned the seaport and lived on the plains north of Salonika, in tents. If the cholera spared them, the city was swept by fire; if there was no fire, there came a great frost. Salonika is in the same latitude as Naples, Madrid, and New York; and New York is not unacquainted with blizzards. Since the seventeenth century, last winter was said to be the coldest Salonika has ever known. I was not there in the seventeenth century, but am willing to believe that statement, not only to believe it, but to swear to it. Of the frost in 1657 the Salonikans boast the cold was so severe that to get wood the people destroyed their houses. Last winter, when on the English and French front in Servia, I saw soldiers using the same kind of fire-wood. They knew that a mud house that is held together with beams and rafters can be rebuilt, but that you cannot rebuild frozen toes and fingers.

In thrusting history upon Salonika the last few years have been especially busy. They gave her a fire that destroyed a great part of the city, and between 1911 and 1914 two cholera epidemics, the Italian-Turkish War, which, as Salonika was then Turkish, robbed her of hundreds of her best men, the Balkan-Turkish War, and the Second Balkan War. In this Salonika was part of the spoils, and Greece and Bulgaria fought to possess her. The Greeks won, and during one year she was at peace. Then, in 1914, the Great War came, and Servia sent out an S. O. S. call to her Allies. At the Dardanelles, not eighteen hours away, the French and English heard the call. But to reach Servia by the shortest route they must disembark at Salonika, a port belonging to Greece, a neutral power; and in moving north from Salonika into Servia they must pass over fifty miles of neutral Greek territory. To do this, Venizelos, prime-minister of Greece, gave them permission. King Constantine, to preserve his neutrality, disavowed the act of his representative, and Venizelos resigned. From the point of view of the Allies, the disavowal came too late. As soon as they had received permission from the recognized Greek Government, they started, and, leaving the King and Venizelos to fight it out between them, landed at Salonika. The inhabitants received them calmly. The Greek officials, the colonel commanding the Greek troops, the Greek captain of the port, and the Greek collector of customs may have been upset; but the people of Salonika remained calm.



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They were used to it. Foreign troops were always landing at Salonika. The Oldest Inhabitant could remember, among others, those of Alexander the Great, Mark Antony, Constantine, the Sultan Murad, and several hundred thousand French and English who, over their armor, wore a red cross. So he was not surprised when, after seven hundred years, the French and English returned, still wearing the red cross.

*From a photograph, copyright by American Press Association.*

From the water-front Salonika climbs steadily up-hill.—Page 405.

One of the greatest assets of those who live in a seaport city is a view of their harbor. As a rule, that view is hidden from them by zinc sheds on the wharfs and warehouses. But in Salonika the water-front belongs to everybody. To the north it encloses the harbor in a great half-moon that from tip to tip measures three miles. At the western tip of this crescent are tucked away the wharfs for the big steamers, the bonded warehouses, the customs, the goods-sheds. The rest of the water-front is open to the people and to the small sailing vessels. For over a mile it is bordered by a stone quay, with stone steps leading down to the rowboats. Along this quay runs the principal street, and on the side of it that faces the harbor, in an unbroken row, are the hotels, the houses of the rich Turks and Jews, clubs, restaurants, cafés, and moving-picture theatres. At night, when these places are blazing with electric lights, the curving water-front is as bright as Broadway—but Broadway with one-half of the street in darkness. On the dark side of the street, to the quay, are moored hundreds of sailing vessels. Except that they are painted and gilded differently, they look like sisters. They are fat, squat sisters with the lines of half a cantaloupe. Each has a single mast and a lateen-sail, like the Italian felucca and the sailing boats of the Nile. When they are moored to the quay and the sail is furled, each yard-arm, in a graceful, sweeping curve, slants downward. Against the sky, in wonderful confusion, they follow the edge of the half-moon; the masts a forest of dead tree trunks, the slanting yards giant quill pens dipping into an ink-well. Their

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hulls are rich in gilding and in colors: green, red, pink, and blue. At night the electric signs of a moving-picture palace on the opposite side of the street illuminate them from bow to stern. It is one of those bizarre contrasts you find in the Near East. On one side of the street a perfectly modern hotel, on the other a boat unloading fish, and in the street itself, with French automobiles and trolley-cars, men who still are beasts of burden, who know no other way of carrying a bale or a box than upon their shoulders. In Salonika even the trolley-car is not without its contrast. One of our "Jim Crow" street-cars would puzzle a Turk. He would not understand why we separate the white and the black man. But his own street-car is also subdivided. In each there are four seats that can be hidden by a curtain. They are for the women of his harem.

From the water-front Salonika climbs steadily up-hill to the row of hills that form her third and last line of defense. On the hill upon which the city stands are the walls and citadel built in the fifteenth century by the Turks, and in which, when the city was invaded, the inhabitants sought refuge. In aspect it is mediæval; the rest of the city is modern and Turkish. The streets are very narrow; in many the second stories overhang them and almost touch, and against the sky-line rise many minarets. But the Turks do not predominate. They have their quarter, and so, too, have the French and the Jews. In numbers the Jews exceed all the others. They form 56 per cent of a population composed of Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Egyptians, French, and Italians. The Jews came to Salonika the year America was discovered. To avoid the Inquisition they fled from Spain and Portugal and brought their language with them; and after five hundred years it still obtains. It has been called the Esperanto of the Salonikans. For the small shopkeeper, the cabman, the waiter, it is the common tongue. In such surroundings it sounds most curious. When, in a Turkish restaurant, you order a dinner in the same words you last used in Vera Cruz, and the dinner arrives, it seems uncanny. But, in Salonika, the language most generally spoken is French. Among so many different races they found, if they hoped to talk business—and a Greek, an Armenian, and a Jew are not averse to talking business—a common tongue was necessary. So, all those who are educated, even most sketchily, speak French. The greater number of newspapers are in French; and notices, advertisements, and official announcements are printed in that language. It makes life in Salonika difficult. When a man attacks you in Turkish, Yiddish, or Greek, and you cannot understand him, there is some excuse, but when he instantly renews the attack in both French and Spanish, it is disheartening. It makes you regret that when you were in college the only foreign language you studied was football signals.

At any time, without the added presence of 100,000 Greeks and 170,000 French and English, Salonika appears overpopulated. This is partly because the streets are narrow and because in the streets everybody gathers to talk, eat, and trade. As in all Turkish cities, nearly every shop is an "open shop." The counter is where the window ought to be, and opens directly upon the sidewalk. A man does not enter the door of a shop, he stands on the sidewalk, which is only thirty-six inches wide, and makes his purchase through the window. This causes a crowd to collect. Partly because the man is blocking the sidewalk, but chiefly because there is a chance that something may be bought and paid for. In normal times, if Salonika is ever normal, she has a population of 120,000, and every one of those 120,000 is personally interested in any one else who engages, or may be about to engage, in a money transaction. In New York, if a horse falls down there is at once an audience of a dozen persons; in Salonika the downfall of a horse is nobody's business, but a copper coin changing hands is everybody's. Of this local characteristic, John T. McCutcheon and I made a careful study; and the result of our investigations produced certain statistics. If in Salonika you buy a newspaper from a newsboy, of the persons passing, two will stop; if at an open shop you buy a package of cigarettes, five people will look over your shoulders; if you pay your cab-driver his fare, you block



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the sidewalk; and if you try to change a hundred-franc note, you cause a riot. In each block there are nearly a half-dozen money-changers; they sit in little shops as narrow as a doorway, and in front of them is a show-case filled with all the moneys of the world. It is not alone the sight of your hundred-franc note that enchants the crowd. That collects the crowd; but what holds the crowd is that it knows there are twenty different kinds of money, all current in Salonika, into which your note can be changed. And they know the money-changer knows that and that you do not. So each man advises you. Not because he does not want to see you cheated—between you and the money-changer he is neutral—but because he can no more keep out of a money deal than can a fly pass a sugar-bowl.

The men on the outskirts of the crowd ask: "What does he offer?"

The lucky ones in the front-row seats call back: "A hundred and eighteen drachmas." The rear ranks shout with indignation: "It is robbery!" "It is because he changes his money in Venizelos Street." "He is paying the money-changer's rent." "In the Jewish quarter they are giving nineteen." "He is too lazy to walk two miles for a drachma." "Then let him go to the Greek, Papanastassion."

A man in a fez whispers to you impressively: "La livre turque est encore d'un usage fort courant. La valeur au pair est de francs vingt-deux." But at this the Armenian shrieks violently. He scorns Turkish money and advises Italian lire. At the idea of lire the crowd howl. They hurl at you instead francs, piastres, paras, drachmas, lepta, metaliks, mejidie, centimes, and English shillings. The money-changer argues with them gravely. He does not send for the police to drive them away. He does not tell them: "This is none of your business." He knows better. In Salonika, it *is* their business. In Salonika, after money the thing of most consequence is conversation. Men who are talking always have the right of way. When two men of Salonika are seized with a craving for conversation, they feel, until that craving is satisfied, nothing else is important. So, when the ruling passion grips them, no matter where they may meet, they stop dead in their tracks and talk. If possible they select the spot where by standing still they can cause the greatest amount of inconvenience to the largest number of people. They do not withdraw from the sidewalk. On the contrary, as best suited for conversation, they prefer the middle of it, the doorway of a café, or the centre aisle of a restaurant. Of the people who wish to pass they are as unconscious as a Chinaman smoking opium is unconscious of the sightseers from up-town. That they are talking is all that counts. They feel every one else should appreciate that. Because the Allies failed to appreciate it, they gained a reputation for rudeness. A French car, flying the flag of the general, a squad of Tommies under arms, a motor-cyclist carrying despatches could not understand that a conversation on a street crossing was a sacred ceremony. So they shouldered the conversationalists aside, or splashed them with mud. It was intolerable. Had they stamped into a mosque in their hobnailed boots, on account of their faulty religious training, the Salonikans might have excused them. But that a man driving an ambulance full of wounded should think he had the right to disturb a conversation that was blocking the traffic of only the entire water-front was a discourtesy no Salonikan could comprehend.

The wonder was that among so many mixed races the clashes were so few. In one place seldom have people of so many different nationalities met, and with interests so absolutely opposed. It was a situation that would have been serious had it not been comic. For causing it, for permitting it to continue, Greece was responsible. Her position was not happy. She was between the Allies and the Kaiser. Than Greece, no country is more vulnerable from an attack by sea; and if she offended the Allies, their combined fleets at Malta and Lemnos could seize all her little islands and seaports. If she offended the Kaiser, he would send the Bulgarians into eastern Thrace and take Salonika, from which only two years before Greece had dispossessed them. Her position was indeed most difficult. As the barber at the Grande Bretagne in Athens told me: "It makes me a headache."

On many a better head than his it had the same effect. King Constantine, be-

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cause he believed it was best for Greece, wanted to keep his country neutral. But after Venizelos had invited the Allies to make a landing-place, and a base for their armies, at Salonika, Greece was no longer neutral. If our government invited 170,000 German troops to land at Portland, and through Maine invade Canada, our neutrality would be lost. The neutrality of Greece was lost, but Constantine would not see that. He hoped, although 170,000 fighting men are not easy to hide, that the Kaiser also would not see it. It was a very forlorn hope. The Allies also cherished a hope. It was that Constantine not only would look the other way while they slipped across his country, but would cast off all pretense of neutrality and join them. So, as far as was possible, they avoided giving offense. They assisted him in his pretense of neutrality. And that was what caused the situation. It was worthy of a comic opera. Before the return of the allied troops to Salonika, there were on the neutral soil of Greece, divided between Salonika and the front in Servia, 110,000 French soldiers and 60,000 British. Of these, 100,000 were in Salonika. The advanced British base was at Doiran and the French advanced base at Strumnitza railroad station. In both places martial law existed. But at the main base, at Salonika, both armies were under the local authority of the Greeks. They submitted to the authority of the Greeks because they wanted to keep up the superstition that Salonika was a neutral port; when the mere fact that they were there, proved she was not. It was a situation almost unparalleled in military history. At the base of a French and of a British army, numbering together 170,000 men, the generals who commanded them possessed less local authority than one Greek policeman. They were guests. They were invited guests of the Greek, and they had no more right to object to his other guests or to rearrange his house rules than would you have the right, when a guest in a strange club, to discharge the servants. The Allies had in the streets military police; but they held authority only over soldiers of their own country; they could not interfere with a Greek soldier, or with a civilian of any nation, and even the provost guard sent out at night was composed not alone of French and English but of an equal number of Greeks. I often wondered in what language they issued commands. As an instance of how strictly the Allies recognized the authority of the neutral Greek, and how jealously he guarded it, there was the case of the Entente Café. The proprietor of the Entente Café was a Greek. A British soldier was ill treated in his café, and by the British commanding officer the place, so far as British soldiers and sailors were concerned, was declared "out of bounds." A notice to that effect was hung in the window. But it was a Greek policeman who placed it there.

In matters much more important, the fact that the Allies were in a neutral seaport greatly embarrassed them. They were not allowed to censor news despatches nor to examine the passports of those who arrived and departed. The question of the censorship was not so serious as it might appear. General Sarrail explained to the correspondents what might and what might not be sent, and though what we wrote was not read in Salonika by a French or British censor, General Sarrail knew it would be read by censors of the Allies at Malta, Rome, Paris, and London. Any news despatch that, unscathed, ran that gantlet, while it might not help the Allies certainly would not harm them. One cablegram of three hundred words, sent by an American correspondent, after it had been blue-pencilled by the Greek censors in Salonika and Athens, and by the four allied censors, arrived at his London office consisting entirely of "and's" and "the's." So, if not from their censors, at least from the correspondents, the Allies were protected. But against the really serious danger of spies they were helpless. In New York the water-fronts are guarded. Unless he is known, no one can set foot upon a wharf. Night and day, against spies and German military attachés bearing explosive bombs, steamers loading munitions are surrounded by police, watchmen, and detectives. But in Salonika the wharfs were as free to any one as a park bench. To suppose spies did not avail themselves of this opportunity is to insult their intelligence. They swarmed. In solid formation German, Austrian, Bulgarian, and Turkish spies lined the quay. For every landing-party of bluejackets they formed

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a committee of welcome. Of every man, gun, horse, and box of ammunition that came ashore they kept tally. On one side of the wharf stood "P. N. T. O.," Principal Naval Transport Officer, in gold braid, ribbons, and armlet, keeping an eye on every box of shell, gun-carriage, and caisson that was swung from a transport, and twenty feet from him, and keeping count with him, would be two dozen spies. And, to make it worse, the P. N. T. O. knew they were spies. The cold was intense and wood so scarce that to obtain it men used to row out two miles and collect the boxes thrown overboard from the transports and battleships. Half of these men had but the slightest interest in kindling-wood; they were learning the position of each battleship, counting her guns, noting their calibre, counting the men crowding the rails of the transports, reading the insignia on their shoulder-straps, and, as commands and orders were wigwagged from ship to ship, writing them down. Other spies took the trouble to disguise themselves in rags and turbans, and, mixing with the Tommies, sold them sweetmeats, fruit, and cigarettes. The spy told the Tommy he was his ally, a Servian refugee; and Tommy, or the poilu, to whom Bulgarians, Turks, and Servians all look alike, received him as a comrade.

"You had a rough passage from Marseilles," ventures the spy. "We come from the peninsula," says Tommy. "Three thousand of you on such a little ship!" exclaims the sympathetic Servian. "You must have been crowded!" "Crowded as hell," corrects Tommy, "because there are five thousand of us." Over these common spies were master spies, Turkish and German officers from Berlin and Constantinople. They sat in the same restaurants with the French and English officers. They were in mufti, but had they appeared in uniform, while it might have led to a riot in this neutral port, they would have been entirely within their rights.

The clearing-houses for the spies were the consulates of Austria, Turkey, and Germany. From there what information the spies turned in was forwarded to the front. The Allies were helpless to prevent. How helpless may be judged from these quotations that are translated from *Phos*, a Greek newspaper published daily in Salonika and which any one could buy in the streets: "The English and French forces mean to retreat. Yesterday six trains of two hundred and forty wagons came from the front with munitions."

"The Allies' first line of defense will be at Soulowo, Doiran, Goumenitz. At Topsin and Zachouna intrenchments have not yet been started, but strong positions have been taken up at Chortiatis and Nihor."

"Yesterday the landing of British reinforcements continued, amounting to 15,000. The guns and munitions were out of date. The position of the Allies' battleships has been changed. They are now inside the harbor."

The most exacting German General Staff could not ask for better service than that! When the Allies retreated from Servia into Salonika every one expected the enemy would pursue; and thousands fled from the city. But the Germans did not pursue, and the reason may have been because their spies kept them so well informed. If you hold four knaves and, by stealing a look at your opponent's hand, see he has four kings, to attempt to fight him would be suicide. So, in the end, the very freedom with which the spies moved about Salonika may have been for good. They may have prevented the loss of many lives.

During these strenuous days the position of the Greek army in Salonika was most difficult. There were of their soldiers nearly as many as there were French and British combined, and they resented the presence of the foreigners in their new city and they showed it. But they could not show it in such a way as to give offense, because they did not know but that on the morrow with the Allies they would be fighting shoulder to shoulder. And then, again, they did not know but that on the morrow they might be with the Germans and fighting against the Allies, gun to gun.

Not knowing just how they stood with anybody, and to show they resented the invasion of their newly won country by the Allies, the Greeks tried to keep proudly aloof. In this they failed. For any one to flock by himself in Salonika was

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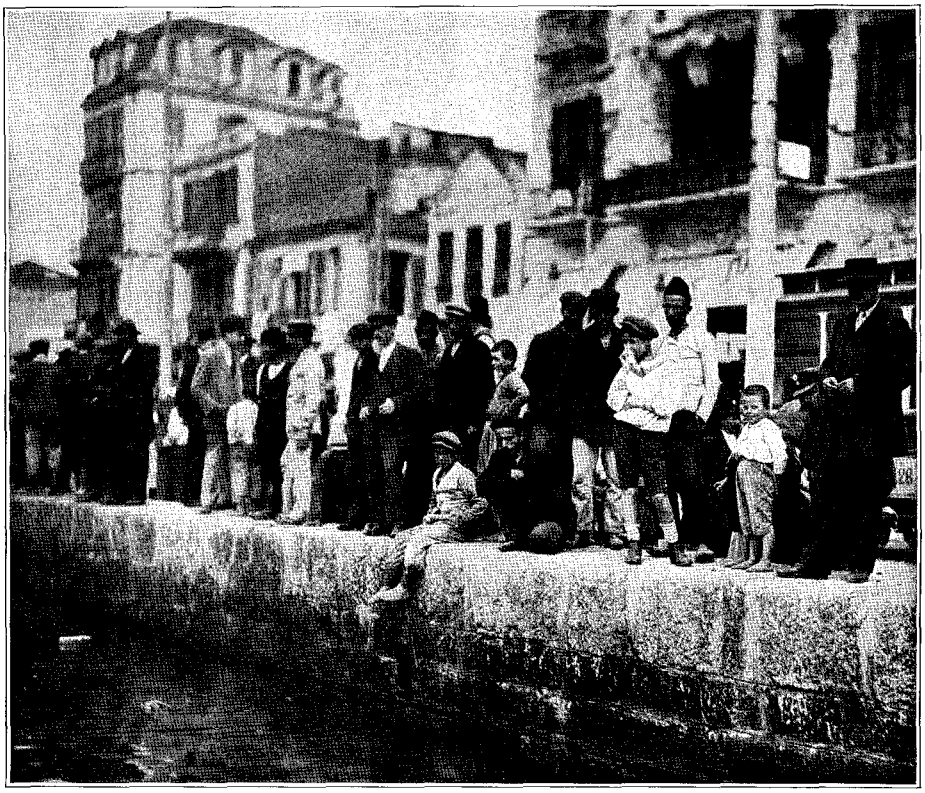
impossible. In a long experience of cities swamped by conventions, inaugurations, and coronations, of all I ever saw, Salonika was the most deeply submerged. During the Japanese-Russian War the Japanese told the correspondents there were no horses in Corea, and that before leaving Japan each should supply himself with one. Dinwiddie refused to obey. The Japanese warned him if he did not take a pony with him he would be forced to accompany the army on foot.

"There will always," replied Dinwiddie, "be a pony in Corea for Dinwiddie." It became a famous saying. When the alarmist tells you all the rooms in all the hotels are engaged; that people are sleeping on cots and billiard-tables; that there are no front-row seats for the Follies, no berths in any cabin of any steamer, remind yourself that there is always a pony in Corea for Dinwiddie. The rule is that the hotel clerk discovers a vacant room, a ticket speculator disgorges a front-row seat, and the ship's doctor sells you a berth in the sick bay. But in Salonika the rule failed. As already explained, Salonika always is overcrowded. Suddenly, added to her 120,000 peoples, came 110,000 Greek soldiers, their officers, and with many of them their families, 60,000 British soldiers and sailors, 110,000 French soldiers and sailors, and no one knows how many thousand Servian soldiers and refugees, both the rich and the destitute. The population was quadrupled; and four into one you can't. Four men cannot with comfort occupy a cot built for one, four men at the same time cannot sit on the same chair in a restaurant, four men cannot stand on that spot in the street where previously there was not room enough for one. Still less possible is it for three military motor-trucks to occupy the space in the street originally intended for one small donkey. Of Sa-



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The quay from which spies watched the Allies disembark.



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lonika, a local French author has written: "When one enters the city he is conscious of a cry, continuous and piercing. A cry unique and monotonous, always resembling itself. It is the clamor of Salonika."

Every one who has visited the East, where every one lives in the streets, knows the sound. It is like the murmur of a stage mob. Imagine, then, that "clamor of Salonika" increased by the rumble and roar over the huge paving-stones of thousands of giant motor-trucks; by the beat of the iron-shod hoofs of cavalry, the iron-shod boots of men marching in squads, companies, regiments, the shrieks of peasants herding flocks of sheep, goats, turkeys, cattle; the shouts of bootblacks, boatmen, sweetmeat venders; newsboys crying the names of Greek papers that sound like "Hi hippi hippi hi," "Teyang Teyah"; by the tin horns of the trolley-cars, the sirens of automobiles, the warning whistles of steamers, of steam-launches, of donkey-engines; the creaking of cordage and chains on cargo-hoists, and by the voices of 300,000 men speaking different languages, and each, that he may be heard above it, adding to the tumult. For once the alarmist was right. There were no rooms in any hotel. Early in the rush John McCutcheon, William G. Sheppard, John Bass, and James H. Hare had taken the quarters left vacant by the Austrian Club in the Hotel Olympus. The room was vast and overlooked the principal square of the city, where every Salonikan met to talk, and the only landing-place on the quay. From the balcony you could photograph, as they made fast, not forty feet from you, every cutter, gig, and launch of every warship. The late Austrian Club became the headquarters for lost and strayed Americans. For four nights, before I secured a room to myself by buying the hotel, I slept on the sofa. It was two feet too short, but I was very fortunate. Outside, in the open halls, on cots were English, French, Greek, and Servian officers. The place looked like a military hospital. The main salon, gilded and bemirrored, had lost its identity. At the end overlooking the water-front were Servian ladies taking tea, in the centre of the salon at the piano a little Greek girl taking a music lesson; and at the other end, on cots, officers from the trenches and Servian officers who had escaped through the snows of Albania, their muddy boots, uniforms, and swords flung on the floor, slept the drugged sleep of exhaustion.

*From a photograph by the author.*

Headquarters of the French commander in Grevac, Servia.

Meals were a continuous performance and interlocked. Except at midnight, dining-rooms, cafés, and restaurants were

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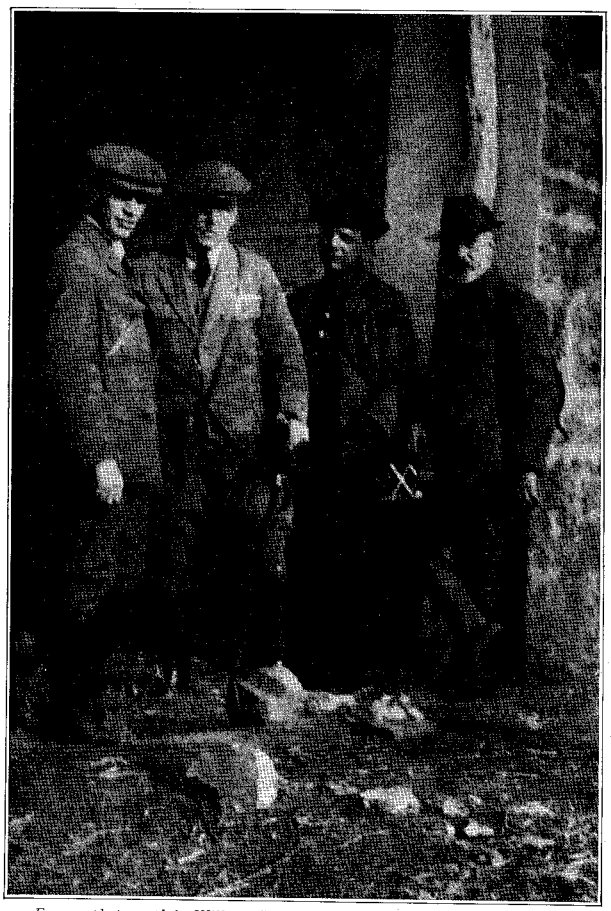
never aired, never swept, never empty. The dishes were seldom washed; the waiters—never. People succeeded each other at table in relays, one group giving their order while the other was paying the bill. To prepare a table a waiter with a napkin swept everything on it to the floor. War prices prevailed. Even the necessities of life were taxed. For a sixpenny tin of English pipe tobacco I paid two dollars, and Scotch whiskey rose from four francs a bottle to fifteen. On even a letter of credit it was next to impossible to obtain money, and the man who arrived without money in his belt walked the water-front. The refugees from Servia who were glad they had escaped with their lives were able to sleep and eat only through the charity of others. Not only the peasants, but young girls and women of the rich and more carefully nurtured class of Servians were glad to sleep on the ground in tents.

The scenes in the streets presented the most curious contrasts. It was the East clashing with the West, and the uniforms of four armies—British, French, Greek, and Servian—and of the navies of Italy, Russia, Greece, England, and France contrasted with the dress of civilians of every nation. There were the officers of Greece and Servia in smart uniforms of many colors, blue, green, gray, with much gold and silver braid, and wearing swords which in this war are obsolete; there were English officers, generals of many wars, and red-cheeked boys from Eton, clad in businesslike khaki, with huge cape-like collars of red fox or wolfskin, and carrying, in place of the sword, a hunting-crop or a walking-stick; there were English bluejackets and marines, Scotch Highlanders who were as much intrigued over the petticoats of the Evzones as were the Greeks astonished at their bare legs; there were French poilus wearing the steel helmet, French aviators in short, shaggy fur coats that gave them the look of a grizzly bear balancing on his hind legs; there were Jews in gabardines, old men with the noble faces of Sargent's apostles, robed exactly as was Irving as Shylock; there were the Jewish married women in sleeveless cloaks of green silk trimmed with rich fur, and each wearing on her head a cushion of green that hung below her shoulders; there were Greek priests with matted hair reaching to the waist, and Turkish women, their faces hidden in yashmaks, who looked through them with horror, or envy, at the English, Scotch, and American



*From a photograph by William G. Sheppard.*

John T. McCutcheon. John F. Bass.
Richard Harding Davis. James H. Hare.

American war correspondents at the French front in Servia.

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nurses with their cheeks bronzed by snow, sleet, and sun, wearing men's hobnailed boots, men's blouses, and, across their breasts, men's war medals for valor.

All day long these people of all races, with conflicting purposes, speaking, or shrieking, in a dozen different tongues, pushed, shoved, and shouldered. At night, while the bedlam of sounds grew less, the picture became more wonderful. The lamps of automobiles would suddenly pierce the blackness, or the blazing doors of a cinema would show in the dark street, the vast crowd pushing, slipping, struggling for a foothold on the muddy stones. In the circle of light cast by the automobiles, out of the mass a single face would flash—a face burned by the sun of the Dardanelles or frost-bitten by the snows of the Balkans. Above it might be the gold visor and scarlet band of a "Brass Hat," staff-officer, the fur kepi of a Servian refugee, the steel helmet of a French soldier, the "bonnet" of a Highlander, the white cap of a navy officer, the tassel of an Evzone, a red fez, a turban of rags.

This lasted until the Allies retreated upon Salonika and the Greek army evacuated that city. It was a most orderly, polite retreat, a sort of "after you, my dear sir," retreat. Those of us who for a few days were in it did not know we were retreating. We were shelled off the top of a mountain in Servia, but no one else left the mountain, nor, from the way they were digging themselves in, seemed to have any intention of leaving it.

But a week later the Servians, retreating into Albania, left the French flank exposed, forcing the Allies to withdraw upon Salonika. Then, to give them a clear field in which to fight, the Greeks withdrew, 100,000 of them in two days, carrying with them tens of thousands of civilians—those who were pro-Germans, and Greeks, Jews, and Servians. The civilians were flying before the expected advance of the Bulgar-German forces. But the central powers, possibly well informed by their spies, did not attack. That was several months ago, and at this writing they have not yet attacked.

What one man saw of the approaches to Salonika from the north leads him to think that the longer the attack of the Bulgar-Germans is postponed the better it will be, if they love life, for the Bulgar-Germans.

*From a photograph by the author.*

A halt on the water-front.

The Greek army evacuating Salonika.

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# PIERROT AT WAR

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Illustrations by Elenore Plaisted Abbott

A year ago in Carnival
We danced till break of day;
A year ago in Carnival
The boulevards were gay;
And roses shook the whispering air
Like a great sibilant soft fanfare.

In Carnival, in Carnival,
A Prince of Magic comes,
To the sound of fifes, and the sound of horns,
And the sound of little drums.

A year ago in Carnival
The lamps along the quays
Lay sweeter on the misty night
Than stars in leafy trees;
And down the ribboned sparkling street
Pierrot ran on twinkling feet.

Ah year! there is no Carnival!
The north burns dusky red,
And on the white of Pierrot's brow
Is a long scar instead;
While ever the muttering runs
From the bleeding lips of the guns.

This year, this year at Carnival
A Prince of Magic comes,
With blood-red crest against the sky
And a snarl of angry drums.



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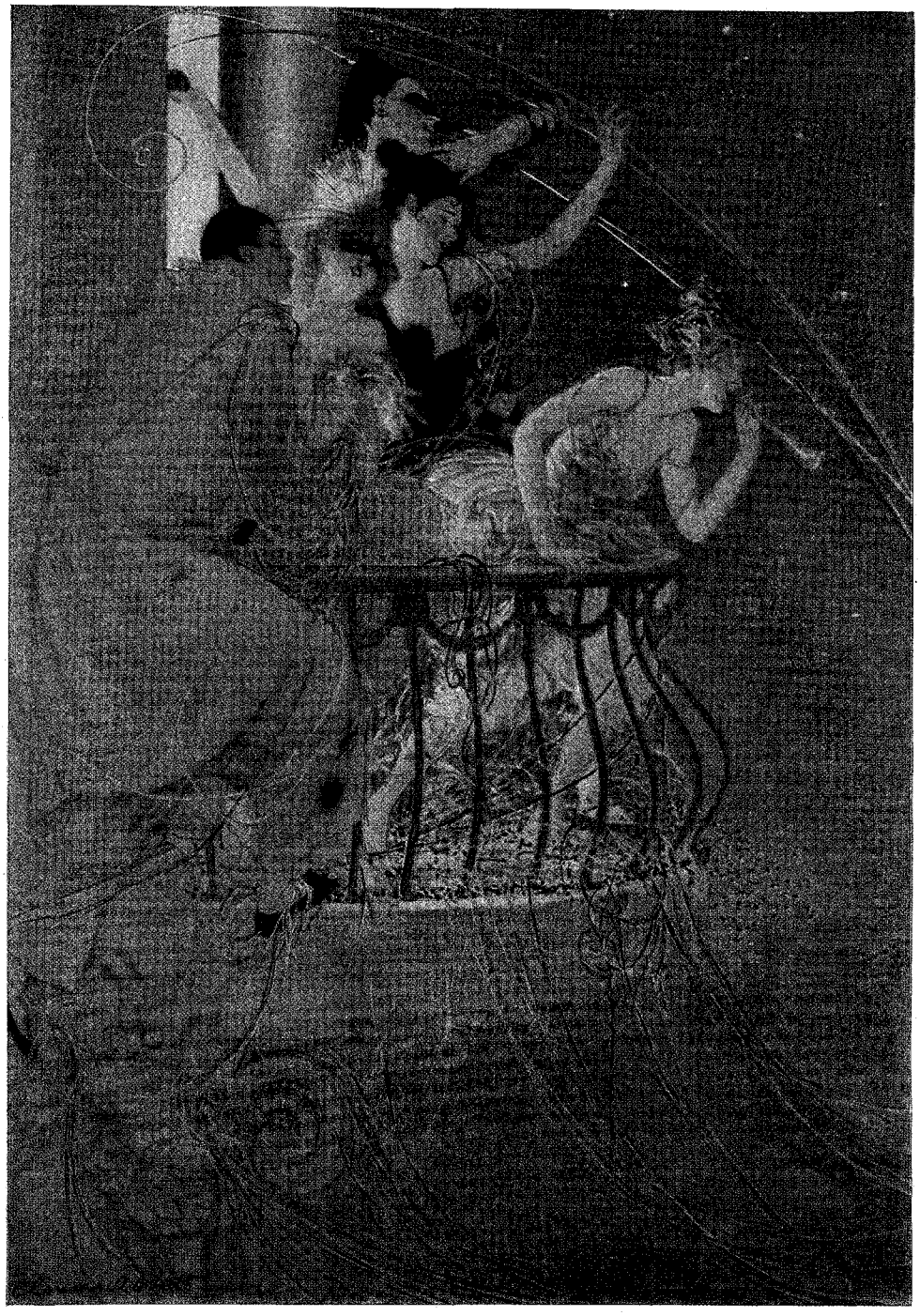

In Carnival, in Carnival,
A Prince of Magic comes.

[Pierrot at War.]



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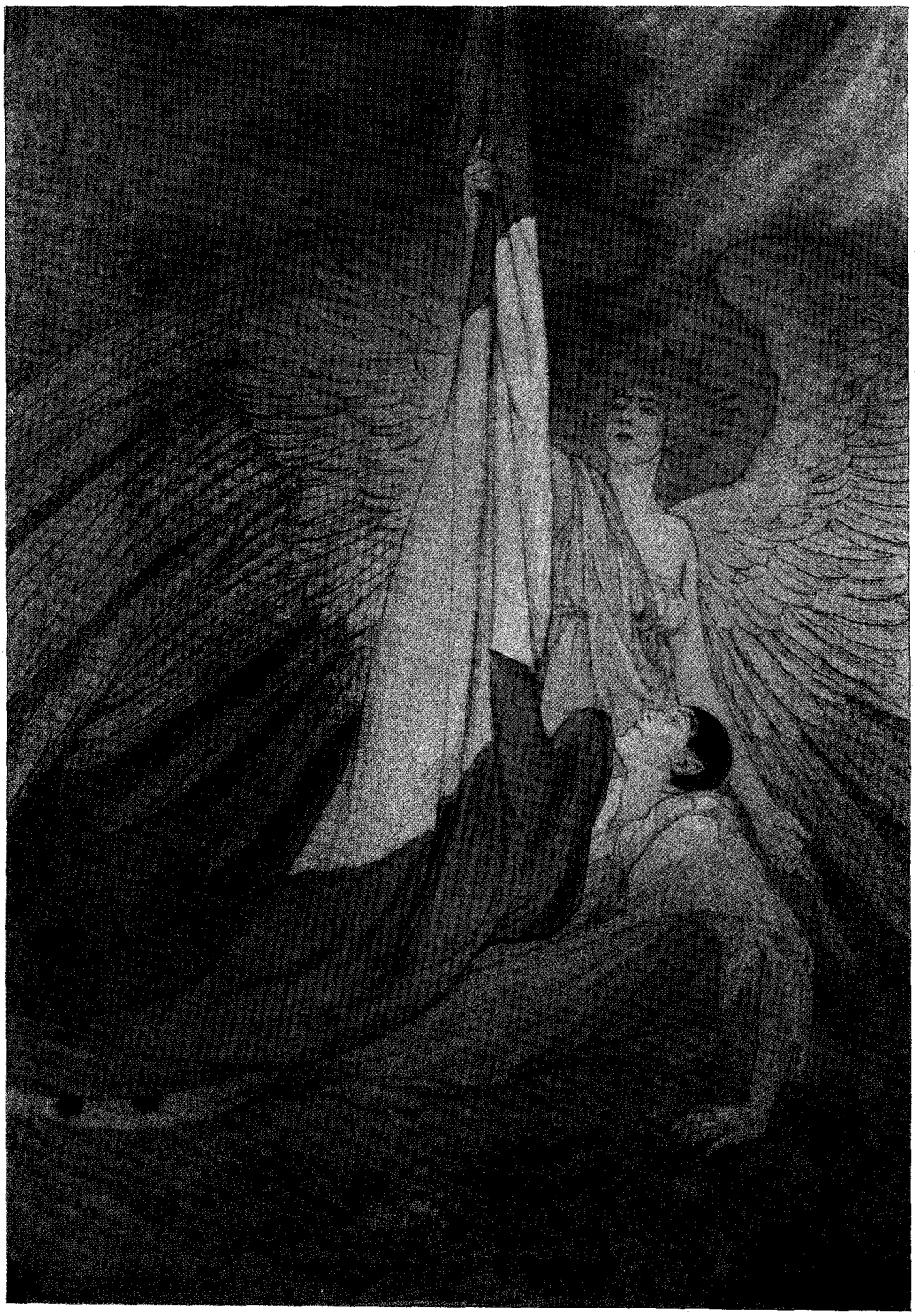

Ah year! there is no Carnival!
The north burns dusky red.

[Pi at War



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*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.*

It was the way she danced—bringing out the tune.—Page 421.



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# RUDOLPH IN REPERTOIRE

## A TALE OUT OF SCHOOL

By Roy Irving Murray

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IT was his being a clergyman that rattled everybody. Of course it's a parish school—but even at that! And it's always been such a corker of a school, too—about three hundred fellows, counting the little kids. I don't want to describe it too much, because it's right here in the city. Besides, there's no need.

Lots of people don't understand clergymen—they get the idea that they don't know anything but about preaching, and, well—churchified things like that. You know. I used to think that, too. Now I know better.

But we were awfully pessimistic about it at first—I mean when we first heard he was coming to be head master of the school. Jerry Maxon wrote me about it last August while I was still in Maine, where I go every summer with Aunt Emily. Jerry found out from Partridge; Partridge's mother got it from somebody, I don't know who. But you know how women get the news. Anyhow, you can imagine how I felt! I'd been out sailing all day, and when I got back to the house there was Jerry's letter, like a bolt from the blue. I know that's an old expression, but I can't think of a better one now, and I want to get to the really interesting part.

That's the trouble with stories, you have to do so much explaining. Our rhetoric says, in the part about narration: "Let the introduction be as short as is consistent with securing for the reader as immediately as possible a comprehensive grasp of the essentials of the situation about to be developed." I remember Rudolph's reading that to us in English III. He read it twice. Then he said something I didn't quite get—about somebody nodding—Homer, I think it was.

Well, the "essentials of the situation" didn't get much introduction from Jerry. I wish I'd kept his letter; but I was so excited that I ran into the house to write to Mason about it, and Jerry's letter must have blown off the veranda railing into the ocean—anyhow, it disappeared. What it said was that the old Doctor had been retired as head master of the school, and that the new one was coming back from England, where he'd been studying. Also it said that he was a clergyman. Well, you can imagine the stir *that* made! I began getting letters from all over the map. Even Fat McPherson wrote from way out in the Middle West. Jerry must have sent out about a hundred letters. I sent a few, too.

It wasn't that we were exactly *sore*, but it seemed as though it would bust up the school, having the old Doctor go. Why, I even wrote the Doctor—I felt like a funeral. And I'm going always to keep his letter, especially now that I know he was right about Rudolph.

Everybody calls him that at school. I wasn't going to tell this, but I might as well. I called him that myself once, right to his face, right in the vocative case. That's Latin. We were talking to him about Senior Night—this story is about that—the two Maxons and Donevan and I. I was going to say: "What do you think about giving a regular play, Mr. Hastings?" and what I did say was: "How about a play, Rudolph?" Anyhow, the rest of them swore that I said that. Maybe I did. Probably. But he never batted an eye. That's the way he is.

Well, school started on the 15th of September, a week behind the public schools, like it always does. And, sure enough, there he was, at the end of the line when the faculty came in, with the head master's big gown on; only it didn't



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come anything like as near the floor as it used to on the Doctor.

I don't know how, exactly, but I knew the way his voice was going to sound before he opened his mouth. It sounded like he looked—sort of competent and all-there. He didn't talk very long, but it was hot stuff. You know how I mean—just right and nothing splashy. And before we knew it school had started, and in a week you got to feeling that he'd always been there. Hemingway was head boy that year and, of course, president of the school court. And when Hemingway came out of Rudolph's office after school that first day you could tell, from his face, that something had happened to him. It happened to me about a week later; by Thanksgiving it had happened to the whole school.

* * * * * * * *

This star business is great! You can put them into a story and skip any length of time you want to. I've skipped now right up to last May. Of course, that leaves out Brayley's accident, and three dances, and the time Jack Oliver rang the bell, and a lot of other interesting things. But it's like Rudolph says in English III—you've got to leave *something* to the reader's imagination.

Well, it was one of those hot days that always come in May, and it was the last period before recess, and I was monitor. That means that I was sitting at the desk in charge of the High School Study Hall, which is some job, believe me, just before recess on a hot day! Only one class was out, Greek IV, which had eight boys in it. That left about seventy in the room. I had just given Red McKibbon and Brayley each a demerit mark. Red had been sort of muttering to himself, and when I asked him what he was talking about he said:

"I wasn't talking—I was saying Latin verbs over to myself."

"He was not!" Brayley bawled out. "He was saying: 'Jitney Boob! Jitney Boob!'"

Of course, everybody howled at that, and I had my hand raised to bang on the bell when, all of a sudden, the room got as still as death. I looked around, and there she was, in the doorway, at one side of the platform where the desk is. I can't describe her, because I don't know enough about women's clothes, but anybody could tell right off that she was some class. Young, too, and the kind of good-looker that you see in the best Sunday supplements.

It was up to me, of course, so I got down off the platform to see what she wanted. But before I'd said a word she took one look at everybody in general—one of those sort of smiling looks—it gave you the feeling that somehow she'd spoken to everybody in the room. She got to me last, though the whole thing hadn't taken a second.

"I wanted to see the head master." Her voice matched her eyes—sometimes, you know, it doesn't. But hers did, and that was going some!

"I'll send for him if——"

"Oh, no," she cut in. "I will wait. May I wait?"

If she'd said "May I drive a nail in your face?" it would have been all the same. So I asked her to sit down, and she did—but not where I meant. She stepped right up on the platform as though that was the one possible thing to do, and she sat down in the only other chair there besides mine. There wasn't anything else for me but to walk around and sit where I was before; so there we were, and the whole school, with its jaws open and its eyes not even winking for fear of missing something. Oh, I forgot—they'd all got up, of course, when she came in.

"Please ask them to sit down," she whispered. I did, and they did. Naturally, I was pretty much rattled—anybody would be with that audience! And it was ten minutes before the Greek IV class was due back, and Rudolph with it. I tried her once more, but she wouldn't let me send for him.

"No," she said again, "I'd rather wait." Suddenly something struck her. "I'm not disturbing you, am I?"

"Oh, no," I said—what else could I say? Nobody could hear us, because we didn't talk out loud. It was the funniest feeling—me and that awfully pretty girl sitting up there and whispering back and forth in front of the whole school. And she got prettier every minute—there are

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people like that, you know. By that time most of the fellows were pretending to work, and I'd got sense enough to enter the disorder marks for Red and Brayley in the demerit book. She asked me if she could see the book. Then she said:

"That tall boy in the back seat in the corner—the one with the yellow hair—is that von den Ahrens?"

It was Frayling, so I said: "No." But I guess I must have looked as fussed as I felt, for she said, right off:

"Oh, it's you!"

By then it was the end of the period, so I jammed down the push-button that rings the classroom buzzers, and I held it down good and long. I didn't want Rudolph and the Greek class to miss hearing it!

Anybody who's been at school can imagine that I got what I knew was coming to me that recess. And that was only the beginning of it. I couldn't wear a new tie or different clothes or even shoes without somebody bawling out: "She's due again to-day, fellows! von den Ahrens' all mussed up!" They got to calling her "Lady Agatha," because that ass, Beauchamp, said she looked like a picture of Lady Agatha Somebody-or-Other that his mother had at home. Well, it was awful, though, of course, I knew they were just jealous. Still, by George! one day, about a week after, she *did* come back. But Rudolph was at the desk, so it didn't matter. Only everybody turned around and looked at me the minute Rudolph took her into the office, which he did pretty quickly. Finally, a notice appeared in the school paper: "If Francis von den Ahrens will look in the window at the corner of So-and-So and So-and-So he will see something to his advantage." It was a photographer's, for, of course, I sneaked up there to take a slant at the place. And, sure enough, there was a picture—one of those misty, shadowy things—that did look a lot like her.

Well, that's the way things went for about two weeks, and then it sort of petered out; everybody was getting ready for the final exams. Besides, there was Senior Night coming, and that's always exciting.

It was more exciting than ever last year on account of our having a new head master. Senior Night is the time when all the big guns of the parish show up to sort of take a look at the school and see how things are doing. I mean the vestrymen and the people who've founded prizes and all that sort of thing. You'd think they'd come and visit some classes or see a fire-drill or something like that. But no—they all blow in for Senior Night—it's a tradition—old tops in evening clothes, rich old ladies—young ones, too—there's always a long line of motors outside. Besides, the whole school turns out, and the parents, and the girls who stay for the dancing afterward. It's really the big thing of the whole year.

Well, we'd decided to give a play instead of having the same old stunt of speeches and essays and a class history and all that rot. Rudolph said the fellows could show what was in them that way as well as any other—besides, as he said, too, it would be a lot more sport. He'd started a dramatic club of the seniors and juniors early in the year, and five of the seniors were to give the play. I wasn't in it, being a junior, but I was on hand for most of the rehearsals, and my job was going to be making the fellows up on the night of the show.

The invitations got out about two weeks before the date, which was the night before Commencement—Thursday, the 10th of June. That's one date I'll bet I don't forget. There are some others I'll bet won't forget it either. Not very soon!

The rehearsals were more fun than a goat, and what Rudolph didn't know about putting on a play you could get into your eye. The way he brought things out of that play—all kinds of little tricks you'd never guess unless somebody showed you what they were—it was great! Of course, it couldn't help being funny, as three of the fellows were taking women's parts, but even I didn't know how funny it was really going to be until the dress rehearsal. That was the afternoon of the play, and when I saw Atkinson dressed up as Mrs. Ondego-Jhones, in a long-tailed dress, low neck, with red beads and bracelets and a wrist-watch and a lorgnette and a gray wig, I didn't blame young Chartries for what he said. The kid happened to be looking in at one

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of the open windows of the Big Room, and when he saw Atkinson he just opened his mouth and said, sort of solemn: "Oh, my God!"

Rudolph heard it and in about one minute he had that kid inside, and if he ever swears again it will be when he's talking in his sleep! Still, I couldn't blame him, and Atkinson wasn't the only scream, at that.

Of course, a dress rehearsal is always bum, but they kept at it until four o'clock and then Rudolph sent them home to eat. Brayley and Partridge lived out of town and would have to hurry, as everybody had to be back to dress by seven. I didn't go home at all; I'd brought some sandwiches. Partridge had his motorcycle, with a tandem seat on it for Brayley. They were the last to go, and then I threw my sandwiches in the ash-can and went around the corner to one of those "Q and D" restaurants—you know—"Quick and Dirty." They have such good baked beans there always. Aunt Emily would kill me if she knew—but she doesn't.

I had some errands to do for Aunt Emily, but I was back before seven. The place was all lighted up and, with the decorations and all, it looked fine. The stage was set like a drawing-room, with the big grand piano and some furniture Rudolph had sent in, and there were palms and flowers—even some pictures hung on the back drop. They'd forgotten to let the curtain down, so I did that; then I made sure that the make-up stuff was all ready. It wasn't long before Rudolph showed up; he lives right in the building, anyhow. There were some people with him, but they stayed down by the door.

The fellows had to dress in the wings, as there aren't any dressing-rooms, and it was some job getting the right things on the right people. Maxon, who was "Lady Guinevere," couldn't find his pumps, and Frayling, who was "Ted Rawlston," managed to get rouge all over his dress shirt when I wasn't looking. By this time you'll know that the play was that "Box of Monkeys" thing that everybody's given since the year One.

Well, right in the middle of the general confusion the janitor poked his head in and said that somebody wanted Rudolph on the 'phone. His face—Rudolph's, I mean—was about a mile long when he came back. Even Maxon stopped whining about his pumps to find out what was the matter.

"It's Partridge," Rudolph sort of gasped. "He and Brayley smashed into a truck on the other side of the ferry on the way over."

"Anybody dead?" Frayling always tries to be funny.

"Dead? No!" Rudolph said, pretty sharply, the way he does sometimes in Latin class. "Broken arm and sprained ankle—one apiece. It's that fool motorcycle of Partridge's."

I didn't wonder he was upset. Everybody, even Frayling, saw the fix we were in.

"What—" I started to ask.

"I don't know," Rudolph cut in, "I certainly do not know!" He sat down on the edge of the make-up table and groaned. Nobody said a word—it was too awful. And it was getting later every minute.

Pretty soon Rudolph looked at me. I saw what he was thinking.

"Couldn't you—?" he began.

"No," I said, "I couldn't. I don't know the lines well enough. Not nearly."

Then Maxon butted in.

"*You* know them—don't you?" he said to Rudolph.

Rudolph looked at him for a second and then burst out laughing. Maxon had put on his wig, and it didn't seem to match the rest of what he had on—which was about as nearly next to nothing as it could be.

"Well, you *do*," he said again.

"Yes." It was Frayling this time. "But what about Brayley's part—who's going to be 'Sierra'?"

All of a sudden Rudolph sort of woke up. He jumped down off the table. "Give me two copies of the play," he said. I had them in the table drawer. He looked at his watch. "We've got less than half an hour. Not enough." He seemed to be talking to himself. "She'll need at least three-quarters. We'll have to start late." Then: "von den Ahrens, the minute I get out of here you run up

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the curtain. The rest of you get dressed. I'll 'phone one of the theatrical agencies to send us a man to fill in until we're ready." He rapped the orders out like a general; I knew he'd fix it up somehow. Then he grabbed the two copies of the play and skipped. I ran up the curtain, like he told me.

There wasn't any more fooling after that. Atkinson, who hadn't said a word, anyhow, found Maxon's pumps and got him dressed. I fixed Frayling's shirt with some talcum powder and helped Atkinson pull Maxon's dress together down the back. I'd done it for Aunt Emily a few times, but Maxon was a lot worse, for he wasn't as slim he as ought to be *where* he ought to be. Still, we did it. Maxon said he couldn't breathe, which was a lie, for he let out a good enough yell when I happened to stick a pin into him a little. He didn't need much making up—being red in the face as it was.

It was beginning to get a little rackety out front; most of the boys were in the first rows, and they knew it was time for the show to start. Pretty soon the noise stopped dead, and there was the most awful row of hand-clapping and laughing. I was blackening Atkinson's eyebrows, but it didn't take me long to turn around. I thought maybe Frayling had wandered out on the stage, not noticing that the curtain was up. He's absent-minded and he wasn't by any means dressed, either.

But it wasn't Frayling. For a minute I thought I was seeing things—then I came to: it was the man from the agency, of course. Only it wasn't—at least, it wasn't a man. Then, in another minute, I noticed her shoes, and came to again. She didn't say a word; just stood there and let the audience yell. Of course, her clothes were most awfully funny—a man dressed up like that is funny, anyhow—but there was something else. Nobody can tell just why it is—some actors can get a laugh like that without doing a thing. After a bit it stopped. She set down the package she was carrying and took a cloth off it. It was a cage with a big green-and-red parrot inside. He was sitting on a perch; you know how they sit sometimes, like that, without moving.

Well, everybody was waiting, of course, to see what would happen. That awful-looking object stood in the middle of the stage, sort of teetering back and forth, in a green-and-purple plaid skirt and one of those old-fashioned jacket things, a lot too short in the sleeves, and with mitts on—like old ladies in pictures. She had peroxide hair and a purple veil, pulled down. On top of everything was a scream of a hat, wide, with a big feather and an elastic that went under her chin. Still she didn't say anything—just kept teetering and teetering back and forth.

All of a sudden she began to sing. Then I knew I *had* been wrong, in spite of the shoes. It was one of those flashy opera songs, full of runs and trills. Aunt Emily, who was there, told me afterward what it was, but I forget the name. Right in the middle of it the parrot let out the most awful yell. She stopped singing like a shot and took one look at the parrot. Then I changed my mind *again*, for she faced around and said in a bass voice that shook the windows: "What's the use?" And that's every word she did say. But, coming after that singing, it brought down the house. People just hooted. We had to pin Maxon up again later—he lost several buttons.

Suddenly, after it got quiet again, she went over to the piano. I've been to vaudeville shows a good deal, but I never saw anything like what happened then. She took her mitts off and threw them on the floor. Then she sailed in. It was "Turkey in the Straw." She played it straight through, then began to rag it. Then she double-ragged it, if you know what that is. It was great! Then she stood up and began to clog, still playing. I tried it afterward at home. It can't be done.

Pretty soon she danced right away from the piano, and that was the queer part—you could still hear the tune. It was the way she danced—bringing out the tune—I don't know how, but you could hear it, as plain as day. And it was *some* dancing besides! Well, it took! I saw it wasn't going to matter much whether the real show fell through or not, everybody was so tickled. Rudolph had certainly picked a winner.

Next time she took another tune—I

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forget what—but the same thing happened; only she only played a little of it at first, with one finger. It was different kind of dancing, but you got the tune, same as before. Aunt Emily says it was the way she suggested the rhythm. Which is true, all right, but doesn't give the directions.

Well, she did it three or four times—each time with a new kind of dancing. You forgot all about the crazy clothes she had on; it was so wonderful that it stopped being funny at all. Aunt Emily says that that showed how artistic it was. Well, maybe—I don't know much about that. Anyhow, people went nutty. I saw one old man, half-way down on the middle aisle—it was the senior warden of the parish, for I know him—thumping on the floor like mad with his stick, and if you knew the senior warden you'd know what that meant!

She certainly did fill in the time, all right—nobody missed the play. But the last was the best. She stood right in one spot until the hall got perfectly quiet. Then she started to dance without giving out any tune at all. You could hardly hear her shoes on the stage, she was so light on her feet. Pretty soon you began to get the rhythm, as Aunt Emily calls it. There wasn't a sound, at first, except that queer, light accent. You could *feel* everybody guessing after the tune. Then people began to get it—you could feel that, too. It was the weirdest business you can think of! All of a sudden I caught it—just when she began to dance away from that one spot. She was leaning forward a little, with one hand up to her ear and the other sort of beating time and beckoning, the way singers do when they want the gallery to join in on the chorus.

All at once they *did* begin to sing—me, too—you couldn't help it. First, some of the boys—that pitched the tune—finally, about everybody:

> "It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
> It's a long way to go.
> It's a long, long way to Tipperary—
> To the sweetest girl I know——"

It was last June, remember.

Well, that's all. I see I haven't told it very well. I don't see how anybody *could* really describe it. But people are still talking about it, and I guess they always will. It ended by her dancing over to where the parrot-cage was, and with nearly everybody standing up—still singing—as she danced right off the stage and ran up the stairs that lead off the stage to the faculty Common Room.

I saw, pretty soon, that it was over—she wasn't coming back. People clapped and clapped, but—nothing doing! I looked at my watch—it was nearly nine o'clock. Then, as I was letting down the curtain—Rudolph had told me to be sure to do that the minute the agency man finished——

"I *think* I know it now."

I turned around; I was certain that I recognized the voice. Sure enough, it was "Lady Agatha"! I almost called her that, I was so excited. Right away I saw what had happened; she'd been one of the people who came early with Rudolph, and he'd got her to take Partridge's place as "Sierra" in the play.

"Look," she said, and spread out a big fan she had. She'd torn some pages out of the play and pinned them to the fan. But she never once looked at them, for I watched all through to see. Well, maybe that wasn't the only reason I watched.

"Is Mr. Hastings ready?"

Somebody laughed. It was Rudolph. How he got back in I don't know—I wasn't watching for him much just then! Oh, it was then that we pinned Maxon together again—at least, *she* did it.

"Places, everybody!" Rudolph snapped his fingers. "All right!" He nodded to me: "Curtain!"

Well, it went like a dream. Everybody was sort of keyed up, anyhow; besides, the audience felt good, and that always makes a lot of difference. I'm not going to tell about the play—everybody's seen it—most everybody's been *in* it. But Rudolph had saved the day, all right—he and the girl. Both of them were splendid. All the boys yelled the minute he appeared; they recognized him in a second, of course, and yelled. By the middle of the first act it was all settled—it couldn't be anything but a star performance. Even Frayling remembered his lines. It finished in a blaze of glory for

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everybody. I know that's more old stuff, but I'm nearly through now and I want to get to the end.

The dancing came afterward, as soon as they could move the chairs out. I ought to have helped with that, but I hung around to see if I could get a dance with her. Not a chance! At least, not for a while. A lot of the old tops and their wives buzzed right up the minute Rudolph brought her out from behind the stage. It seems the news had got around why she and Rudolph were in the play; people were a good deal pleased at the way he'd got away with it. The old senior warden ploughed straight through the crowd and grabbed Rudolph from some fat old lady he was talking to and just about shook his hand off. I got in for some of the things he said.

"Efficiency"—the senior warden is a judge and he talks like one—"yes, sir, efficiency—in every walk of life. In the office, in the Church, in our schools—everywhere—men are required, in these days, who can rise instantly to life's emergencies. The sinking of one's personality, without loss of dignity, at a critical moment, for a worthy end—admirable, sir, admirable!"

Rudolph certainly had struck twelve with the senior warden that night! And I knew enough parish gossip—from Aunt Emily—to see what that meant for Rudolph and for the school.

Other people besides me were listening by then.

"I myself never cared much for theatricals"—it was Colonel Penny, the chairman of the school committee—"but the performance to-night, especially that young lady——"

"Charming, charming!" Rudolph's fat old lady butted in.

"The fact is," the colonel went on, "the fact is, I am by way of becoming converted, so to speak. This spring, in London"—even *she* was listening now—"this spring I went alone three times to see the same play. In the Kingsway Theatre, you know, judge," he explained. "A play called 'Bypaths.' The same company are to bring it out here, I understand, as an experiment this summer. I shall certainly see it again. There was something so subtle, something so refreshing, so exquisitely finished"—I *think* I'm getting it as he said it—"about the acting of the young woman in the leading rôle. A remarkable performance—quite!"

I could see Rudolph smiling. "My sister," he said, "will be glad to hear that." Then he introduced the colonel to her.

I don't yet know why I didn't drop dead.

"Colonel," she asked him, "may I repeat part of that—at the next rehearsal—about your 'conversion'?"

"Bless my soul," the colonel gasped. "Bless my soul! You!"

* * * * * * * *

I've put these stars in because there's no other way of expressing how I felt. There I'd been hanging around to get a dance with the best advertised actress in the country. Me! When I really woke up I was sitting alone in a corner, behind some palms, explaining it all over to myself. It was all plain enough then. No wonder she'd learned the lines so quickly; no wonder she'd made such a hit—a girl the papers had been writing about for months! That was why her picture had been in that swell photograph place—that was why she'd looked around the school the way she did that first day—it was even why she'd stepped right up on the platform and hadn't been fussed. Rudolph's sister! Of course, her stage name was different. And she——

"Oh, here he is!"

I jumped up—a dead man would come to life at a voice like hers.

"Mr. von den Ahrens"—she called me that—"I've been waiting for you to ask me to dance. Aren't you going to?"

Some things can't be written about, and that dance is one of them.

When it was over we hunted up Rudolph again. He had the next with her. His sister—I couldn't get over that. Just as the music started, and I was going:

"Oh, Rudolph," she said, "I've been wanting to ask you: how did you ever happen to have that awful old costume right on tap? You can't have used it in years. Remember the Effinghams' house-party—when you danced? And where did the stuffed parrot come from?"

"Well," he said, "it was pure luck.

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I'd got the whole rig out just this morning to send to Binny Edwards. He's trying for the dramatic club at college this June. And the parrot——"

Then he realized that I was still there and his jaw dropped.

"Von den Ahrens," he started, "if you ever *tell*——"

With that she whirled around to me and put a hand on each of my shoulders. "You won't tell, will you? Promise?"

I may be only seventeen, but she had to look up into my face, and if Rudolph hadn't been there—but he was.

Now you can understand why I'm likely to remember the 10th of June for some time to come: Rudolph's stunt—I wouldn't care *who* knew it, if I could do a thing like that—and, well—and the rest that happened. I see now that I can't show this story to anybody. But I just *had* to write it. Maybe, some day, I can show it to her. I'll be through school and college in five years. Maybe I won't go to college. I don't think she can be so very much older than I am. Besides, a person's age doesn't make any difference in—love.

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# THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF THRACE

## By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THREE long promontories, projecting tridentwise from that southwestern corner of Thrace known as the Chalcidice, prick the north edge of the Ægean like a little Greece. The westernmost reaches past Olympus and makes the lower part of the Gulf of Salonica. The easternmost, pointing toward Lemnos and the Dardanelles, is of great renown in the Greek world. Mt. Athos is a steep wooded ridge five to ten miles wide, terminating some forty miles seaward in the peak that gives the peninsula its name. This solitary marble cone, rearing abruptly from the sea to a height of seven thousand feet and capped three parts of the year with snow, has always impressed the imagination of its beholders. Pliny makes it throw its sunset shadow on Lemnos, a hundred miles away. Æschylus names it as one of the heights from which the fall of Troy was signalled to Mycenæ. Xerxes so redoubted its windy humors, having lost a fleet by them, as to cut a canal across the low neck uniting it to the mainland. The sculptor Stasicrates proposed to Alexander the Great to carve the peak into a colossal statue of the conquering Macedonian, with a city in one hand and a river pouring from the other. And an early Christian legend hallowed it as the high mountain from which Christ was shown the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. Losing its ancient name of Acte, it thereupon became known as Ἅγιον ὄρος, the Monte Santo of mediæval travellers, in sanctity second only to Jerusalem, a refuge from the world as famous as the Thebaid.

Local tradition dates its status as a community set apart for men of God from the reign of Constantine the Great, and connects several of the monasteries with the earlier emperors of Constantinople. The authentic history of Mt. Athos, however, does not begin before the tenth century, when Nicephorus Phocas founded the monastery of the Great Lavra. From that time it became the fashion among the princes of the East to patronize the monasteries of the Holy Mountain. Indeed, there still exist on the east side of the peninsula the ruins of an abbey built by Latin monks from Amalfi—and when the congregations were expelled from France, a few years ago, the French members of the same order made an attempt to re-establish that ancient claim. The schism between East and West, however, naturally brought it about that Mt. Athos

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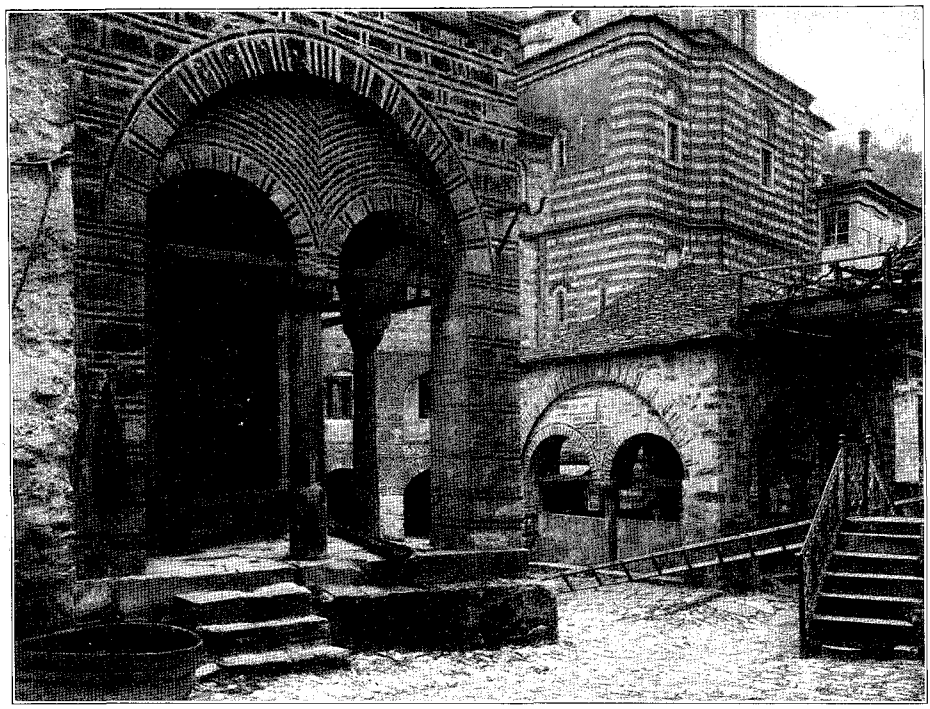

In the court of the Serbian monastery of Hilendár

remained in the sphere of the Greek Church. But the emperors and empresses of Constantinople were not alone to leave there the monuments of their piety. Ivíron, the second monastery in point of age, was founded by princes of Georgia. While it has now passed into Greek hands, it still possesses a library of precious Georgian manuscripts, and keeps the ancient Georgian time—counting twelve o'clock not from sunset, like the rest of the Levant, but from sunrise. Another of the older abbeys, Hilendár, was founded in the twelfth century by the Serbian king Stephen, whose son Sava retired thither and became the patron saint of his race. The Bulgarians likewise established a monastery on the sacred mount, while Russian, Moldavian, and Wallachian princes carried on after the fall of Constantinople the Byzantine tradition with regard to the monks of Athos. And we even hear of a Turkish sultan restoring a monastery destroyed by an earthquake.

Until the Greek War of Independence, when the monks naturally enough took the part of the rebels, the Turks did not molest them. Then, however, the peninsula was invaded and more than one monastery was sacked. Fifty years later, when their vast Moldavian and Wallachian domains were confiscated by the new kingdom of Roumania, the monks suffered even more severely. Yet until the Balkan War Mt. Athos occupied in the Ottoman Empire a privileged position, not unlike that of Samos and the Lebanon. Nominally governed by a Turkish *Kaïmakam*, dependent on the *Vali* of Salonica, its real government was vested in a species of local parliament, made up of representatives from the various monasteries and sitting in the central settlement of Karyés. The *Kaïmakam* did no more than to collect the annual tribute of £T. 700, to act as arbiter in local disputes, and to sigh over the rule of the saintly republic which forbids any woman to set foot in it.

The readjustments of the Balkan War put an end to this state of affairs, in that Mt. Athos and its hinterland fell to Greece. But the precise future status of



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St. Panteléïmon.

the community was one of the points left open by the Treaty of Bucharest. For Bulgaria, Roumania, Russia, and Serbia all have more or less definite interests there, as well as Greece. Even Austria filed a claim to be consulted, by reason of the fact that the greater part of the Serb race, a considerable fraction of it following the Greek rite, is under her sway. Circumstances have enabled Greece to ignore this and other claims. Later developments in the Near East, however, promise to bring the question again to the fore. And they give a new interest to that venerable monastic community, whose existence has been almost forgotten by the Western world.

Mt. Athos illustrates better than any other place in the Balkan Peninsula, after Constantinople, the clash of populations and interests which has always complicated the government of that region, and which makes all but impossible a final equilibrium of races. The territory of the monastic republic is unequally divided between twenty monasteries. Dependent on these, in that they derive their lands from, and are represented in the local parliament by, the parent abbeys, are *skítai* and *kellía* to a much greater number. Of the twenty monasteries seventeen are Greek, one is Bulgarian, one is Russian, and one is Serb. But the three last play a rôle vastly disproportionate to their relative representation at Karyés. St. Panteléïmon—or Ro'ussico, as the Greeks call the Russian monastery—is by far the largest and richest of them all; while Zográf, of the Bulgarians, ranks not far from third. Moreover there are Russian and Roumanian *skítai* which are larger and richer than the Greek monasteries to which they are nominally subject. Thus a half or more than half the population of the peninsula—estimated so variously as from 7,000 to 20,000 souls—is Slavic, or at least not Greek. This circumstance is the germ of whatever real vitality subsists on Mt. Athos to-day. The rivalry between the races has taken the place of such ancient questions as shook the sacred mount in the fourteenth century over Barlaam of Calabria and the Uncreated Light of Tabor. A despatch in January of this year announced



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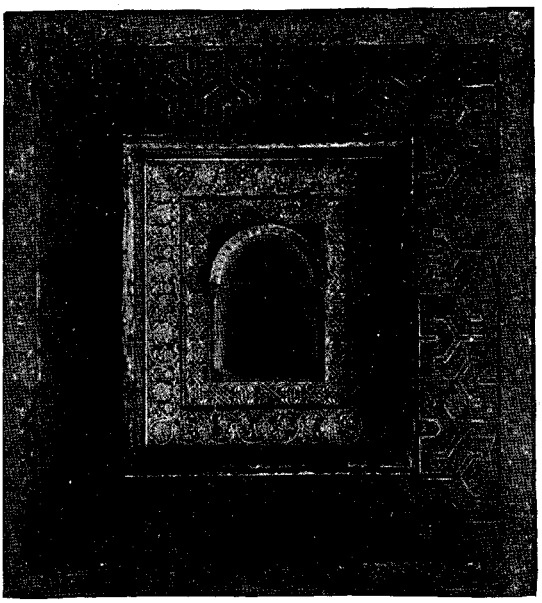
that the Bulgarian monks had endeavored to oust the Serbian monks from their monastery, but failed and then set fire to a portion of the structure.

To us of the West it may perhaps seem incomprehensible that men of God, withdrawn from the world and professing identical religious beliefs, should find it difficult to live at peace on a lonely and beautiful peninsula of the Ægean. The fact that they do, illustrates the other fact that the sentiment of nationality has increasingly proved to be a more powerful cohesive force than the sentiment of religion. It also illustrates the fact that in this part of the world, where church and state are still much nearer one than in the West, the church has taken the more active part in cultivating the spirit of nationality. I have already alluded to the sympathy of Mt. Athos with the Greek revolution. During my own pilgrimage among the monasteries, while they were still under Turkish rule, I continually noticed pictures supposed to represent Constantine XII, last emperor of Constantinople, beside portraits of the King of Greece and of white-kilted leaders of Epirote and Macedonian bands. It was perfectly evident that the thoughts of the Greek monks were tinged by the past of their race, and that they looked forward to a day when they would no longer pay tribute to an Asiatic suzerain. Nor would they admit that the hegemony of their church had passed to the great empire of the north. And in spite of what the monasteries owe to Russian benefactions, relations between monks of the two races are none too friendly.



Ceiling decoration in the refectory of Hilendár.

The Greeks do not even hesitate to accuse the Russians of having obtained their present foothold by fraud. Fifty years ago St. Panteléïmon was a Greek monastery, although considerably beholden to the piety of the Romanoffs. When a few Russians applied for admittance, about the time of the Crimean War, they were accepted without difficulty. And when they proved their devotion by giving the monastery financial help, they were allowed to bring more of their fellow countrymen and to have the mass celebrated alternately in Russian. But before the Greeks knew it they were outnumbered. To-day there are only about fifty of them left, among the thousand or more of their supplanters. Mass is still celebrated in alternate languages in the old catholicon, now modernized out of all recognition. The Russians have built a larger church of their own, however, in the monastery proper, where the antique Byzantine chant has given place to the rich Russian choral and where there is a significant if not very artistic profusion of gilding and precious stones.

Certain statesmen have been pleased to see in the great establishment of St. Panteléïmon a military outpost of Russia on the Ægean. Russia has never disguised her ambitions in that direction, and it may well be that she has seen no reason to discourage the movement of pious *mouzhiks* toward Mt. Athos—or Jerusalem. A weekly steamer from Odessa, at all events, long lent color to that inference,

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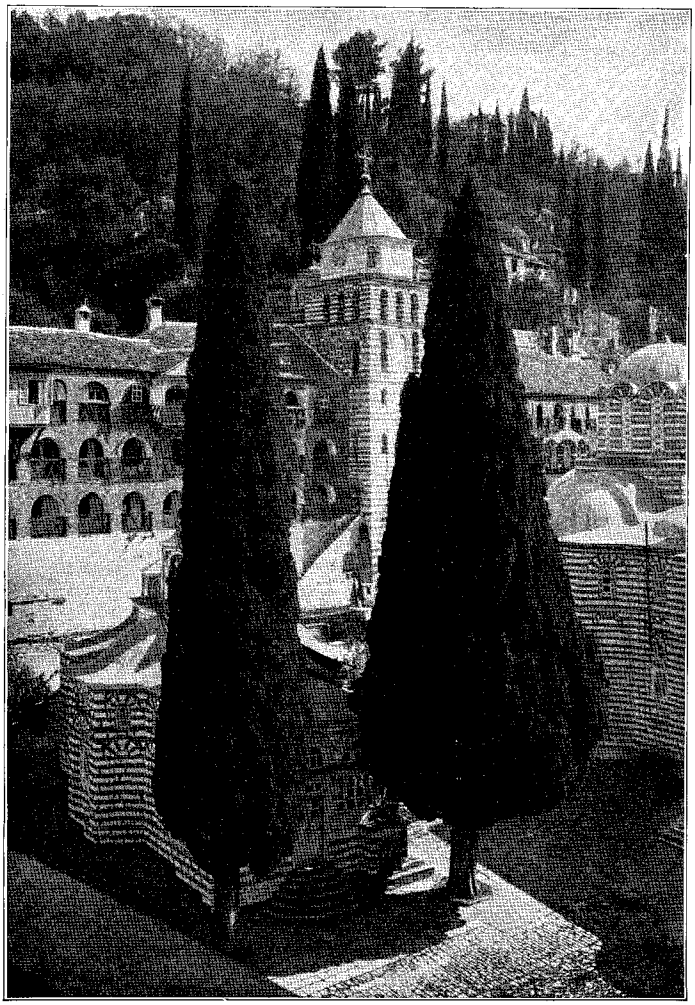
and ambassadors and grand dukes have more than once helped St. Panteléïmon to gain a point. Indeed I happened to witness there myself a visit from the Constantinople embassy despatch-boat. For the rest, nothing is more natural than for the Russians to flock to the holy places of their church. But equally natural is the Greek hostility toward the Russians, when their own claims, in Mt. Athos as in Constantinople, are so much older than any other. Nor is it uninteresting in this connection, and at this moment of history, to recall that Russia has a little seaport of her own on that southern coast of Thrace, with the only breakwater and quays existing between Salonica and Kavala, and not without ample storehouses and barracks.



The cypresses of Zográf.

With regard to the Serbs, the Greek monks feel none of the same distrust. Hilendár has always belonged to its present inmates. It happens to be very small and poor, moreover, as compared to St. Panteléïmon, nor does it occupy so strategic a situation. For myself, I was happy to feel free in it, for once, from the politics of the peninsula. I also found it one of the most picturesque of all the monasteries, though out of sight of the sea. The fine central court contained admirable specimens of Byzantine brickwork, in the refectory was a most interesting carved and painted ceiling, and the monks showed us a certain splendid golden Gospel they possess. Yet chance willed that we should find them in the throes of preparation for a visit from King Peter of Serbia. He had been to Sofia and Constantinople to pay his respects to King Ferdinand and Sultan Mehmed V. He returned by way of Salonica, in the Sultan's yacht, stopping to make homage at the shrine of St. Sava, to fill the other monasteries with excited envy, and to give a heretical pilgrim from oversea considerable matter for rumination with regard to the activities of anchorites on remote peninsulas.

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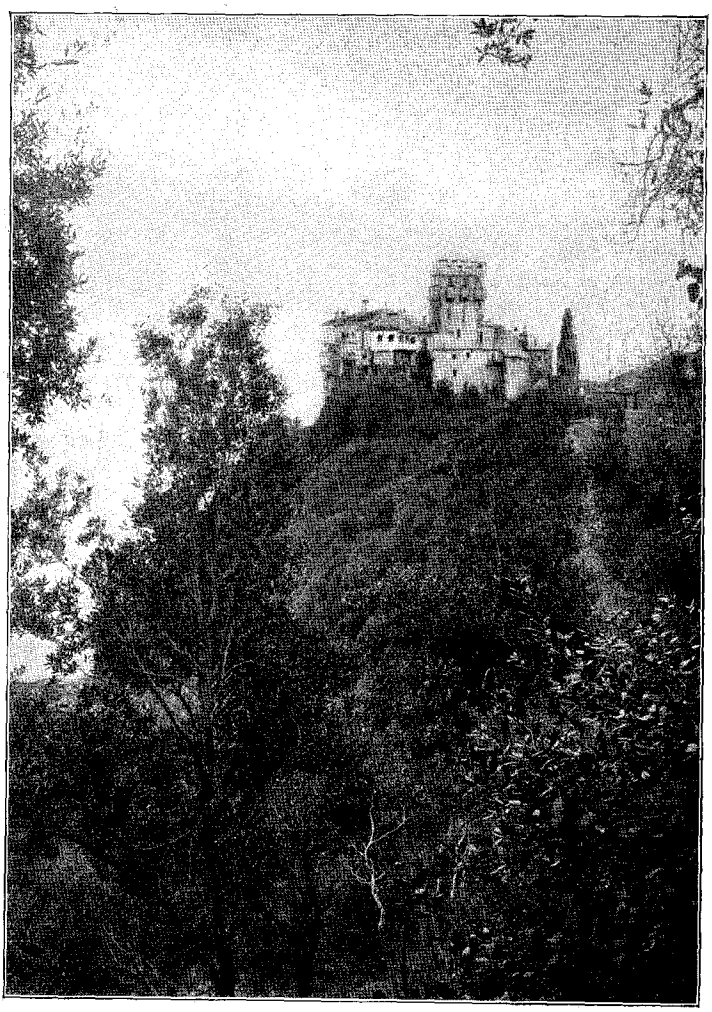
Another aspect of the situation is presented by the Bulgarian monastery of Zográf. That large and prosperous establishment struck me as being even more than St. Panteléïmon in contact with living issues. It is very clean, very conveniently fitted up with telephones, typewriters, I know not how many other modernities. It is also very uninteresting from an artistic point of view, except for the romantic wooded valleys it dominates and two magnificent cypresses in its court. Nevertheless I found it an extremely interesting place—nor solely, I think, because we were entertained there more hospitably than anywhere else. Behind St. Panteléïmon there may be a policy, but it is as unlikely of fulfilment as the dream of the Greeks; while the visionary-looking monks and pilgrims who swarm there in all simplicity of heart hint little of Panslavic ambitions. The Bulgarian monks have quite a different air. Nominally of the cenobite order, they show something more than the liberality of the idiorrhythmic monasteries. They read papers, they maintain relations with the "world," they betray various other tendencies frowned upon by stricter ascetics. No doubt it is largely due to the more positive stamp of their racial character. Yet I seemed to divine among them a temper not of exiles, an order of aspiration which I shall not make the mistake of attempting to specify. With Bulgaria they outwardly and visibly appeared to have small affiliation. King Ferdinand is not, like King Peter, of the Orthodox faith. But a large proportion of the monks were recruited from Macedonia. There were Serbs, Vlachs, and Albanians among them. One of the Epitropes and their representative at Karyés were of the last nationality. Most of them spoke Turkish, and Macedonia, not Bulgaria, seemed to be with them the pivot of interest.



Stavronikíta.

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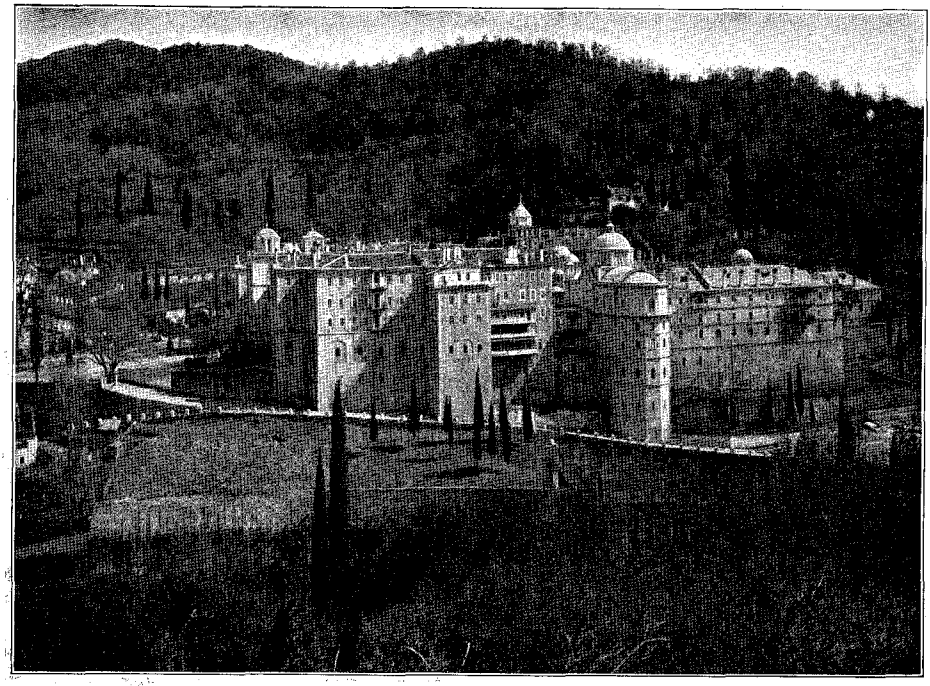

The Bulgarian monastery of Zográf.

This is fortunately not the place to reopen the thorny Macedonian question. There are those, however, who do not consider it definitely answered yet; and among them I should not be surprised to find some extremely intelligent monks of the Bulgarian monastery of Zográf. Whether they have an answer of their own to suggest is not for the guest of a night to know. But he may at least point out what, strangely enough, no one has yet done—that the Bulgarians feel a peculiar sentiment with regard to central Macedonia, because it was the heart and cradle of their whole national movement, long before an independent Bulgaria existed in the north. They will never be content until their boundaries include that region.

Hearing of their handsome revenues, and having noticed on the map how easy it might be for visitors from the mainland to come and go without attracting attention, it occurred to me to wonder whether the monks had ever entertained relations with Macedonian bands. I was therefore considerably interested to meet, in the cell of a father who showed us great courtesy, a young civilian whom, from the smallness of his hands and feet, the pointedness of his fair beard, and a troubled look of his blue eye, I inwardly set down for a poet. What, then, was my astonishment to be introduced to Mr. Panitsa, the famous Bulgarian outlaw. That small hand shot down Boris Sarafoff in the city of Sofia. Those small feet led Miss Stone for six months over the mountains of Macedonia. The brigand who abducted her was at the time I met him a schoolmaster, if you please, at the town of Drama, in the marches of Thrace. Which did not prevent him from sitting in the councils of the Young Turks. Conversation with him proved none too easy, for he knew, or professed to know, neither French nor Greek, while his Turkish seemed even more limited than mine. He displayed a becoming modesty with regard to the exploits of his youth, being more willing to speak of Abd-ül-Hamid, whom he said he had twice seen in Salonica.

I afterward asked our common host if this were the first time Mr. Panitsa had visited the monastery.



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This character is often more marked among the small abbeys.

"Who knows?" replied that discreet ascetic. "It is at least the first time that he comes officially."

The political interest of the monastic republic is after all a temporary one. To the world at large it has another and a more picturesque interest. For in spite of time, violation, and insidious modernities, it is the most complete and the most singular survival in Europe of a world that has disappeared. There are more splendid specimens of Byzantine architecture in Constantinople, Salonica, Ravenna, or Venice. The treasury of St. Mark's and some of the great museums contain perhaps more precious pieces of Byzantine craftsmanship. But the monasteries of Mt. Athos are in themselves a last and living fragment of Byzantium.

While the monasteries naturally present many general similarities, there are very few out of the twenty which I would not willingly revisit for the sake of some interesting individuality. This character is often more marked among the small abbeys, because they contain fewer monks, because they possess fewer treasures upon which to expend their care, and because they happily have less money to enclose their open arcades withal, to change their wooden corbels for iron girders, or to plaster up their ornamental brickwork and inset porcelain. Indeed I think one of the very smallest of them all, Stavronikíta, ravished me more than any other—for its romantic situation on a rocky point of the east coast, for the nightingale-haunted wood behind it, for the flagged grape-arbor at its door, through whose budding interstices the white peak of Athos looked like a little Ætna, for the picturesqueness of its Samian doorkeeper, and for the perfection of its hospitality. And did I not have the happiness to discover there two books whose sight alone would have repaid me for my whole pilgrimage? One of them was a Psalter of the twelfth century, written in gold on fine white vellum, with a big portrait of King David in a red robe playing his harp, and exquisite title-pieces. There is only one other golden book on the peninsula, and very few—Greek ones at least—in the whole world. The second book, a Gospel of the eleventh century,



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Simopetra.

was for the richness and delicacy of its illuminations the finest manuscript I saw at any monastery. The amiable librarian insisted on holding the two himself for me to photograph, which of course spoiled my films; and then he trotted me up-stairs to have a bottle of beer. In a corner of the room where we partook of this refreshment hung an old picture before which my companion crossed himself devoutly, informing me that it was an icon of the Redeemer. I did not know what to think, unless of Heine's "Gods in Exile"; for it seemed to me that those great eyes and that proud mouth must originally have been intended to represent a personage of an imperial rather than of a holy family, and of the sex debarred from Mt. Athos. I wondered by what apotheosis a profane Byzantine princess could have come to merit the veneration of these men of God. But I made no attempt to betray her incognito.

Simopetra again: who could forget Simopetra, perched on a crag a thousand feet above the Ægean? There is nothing to see at Simopetra—nothing, that is, except a white donjon at the water's edge, and the stony road zigzagging up and up and up through olive-trees, and the spidery galleries hanging to the face of the monastery, and the aqueduct of superposed arches linking it to the mountain-side, and the tunnel of an entrance leading to small courts at different levels, and the stupendous view. It was all mysteriously pervaded, I remember, by the falling of water. And the Hegumen did us the honor to dine in private with us. When we went to pay him our respects before going away we found him sitting with a peasant from one of his estates, his black staff of office across his knees, counting out piles of tributary gold.

Of quite another air was Esphigméno. Esphigméno received us, we seemed to feel, a trifle coldly. Not in outward speech, nor yet in material hospitality; for we dined there more sumptuously than at plutocratic Vatopéthi. But the gaunt old librarian who lighted us up a corkscrew stair of stone to his lair above the church porch significantly told us of a learned stranger whom he had not permitted to photograph a certain interesting palimpsest of the sixth century, because



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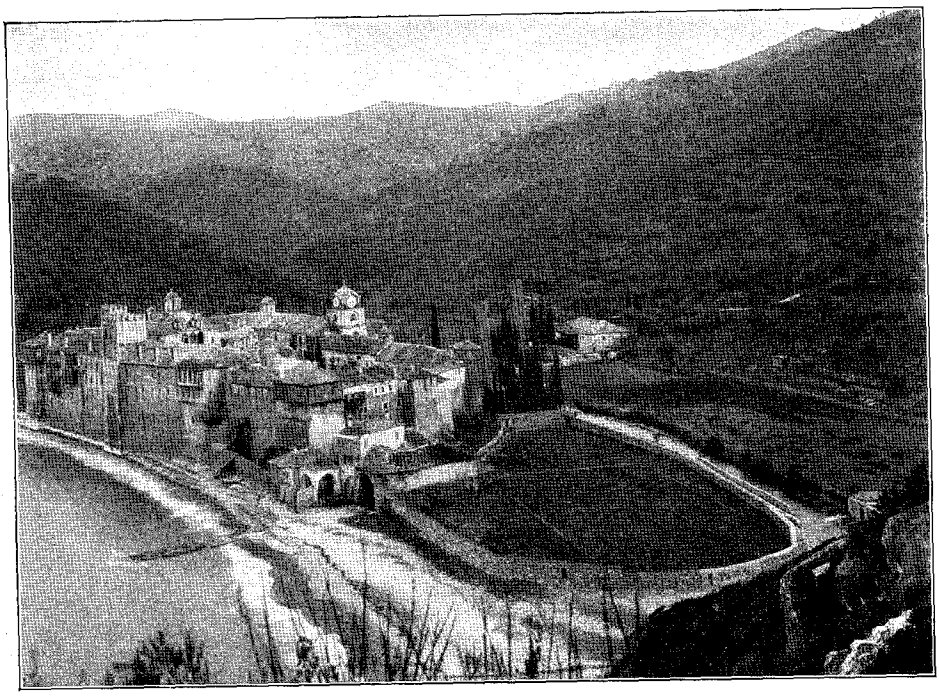

Esphigméno.

the learned stranger did not happen to be Orthodox. And he barred our cameras out of the church altogether. I could have let the church go, although one or two details caught my eye. But his prohibition was cruel when it came to an icon of fine mosaic which he set before us, in a frame of beaten gold ornamented with beautiful little images of apostles. He would not have shown us the chief treasure of the church at all if Curzon had not given us the cue to insist—namely, a gold cross which tradition makes the gift of the empress Pulcheria—a cross of delicate filigree six or eight inches long, containing a fragment of the True Cross set in ancient diamonds and pearls, with one big uneven ruby at the top and three radiating spikes of emerald.

After the willingness of Vatopéthi to be photographed, the unwillingness of Esphigméno was the more marked. It extended to the frescoed refectory; even, if you please, to the great dark-raftered kitchen, where a votive lamp twinkled to the Virgin. The curious part of it was that the cook had been to America. Nor was it only he. Four others in the monastery had tried their fortunes in the New World, and having not found them had taken refuge in this sea-washed sanctuary where the prayer-gong called them instead of the factory-whistle, and where poverty was certain but without anxiety or shame. One wondered if the difficulties we encountered had anything to do with the impression those five caloyers had carried away with them from the country in which they had failed to find a place. It had left an unmistakable mark upon them nevertheless. We afterward met quite a number of monks in the same case, all young men save one who had been a sailor on the old receiving-ship *Colorado* and another who had kept a shop for twelve years in Lowell and had picked up less English than Neapolitan Italian and Canadian French. Others, like the *vimatário* of Vatopéthi, had friends or relatives in America, while among the muleteers and boatmen who took us from monastery to monastery there were not a few whose dream it was to go there.

Esphigméno was by no means the only monastery to look askance upon the her-



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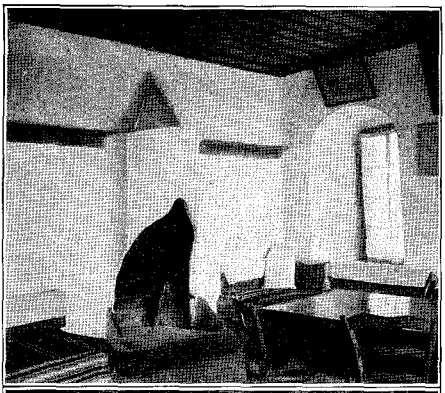
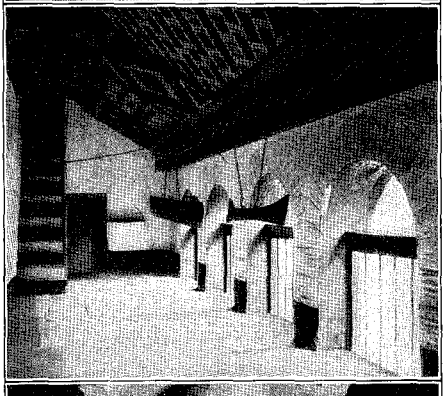
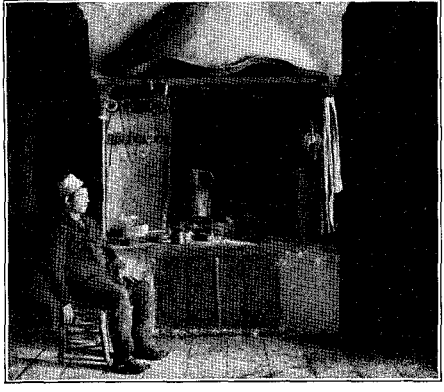


Guest-room at Ksiropótamo.

The church porch—St. Dionysios



Symandra at Vatopéthi



A monastic kitchen.

etic. Ksiropótamo received him with heart-warming welcome and with voluble promises of every facility. But when it came to the point the old priest detailed to display the treasures of the church would have none of my camera. Only by interviewing the Epitropes in person, and refreshing their memories with regard to the promises they had made, did they send down word to give me my way. But how reluctantly was it granted me by the spark-eyed old—fanatic is a boomerang of a word that usually hits the user harder than any one else. How slowly did he lay on the marble pavement, first bespread with flowered silks, a monstrous double-armed chip of the True Cross, set in gold and aureoled with eight long emeralds! How unwillingly did he afterward permit me to put there a small vellum Gospel in covers of repoussé gold, the heirloom of an emperor! And with what resentful mumblings did he withdraw a certain twisted gold cup, with its lining of little jade saints and its inscription from Pulcheria Augusta to her Fold of the Forty Martyrs, from the bowl of water in which it is iniquitously kept—to make an antidote for snake bites! *The* Pulcheria Augusta, a fifth-century Queen Elizabeth who vowed herself to perpetual virginity, lived long before Ksiropótamo is likely to have existed. But she built a church in Constantinople to the Forty Martyrs of Sivas, who are also the patrons of Ksiropótamo; and one would like to think that this cup, like the two big icons at Vatopéthi from St. Sophia of Salonica, may somehow have been cast up here from the shipwreck of Byzantium.

At the monastery of St. Dionysios, once more, no prayer availed to get my camera into the church. And this despite the fact that with several of those highest in authority I formed imperishable ties. There were reasons for taking my camera into the church. Its frescos looked older than many we had seen and I found the icons unusually interesting. Then there was a knuckle of St. John the Baptist in a charming little fluted filigree reliquary with enamel blobs, and the whole skeleton, minus the skull, of one St. Niphon, a former monk of the monastery and Patriarch of Constantinople, in a huge silver-

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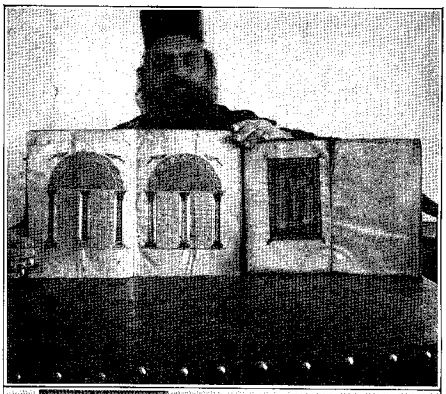
gilt model of the monastery church where he died in Wallachia, with much intricate tracery and two rows of saints and apostles in enamel. But when I asked for the turquoise cup that Curzon describes as superior to the famous one in St. Mark's they blankly disclaimed it. Does Mr. Arthur Cosslett Smith know anything about that turquoise cup?

Among the friends I made at St. Dionysios was a stout old gentleman who in his black veil and flowing draperies reminded me irresistibly of the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland." He first approached me on the subject of the unity of the church —with regard to the possibility of which, I may remark in passing, we were often questioned. From the unity of the church it was but a step to a collection of antiquities which he consented to show me, I think not without hope of finding a customer. The antiquities consisted chiefly of illegible coins. I dealt their owner a cruel blow when I told him that the description in a catalogue some one had sent him, of a coin lettered identically with a small denarius he showed me and priced at three thousand francs, was of a large medal. Nor would he be persuaded that the image and superscription of Aloysius Mocenigo, Doge of Venice, on a thin silver piece he had, were not those of a Roman Cæsar. He finally produced from the recesses of his capacious bosom a terra-cotta figurine of a pregnant woman, for which he said he had refused three napoleons. He delicately inquired how much I would give for her. I somewhat indelicately told him I would not give three piasters; for the object was not particularly beautiful in itself, it was broken off at the knees, and I am no connoisseur of terra-cotta figurines. He smiled sadly yet indulgently at me. "Neither would I!" he confessed. "But why should that German have offered me three napoleons for such a thing? I asked ten, to see what he would say, and when he said three I thought he would give five. Do you know what I think?" he added confidentially, leaning over to me and pointing out a pinhole at the back of the head. "I think there is a diamond in there." He gave a wonderful sidelong roll of his melodramatic eyes. "Otherwise why should they



The amiable librarian insisted on holding these books himself.

The doorkeeper of Stavronikíta.

The Epitropes and secretary —Lavra.

A studio at Kavsokalývia.

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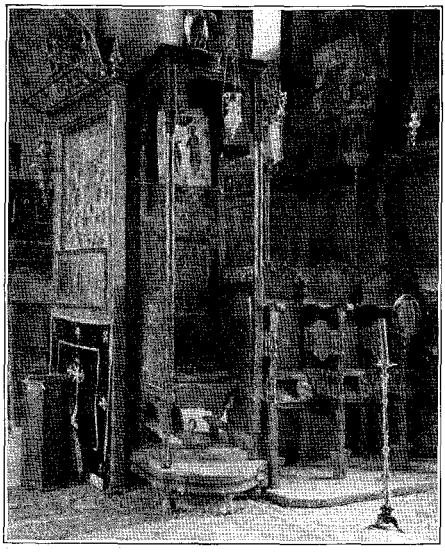
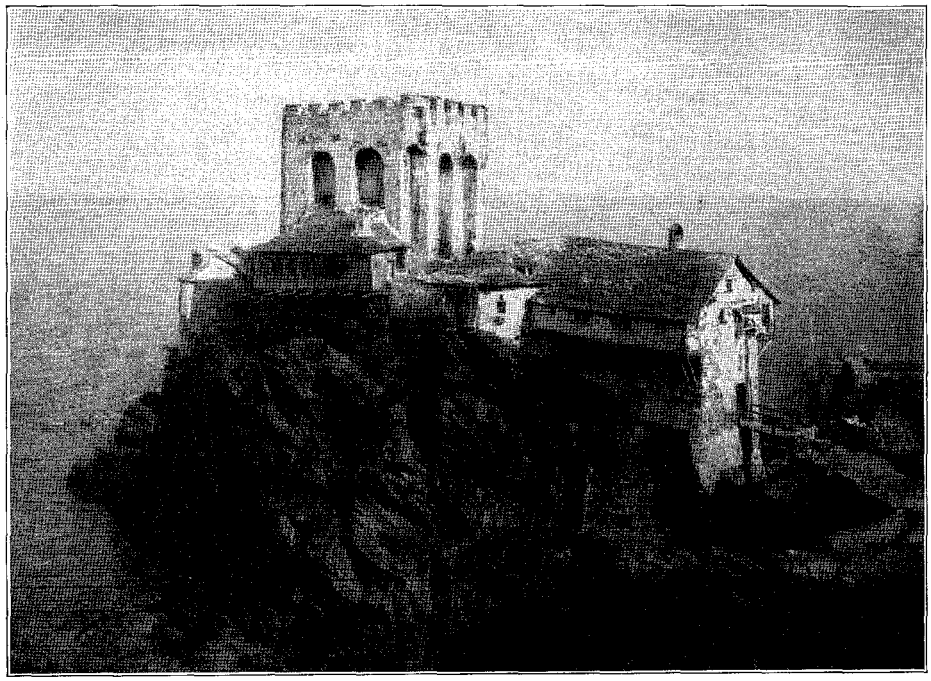
offer me three napoleons? What is it? A brick! A broken brick!" I suggested that he break the head and get the diamond out. I evidently put my finger on the great question of his life. "A thousand times have I lifted it up to break it!" he exclaimed. "But then I always ask myself: What if there should be no diamond?"

His bosom heaved desperately as he put his mutilated lady back into the strange haven she had found after so many centuries.



Throne of Andronicus Palaiologos.

At the extreme seaward point of Mt. Athos the *skíti* of Kavsokalývia finds what foothold it may in a hollow between two bastions of the mountain. We came to it by boat, under the great painted precipices where Darius and many another ancient captain lost his ships. Hermits live there now. They might form quite a society among themselves, if they did not seem to have taken pains that no one but a seabird should be able to visit them. The huts clinging in crannies of the rocks made me think of a young American we heard about, who disappeared after a pilgrimage to Mt. Athos and whose friends had tried to trace him back there. Among those wild fastnesses of the Holy Mountain what stories may



Between the two . . . stands the most . . . inimitable of moated towers.—Page 439.

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not be buried—too safely to be ever known?

We were landed at nightfall at the bottom of a long flight of stone steps. Our boatmen shouted until a man appeared at the top. After some parley he took charge of our luggage, giving us into the hands of a moccasined peasant whom we followed up a breathless slope to a small stone house in a garden. The arrival of two famished foreigners at an hour when the occupants of the house had already eaten their Lenten supper could hardly have filled them with delight. But the three fathers received us with the greatest possible friendliness. The superior, who also happened to be one of the three Elders of the settlement, cooked with his own venerable hand some fish we had heretically brought with us, while one of the others laid us a table in the little sitting-room and served our dinner. He spoke a very good French, which he learned at an Assumptionist mission in Asia Minor.

The experience was in various ways a novel one. We had not before visited a *skíti*. A *skíti*—related to our word ascetic—is theoretically an industrial community living under the monastic rule in detached "cells." There are *skítai*, however, that rival their mother monasteries in all but the name, as there are "cells" that differ from country villas only in that their occupants wear black robes and do not cut their hair. In this *skíti*, a dependency of Lavra, I especially enjoyed being able to go out-of-doors after dinner. I never heard monastery gates clang to at dusk without feeling that I was in prison. But the most interesting part of the experience, to me, was the character of our hosts. For Kavsokalývia is a colony of artists. While its history does not go back to the earliest days of Lavra, painters and wood-carvers, illuminators of manuscripts and masters of mosaic, began long before the Renaissance had reached its height to gather at this inaccessible monastic Barbizon. After the fall of Constantinople it kept alive in the Levant the traditions of Byzantium. And though Russia is now the centre of the Greek Orthodox world in all that concerns religious art, Kavsokalývia still paints icons and carves altar-screens for a considerable world.

As we stood in front of the house and looked down into the great space of darkness that dropped suddenly away from the edge of the terrace—a darkness vaguely sprinkled on one side with lights,

Mt. Athos on Athos Peninsula in the Ægean Sea.



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merging in the distance into a clear sky of stars, and full of the sound of the sea—it seemed to me that Kavsokalývia must offer some of the happiest conditions of the artistic life. I thought so again the next morning, when the better part of that great space resolved itself into so fairy a blue of the Ægean that no one could believe half the galleys of antiquity lay under it. And the ramps of the mountain towered up from it with such an air that one seemed to find an immediate inspiration for the indescribable nobility of the old Athonite art. One of our hosts was good enough to take us for a walk through the *skîti*. The white houses and terraced gardens scattered themselves irregularly about a church, in a high rocky amphitheatre facing the sea. Athos himself, half invisible in morning mist, formed the rear wall of the amphitheatre. I judged from the frescos of the church that the villagers of the period had been too occupied by greater works to give their genius sway. I was delighted, however, by a St. Anthony, whose special temptation cannot have been too difficult to resist if it took the form represented by the monkish painter. The terrace in front of the church was shaded by an enormous tree, from one of whose branches hung the village prayer-gong. As we went away a monk began to beat the knell of a dead artist. We also visited two or three of the houses. In each was a chapel and a studio, between which the colonists divide their time.

The studio in the house of our hosts was a room with two ordinary windows—looking south—an open fireplace, and a high wainscot shelf on which were a quantity of florid lithographs. Three heavy easels stood in different parts of the floor. On them, and stacked about the room, were wood panels of holy personages in various stages of coloration. But they bore small resemblance to the dark and solemn saints of whom we had seen so many in the monastery churches. They were lighter and gayer, like their garments. They had taken on flesh. They seemed to have gained cheerfulness at the expense of expression. Altogether it was patent that a new air had blown over Kavsokalývia. I asked one of the caloyers if they used models. "Yes," he answered, pointing to the lithographs. "The men who painted those studied at academies, and we have not. Therefore we can learn from them." And he showed me a St. Nicholas, a commission for a church in Greece, borrowed from a feverish hunting scene.

It was pleasant, for once, to be rid of the claptrap of too many studios. And out of such eagerness and good faith, surely, have sprung some of the most original movements in art. But I could hardly express another sense that seemed to fill the room as I looked around at those pictures that were either childish or tragic—a sense of endless years, and the passing of things, and the pity and irony of it. Was it not because Greek monks a thousand years ago made little pictures of saints and put them into frames of beaten gold that the modern easel picture came to be, set about with gilt carving, and the cheap modern reproduction thereof? Yet to-day, lighted only by a last reflection of the fire themselves once kindled, the painters of Mt. Athos grope blindly toward something their older art did not express, without a shadow of its immense distinction, its supreme understanding of decorative values. No one would have believed that that empty St. Nicholas was the legitimate descendant of the tragic St. John of Karyés, that from this mountain artists went in the twelfth century to execute the noble mosaics of Cefalù, that the forebears of these copiers of trashy German lithographs were the inheritors of the Hellenic tradition, the masters of Duccio and Cimabue, collaborators toward the prodigy of the Renaissance. The whole case of Mt. Athos was in that room. I think I never felt so intensely before the rhythm of history, the flicker of something that heats an art or a people for a moment into supremacy and then dies away.

To speak of Mt. Athos and not of Lavra would be to describe Italy without mentioning Rome. Lavra, the proprietor of the Sacred Mount itself—whose ascent on the 6th of August, the feast of the Transfiguration, is only less meritorious than a pilgrimage to Jerusalem—is the oldest of the monasteries, the chief of them in

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the hierarchy of the peninsula, the *tribuna* as it were of the entire collection. The monastery was founded in 963 by Nicephorus Phocas, out of the spoils of Crete, because he fell in love with the beautiful empress Theophano instead of retiring from the world with his friend St. Athanasius. It is not for me to say which of them had the best of it. Nicephorus met his death at the hands of the beautiful Theophano, while Athanasius was killed by a falling dome of the monastery church he loved. As for Theophano, she also came to a tragic end. All her beauty could not save her from the lover for whom she murdered Nicephorus. But Lavra remains to this day, a monument to the power upon one another of three great persons, more beautiful after its thousand years than when it rose in penance and in scorn of the love of women.

It lifts its processional outline on a grassy plateau under the eastern point of the peninsula, far from any other monastery. Above it wooded heights climb sharply through sea mists to the overhanging peak. Below it meadows of ancient olive-trees slope to two rocky coves, one more perfect than the other. The smaller, a mere transparent pool among the rocks, is the port of the monastery. Strange craft ride there of forward-raking masts, wherein black-gowned pirates will speciously offer to sail you whither you desire to go, afterward marooning you half-way. Or so they did to us. The larger, an open crescent more subject to the humors of the Ægean, is such a place as one waits in for an emperor's galley to sweep around the point, meantime listening to the rhythm of the water and wondering why it always looks so much more desirable through an olive-tree. And between the two, on a jagged rock tufted with sweet-william and white iris, stands the most romantic, the most inimitable, of moated towers. It is garrisoned by an ancient monk and a Greek customs officer, only too happy in his homesickness to offer coffee to a casual stranger.

The monastery itself, entered crookedly through three great iron-bound doors, is in some ways less beautiful than it must once have been. The court, as centuries have gone by, has gradually filled until it is difficult to find a good perspective. Earthquakes, too, have made unhappy devastation. And the repairs following upon the last betray an ominous partiality for local marble and iron girders. Still the seeker after effects of a kind shall not wander there in vain. There are certain cavernous archways. There are certain subtly swelling roofs warmed never so delicately with yellow lichen. There are bits of brickwork and inset plates and tiles. There is in particular a small square between the refectory and the church, where a graceful Byzantine fountain stands between two cypresses so venerable that St. Athanasius himself may have planted them, as the monks declare.

There are also rarer things, not to be beheld without ceremonious sending back and forth of embassies, without brandishing of portentous keys and the supervision of long-suffering caloyers. Of such is the library, the richest collection of books on the peninsula. It contains over fifteen hundred Greek manuscripts, besides many Venetian and other early prints. One of the most beautiful manuscripts is a great illuminated Gospel of the eleventh century, presented by the emperor Alexius Comnenus. Not the least curious is a botany of Dioscorides, illustrated by paintings. The librarian also fished out of a loose envelope some fragments of an epistle of St. Paul, of the fifth century, sacrilegiously annotated in English in purple ink. He was most anxious, however, that we should examine his visitors' book and add to its collection of polyglot sentiments.

Another room in the same building was the more interesting because we had seen nothing else of the kind. We were escorted thither by the two Epitropes and the secretary of the monastery in person, in order to see the golden robe of Nicephorus Phocas. We did not see very much of it, because it lay in a big case among a quantity of other ancient vestments. It did not look its thousand years. I made no indiscreet remark, however, being too curious to paw over the antique stuffs that filled the rest of the case. Some of them were embroidered with seed pearls. On others were bits of miniature painting. More church finery was folded in piles on

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a series of curtained shelves along the walls. On a higher shelf stood a jug of old Venetian glass, stuck all over with colored flowers, and some Persian and Rhodian plates for which I would have given my head. A bronze quiver inscribed in Arabic dangled from the knob of a cupboard—perhaps a memento of Nicephorus's Cretan campaign. There were other cupboards and a number of wooden chests, one of them curiously painted, containing who knew what priceless treasures. As we came away the old librarian nudged me in the ribs and whispered "Compliméntt." He cherished a not always realizable aspiration to speak French. I thereupon expressed to the Epitropes in an equally inadequate Greek my sense of the extreme honor they had shown us. But I privately considered my Greek as adequate as the opportunity we had had to rummage through that tantalizing room.

I was of a similar mind the next morning, when we were shown the church. Perhaps its gilded bronze doors, its tessellated pavement, its blue-green tiling, its splendor of lamps and icons, and its noble frescos impressed me the more because we were not allowed to photograph them. But we had by that time seen the chief churches of Mt. Athos, and not even in those of Vatopéthi and Karyés did I gather such an effect of supreme distinction. The relics were shown us by a vestured priest, as they deserved, between lighted candles, on a table in front of the altar door. I seem to recollect the skull of some saintly person, set in silver. I remember more clearly a mosaic icon framed in filigree whorls of gold, donated to the monastery by that Armenian John Tzimisces who brought Nicephorus and Theophano to their unhappy ends. What I could not take my eyes away from was the bit of the True Cross given to St. Athanasius by Nicephorus himself, set crosswise in a great gold case with folding doors of gold. The outside of the case was studded in the Byzantine fashion with large pale gems. Inside were smaller and rarer stones, including some of the most antique diamonds known, and small reliefs of saints and apostles.

There are, of course, many things more ancient in the world. But I have not often felt so completely about me the illusion of another time. That old piece of church jewelry, so perfectly preserved that it might just have come from the hand of the Byzantine goldsmith who made it, had the strangest power to bring back its world of a thousand years ago. And it secretly pleased my sense of the fitness of things that we were not allowed to open our cameras. The solemn frescos seemed to look down rebukingly upon those pert modern engines of art. Who were two little mongrel American tourists, barbarians from beyond unknown seas, that they should trifle with the sanctity of imperial relics?

At another monastery we had made the acquaintance of a monk who interested me greatly. Among many intelligent and open-minded caloyers he was the one scholar we happened to meet. He knew Paris, he had matriculated at a German university, he was a student of history and philology, he subscribed to the "Byzantinische Zeitschrift." *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* I asked myself. But as we rode away from Lavra, still dazed by the church, through a long lonely land of climbing forests and foam-edged sea, of wild flowers and nightingales and dropping water, I thought of that monk again. After all——!

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# THE STORY OF ATALAPHA

## A WINGED BROWNIE

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

## I

### THE TWINS

THE Beavers had settled on the little brook that runs easterly from Mount Marcy, and built a series of dams that held a succession of ponds like a wet stairway down the valley, making a break in the forest that gave the sky a chance to see its own sweet face in the pools below.

The Rose Moon was queen of the blue and was glowing on the pine-robed mountain. The baby Beaver were learning to slap with their tails, and already the chirring in high places told of young birds grown and lusty. The peace of the forest was abroad, for it was calm and cool in the waning light.

And now the winged Brownies of the Woods, the hush people of Shadowland, came trooping down the open aisle above the beaver-ponds. Skimming and circling on lightning wing, catching the butterflies of the night or pursuing each other with shouts that to them seemed loud and boisterous, though to us they would be merely squeaks and twitters too thin and fine for any but the sharpest ears.

Somewhat in order of size they came; the smallest first, the larger as the shadows deepened. Then almost at the twilight's end appeared the last and royalest of them all. Clad in its frosted sable-furs, it swooped into view on ample wings, biggest, strongest, rarest of the folk of Shadowland, the king of its kind, the chief of the winged Brownies, and yet for which we blind ones have no better name than Great North Hoary Bat.

Darting up and down the waterway chasing the fat moths and big game of the night, noctua, samia, lachnosterna, or stripping their bodies of legs and wings to devour the soft parts in air, the great Bat flew, first of the royal house to come. Sometimes skimming low over the waters, sometimes shooting skyward above the trees, sometimes spinning up and down, faster than any of its lesser kin. One not gifted with night eyes would have marvelled to learn that in all this airy wheeling and speeding, she, for it was a Queen Bat, carried a heavy burden. Clinging to her breast were two young Bats, her offspring. They were growing fast and already a heavy weight; but none who marked only the mother's flight would have guessed that she was so trammelled and heavy laden.

Up and down the fare-way of the water she skimmed, or high above the trees where roam the bigger flyers of the night, till she had caught and eaten her fill, then after another hovering drink at the beaver-pond, she left the almost deserted fly-way and, soaring over the tree-tops, she made up the mountainside to her home den, a knot-hole in a hollow maple, too small to be entered by Marten or Hawk or any creature big enough to do her harm.

## II

### THE SCHOOLING OF A BROWNIE

As June, the Moon of Roses, passed, the young Bats grew apace. They were full furred now, and their weight so great that the mother left them in the den in the hollow branch each time she went forth seeking food. Now she brought back the bodies of her prey, moths and June-bugs; for the young were learning to eat solid food, and when their mother came home after the evening hunt, they would meet



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her at the door with a soft chirring of welcome, spring on the food she brought, and tussle with each other for the pieces.

Two meals a day, or rather each night, is a rule of the Bat life—one in the evening twilight, and again in the morning twilight. And twice each day the mother stuffed them with food, so they grew and grew. The difference of their dispositions was well marked now. The lesser brother was petulant and a little quarrelsome. He always wanted the June-bug that had not been given him, and paid little heed to the warning "chirr" that his mother sometimes gave to stop him scrambling after his brother's portion. But the bigger brother was not easily provoked; he sought for peace. What wonder that the mother found it pleasanter to stroke and lick the big one's fur than to be chittered at by the little one.

Portrait of a Brownie

June went by; July, the Thunder Moon, was half gone, when a great event took place. The young had been growing with wonderful rapidity. Though far from being as heavy as the mother yet, they were nearly as long and had a wing stretch that was fully three-quarters of hers. During the last few days they had dared to sit on their home branch outside of the den, to wait for mother with the eatables. Each time they saw her coming, their well-grown wings fluttered vigorously with excitement, and more than once with such power that the young bodies were lifted almost off their feet; surely the time had come for the great experiment. Instead of giving them the food that evening, the mother Bat kept a little way off.

Holding the body of a cockchafer, she alighted on a branch, and when the hungry little ones pursued her, clamoring, she kept just out of reach and continued on to the end of the branch. The little ones scrambled after her, and just as they reached the prize she launched into the air on her wings. The Big Brother was next her. He had been reaching for the food; the suddenness of the move upset him. He lost his hold and in a moment was falling through the air. He gave a little screech, instinctively spread out his wings, and flapped very hard. Then lo! instead of falling, he went fluttering forward, and before he knew it *was flying*.

It was weak and wabbly, but it was flight; Mother was close at hand and when he seemed to weaken and failed to hold control, she glided underneath and took his weight upon her back. Wheeling, she mounted with strong, sturdy strokes. Soon again he was back to the home den and his maiden flight was over. It was three days before Little Brother would take his flight. And many a scolding his mother gave him before he could be persuaded that he really had wings to bear him aloft if only he would try to use them.

From this time on the twins' real life began. Twice nightly they went flying with Mother to the long wet valley through the timber, and though at first they wearied before they had covered thrice the length of the beaver-ponds, their strength grew quickly, and the late Thunder Moon saw them nearly full grown, strong on the wing, and rejoicing in the power of flight. Oh! what a joy it was, when the last streak of light was gone from the western world rim, to scramble to the hole and launch into the air—one, two, three—Mother, Brother, and Little Brother, to go kiting, scooting, circling, sailing, diving, and soaring—with flutter, wheel, and downward plunge. Then sharp with hunger they would dart for the big, abounding game—great fat luna moths, roaring June-bugs, luscious cecropias, and a thousand smaller game were whizzing and flitting on every side, a plenteous feast for those with wings of speed. One or two small moths they seized and gobbled in mid-air. Then a fat June-bug came booming by and away went the youngsters twittering with glee, neck and neck, and Mother hovering near. Within half a pond length they were up to him, and pounced and snapped, Little Brother and

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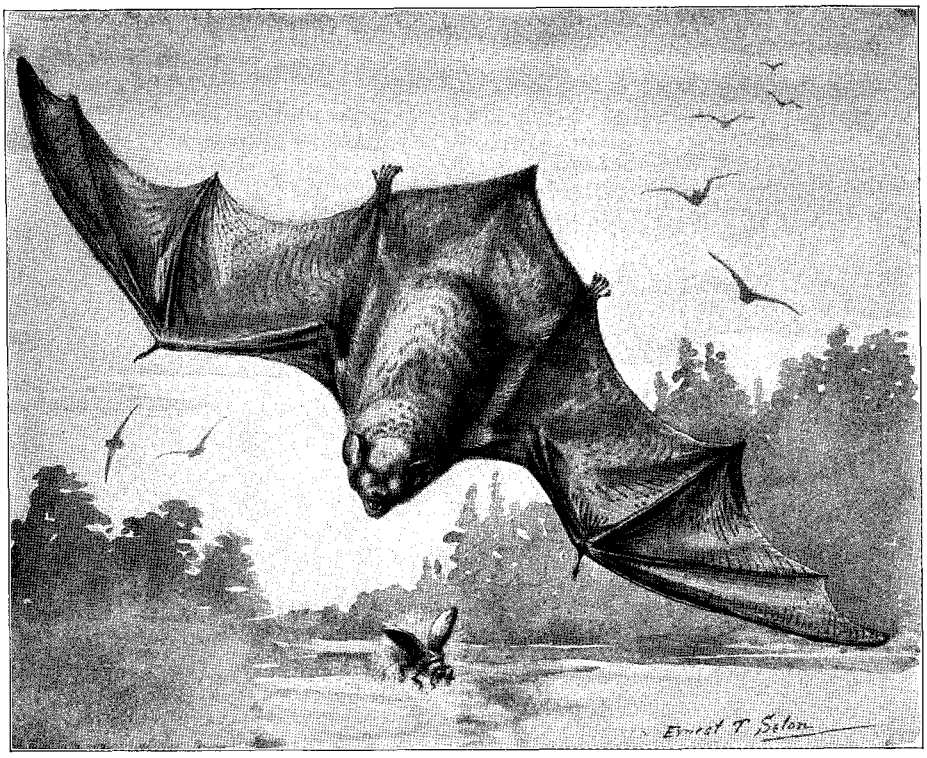


She swooped after the roaring bug.

Big Brother. But an unexpected difficulty arose. The June-bug was so big and round, and clad in such hard-shell armor, that each time the young Bats pounced and snapped, their little jaws could get no hold, but sent the bug rebounding, safely speeding.

Snap, snap, snap went the little Bats, but it was like a terrier snapping at an armadillo or a kitten at a turtle. For the June-bug kept his legs tight tucked and all the rest was round and hard. "Snap" went Brother at his head and "snap" went Little Brother at his tail. They nearly bumped into each other, but the booming bug escaped and Little Brother chittered angrily at every one.

Then the mother Bat came skimming by and said in Bat language, "Now, children, watch me and see how to manage those big, hard things you cannot bite." She swooped after the roaring bug, but making no attempt to use her teeth she sailed over, then in a twinkling curled her tail with its broad flap into a bag and scooped the June-bug in. Her legs helped to close the net; a quick reach back of the supple neck and the boomer was seized by the head. Her hind feet clutched it firmly, a few quick movements of her jaws, the wing cases, the armored legs and horns, went down rattling into the leafage, and the June-bug's body was like a chicken trussed for eating, cleaned of all but the meat.

Calling to the twins with a twittering squeak she took the fat lump in her teeth and flew onward and upward, still calling. Then, as they labored in pursuit, she rose a little and dropped the big, luscious prize.

Away went Brother, and after went Little Brother in pursuit of the falling food. It fell straight, they darted in zigzags. Again and again they struck at it, but could not hold it. It was surely falling to the ground, where it would be lost, for no Frosted Bat would eat food from the ground. But Mother swooped and with her tail scooped the round thing in again.

Once more she flew to the higher level above the trees. Again she called to the Brothers to try their powers. And as the



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fat body dropped a second time they resumed their eager zigzags. A little screech of joy from Little Brother announced that he had scooped the body, but he lost his wing balance and dropped the June-bug to recover himself. It had not fallen twenty feet before Brother dashed under sideways and up, then twittered in needle tones of joy, for he had won the prize and won it in fair play. The old Bat would have eaten it on the wing, but the little ones were not yet steady enough for that, so they flew to a tall tree and to a top branch which afforded a good perch and there they revelled in the spoils.

## III

### THE UNDOING OF LITTLE BROTHER

THE Thunder Moon was worthy of its name. Night after night there were thunder-storms that prevented the Bats going out to hunt, and the hardship of hunger was theirs, for more than once they had to crouch in the home den while the skies and trees shivered in thunder that shook down drenching streams of rain. Then followed a few clear days and nights

with growing heat. Little Brother, always petulant, chittered and crooned in querulous notes, but Brother and Mother bore it all silently. The home was surely very close, but it was a safe refuge. At last Little Brother would stand it no longer. The morning hunt was over, that is the second meal, the east was showing a dawning. All three had huddled in the old safe home, but it got closer and hotter; another blazing day was coming, and Little Brother, in spite of warning chitters

from his Mother and bead-eyed wonder of his Brother, crawled out of the den and hung himself, bat-fashion, heels up under a thick and shady spruce bough close at hand.

Mother called once or twice, but he answered her only with an impatient grunt or not at all. He was very well pleased to find it so much cooler and pleasanter under this bough than in the den, though in truth the blinding sun was far from agreeable.

The brightness and the heat grew and the bird voices mostly died away. But there was one that could be heard in sun or shadow, heat or twilight, the loud "*Jay, jay*" of the Bluejay, the rampant, rollicking, mischief bird, the spy and tell-tale of the woods.

"*Jay, jay,*" he screamed when he found a late fledgling in the nest of a Vireo and gobbled the callow mite as its parents wailed around. "*Jay, jay, to-rootel,*" he chortled as he saw a fat grasshopper left on a thorn by a Butcher-bird who believed in storing food when it was plenty. But the Jay polished off the dainty and hopped

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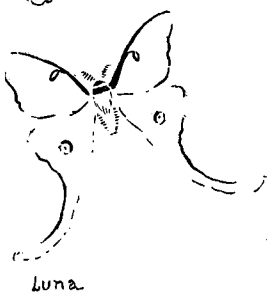
gayly to a cleft tree into which some large insect had buzzed. The Jay tapped with his bill; an angry buzz gave warning.

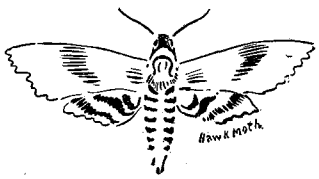
"*Nay, nay,*" said the blue terror and lightly flitted to a tall fir out of reach of the angry hornets.

Here his keen eyes, glancing around, caught a glimpse of a brownish-looking lump like an autumn leaf or a moth cocoon.

"*Took, took,*" murmured the Jay. "What is that?" It hung from the lower side of a limb. The Jay hopped just above it. The slight jarring of his weight caused two tiny blinky eyes to open, but the sunlight was blinding, the owner was helpless, and with one fell blow of his sharp bill the Bluejay split its skull. The brown form of the Bat shook in the final throe, fell from the perch, and was lost to view, while the Bluejay croaked and "*he-he'd*" and went on in the rounds of his evil life.

That was the end of Little Brother. His Mother and Brother knew he was killed, but they could see little of it in the brightness; they were sure only of this: they never saw him again.



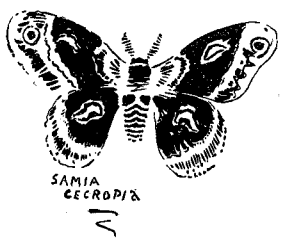

But a man, a good naturalist, was prowling through the woods that day with trout-rod in hand. It was too hot to fish. He was lying under a tree in the shade when the familiar voice of the Bluejay sounded above him. He saw nothing of the bird. He knew nothing of its doings overhead, but he did know that presently there fluttered down a beautiful form, the velvet and silver-clad body of a Great Northern Bat, and when the wings had ceased to flutter, a closer glance showed that the skull was split by a blow from some sharp instrument. But the rare specimen was little harmed; he gladly took it to an honored resting-place. He had no answer to the riddle, but we know it for the working out of the law—obedience is long life.

## IV

### ATALAPHA'S TOILET

ATALAPHA, the Big Brother, now lived alone with his Mother, learning many things that were needful to his life success; being taught by her, even as she was taught by her mother, chiefly through the power of example, developing so fast that he was full grown before the waning of the Thunder Moon, and was far advanced for his age in all the wise ways of Bats.

One of the first lessons was the making of his toilet, for the winged Brownies are exquisitely clean in their person. This was the way of his washing. After dipping once or twice in the water so the lower fur was dripping wet he would fly to some well-known roost and, hanging by first one foot then by the other, would comb his fur all over with the thumb that grows on each wing bend, and then with finer application of his teeth and tongue every part was dressed and licked as carefully as a cat might dress her coat. And last his wings are rubbed and massaged inside and out. He would lick and pull at the membrane, and stretch it over his head till every part was cleared of every speck of dust, and the fur slick and clean and fluffy soft.

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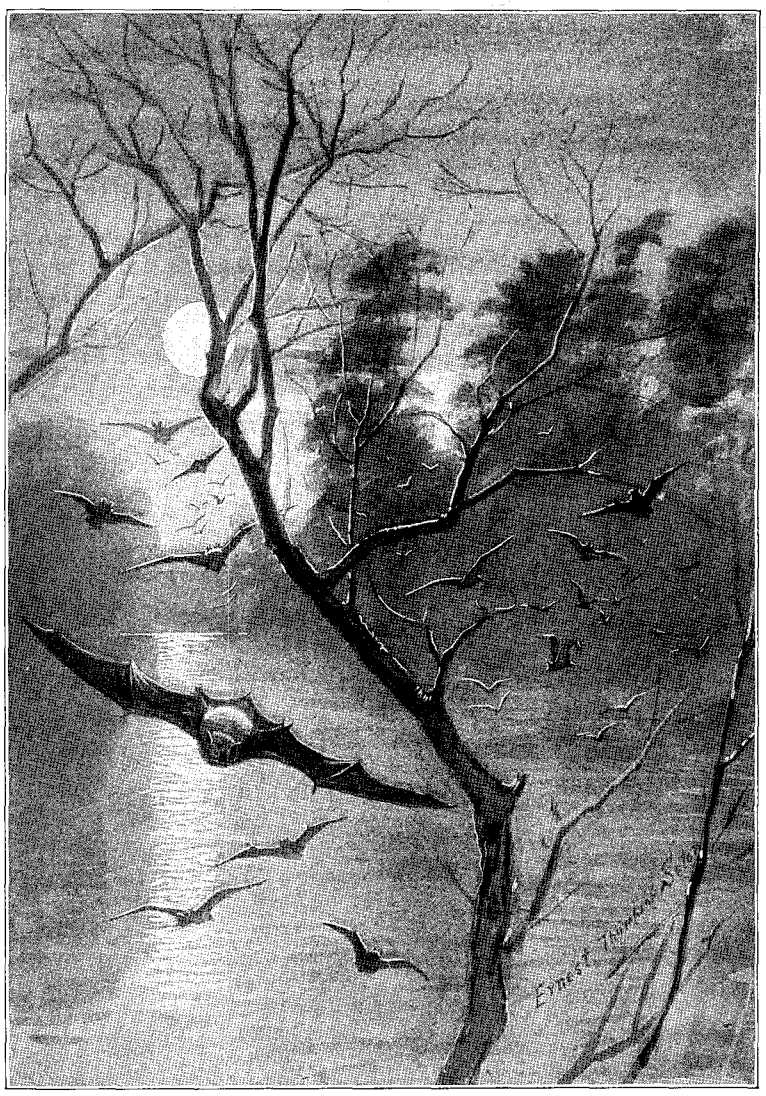
He knew how to take the noisy June-bug in the scoop-net. How to snap the small but juicy May-flies and mosquitoes basilona cannot be scooped, but must be struck from above and dewinged; so also with the lightning hawk-moth, the



The flittering host of the moonlight.

in his mouth and cut their wings with his side teeth. He could seize, strip, pluck, bone, and eat a noctua or a snowy mænas without changing his line of flight. He knew that a polopias was a hard-shell and a stinger to be let alone; some young Bats have lost their lives through not knowing what a deadly creature is this steel-blue mud wasp. He knew that the woolly luna, the fluffy samia with her owl-eyed wings, or the blazing yellow royal citheronia, and the giant cecropia, the hardest of all to take, the choicest food in the air. He learned to keep away from the surface of the beaver-pond when the great trout were jumping, and he had discovered the wonderful treat that one may eat hovering in front of a high honeysuckle when honey, pollen, and smoke-flies mixed made a thick, delicious food that was a new sensation. He knew the booming hoot of the Horned Owl and the

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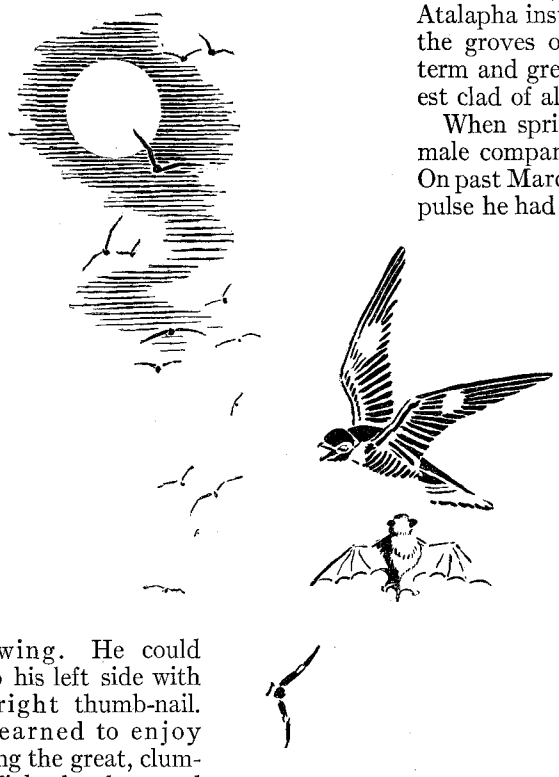
screech of the early Pigeon Hawk. He could dart at full speed, without touching, through an opening but little wider than



one wing. He could comb his left side with his right thumb-nail. He learned to enjoy teasing the great, clumsy Night-hawks; and when he saw one spreading its enormous gape to close on some fat basilona, he loved to dart between and in a spirit of mischief and sport to bear the coveted morsel away. All Great Northern Bats are marvellous on the wing, but Atalapha was a marvel among the young of his kind. He rejoiced in the fulness of his speed. He gloried in the strength of his wings; and—shall I tell it?—he became a little puffed up. Because he pleased his Mother, and was a little abler than his mates and had taken with credit the first steps in the life journey, he reckoned himself a very important being; and thought he knew it all. He had an awakening. For late on a night in the early Red Moon the air was filled with a droning hum that puzzled him, but stirred his Mother to leap for the door and wing away. The air was filled with new Bats, bigger, stronger than he was used to, and among them was Atalapha's Father. He had come again to his bride, and henceforth Atalapha was left to himself, had indeed to seek a new home.

When autumn came and the Bat host went South, the males went first and Atalapha instinctively followed. Afar in the groves of Florida he spent the cold term and grew to be the biggest and richest clad of all his sportive kind.

When spring came back he joined his male companions for the northern flight. On past Marcy Mount they went; any impulse he had to stop was held in check by the example of others. Marcy Vale was a range of female Bats, the males must live apart and on they went till the Saranac was blue and white below, and there they halted; this was home.

Here he spent the spring and the summer, here he learned to live the free life of a full-grown Bat, and to meet and rejoice in meeting the dangers that were thick about from the Owl and Hawk to the jagged thorn or the stinging acarus, from the leaping trout in the brook to the weird mystery—a column of hot and deadly vapor that rose from a glowing man-made pile of stones by the upper Saranac, a place that in his mind was noted as the place of the *unknown death.*

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## V

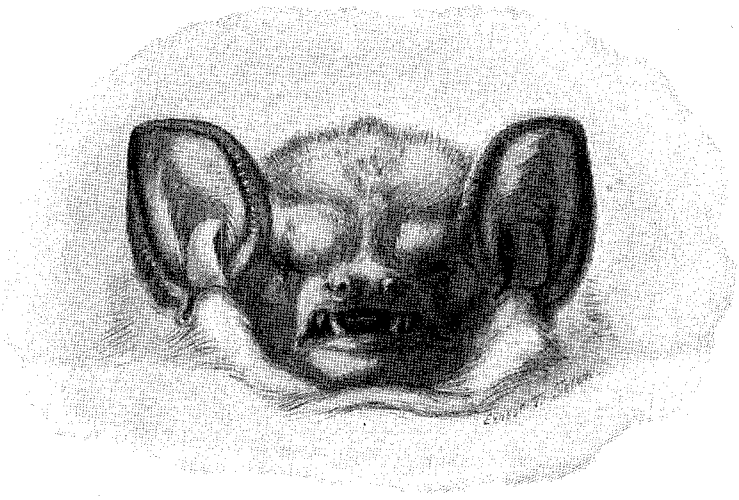
### ATALAPHA WOUNDED AND CAPTIVE

A GOOD naturalist who found Bats worthy of his whole life-study has left us a long account of a Bat roost where ten thousand of the lesser tribes had colonized the garret of a country dweller's home. It was in a land of flies, mosquitoes, and many singing pests with stings, but all about the house was an Eden where such insects were unknown. Each Bat needs many hundred little insects every night; what wonder that they had swept the region clear!

Slow-moving science has gathered up facts and deciphered a part of the dim manuscript of truth that has in it the laws of life.

We know now that typhoid, malaria, yellow fever, and all sorts of dreadful maladies are borne about by the mosquitoes and the flies. Without such virus-carriers these deadly pests would die out. And of all the creatures in the woods there is none that does more noble work for man than the skimming fur-clad Bat. Perhaps he kills a thousand insects in a night. All of these are possible plague-bearers. Some of them are surely infected and carry in their tiny baleful bodies the power to desolate a human home. Yes, every time a Bat scoops up a flying bug it deals a telling blow at mankind's foes. There is no creature, winged or walking in the woods, that should be better prized, protected, blessed than this, the harmless, beautiful, beneficent Bat.

And yet young Haskins of the Mill, when his uncle gave him a shotgun for his birthday, must needs begin with practise on these fur-clad swallows of the night that skimmed about the mill-dam when the sun went down behind the nearer hills.



Atalapha

Again and again he fired without effect. The flittering swarm was baffling in its speed or its tortuous course. But ammunition was plentiful, and he blazed away. One or two of the smaller Bats dropped into the woods, while others escaped only to die of their wounds. The light was nearly gone from the western sky when Atalapha, too, came swooping down the valley about the limpid pond. His long sharp wings were set as he sailed to drink from the river surface. His unusual size caught the gunner's eye; he aimed and fired. With a scream of pain the great Bat fell in the stream, and the heartless human laughed triumphant, then ran to the margin to look for his victim.

One wing was useless, but Atalapha

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was swimming bravely with the other. He had nearly reached the land when the boy reached out with a stick and raked him ashore, then stooped to secure the victim; but Atalapha gave such a succession of harsh shrieks of pain and anger that the boy recoiled. He came again, however, with a tin can; the wounded Bat was roughly pushed in with a stick and carried to the house to be shut up in a cage.

That boy was not deliberately cruel or wicked. He was simply ignorant and thoughtless. He had no idea that the Bat was a sensitive, high-strung creature, a mortal of absolutely blameless life, a hidden worker, a man-defender from the evil powers that plot and walk in darkness—the real Brownie of the woods, the uncrowned king of the kindly little folk of Shadowland—and so in striking down Atalapha the fool had harmed his own, but the linking of his life with the inner chain of life was hidden from him. Cruelty was far from his thoughts; it began with the hunting instinct, then came the desire to possess, and the gratification of a reasonable curiosity—all good enough. But the methods were hard on the creature caught. The boy pressed his nose against the close wire netting and stared at the wet and trembling prisoner. Then the boy's little sister came and gazed with big blue eyes of fear and wonder.

"Oh, give it something to eat," was her kind suggestion. So bread, for which the wounded one had no appetite, was pushed between the bars. Next morning, of course, the bread was there untouched.

"Try it with some meat," suggested one, so meat and, later, fish, fruit, vegetables, and lastly insects were offered to the sad-faced captive without getting any response.

Then the mother said: "Have you given it any water?" No, they had never thought of that. A saucerful was brought, and Atalapha in a fever of thirst drank long and deeply, then refreshed he hung himself from a corner of the cage and fell asleep. Next morning the insects and all the fresh meat were gone; and now the boy and his sister had no difficulty in feeding their captive.

## VI

### THE WINGS THAT SEE

ATALAPHA'S hurt was merely a flesh wound in the muscle of his breast. He recovered quickly, and in a week was well again. His unhinging had been largely from the shock, for the exquisite nervous sensibilities of the Bat are perhaps unequalled in the animal world; how fine none know that have not been confronted with much evidence. There was once, long ago, a cruel man, a student of natural history, who was told that a Bat has such a marvellous gift of nerves and such a tactile sense that it could see with its wings if its eyes were gone. He did not hesitate to put it to the proof, and has left a record that sounds to us like a tale of magic.

There was sickness in the small settlement, and the Doctor, calling, learned of the children's captive. He knew of Spallanzani's account and was minded to test the truth; but he was not minded to rob a fellow being of its precious eyesight. He could find other means.

Opening the cage he seized the fur-clad prisoner, then dropping deftly a little soft wax on each eyelid, he covered all with adhesive plaster so that the eyes were closed, absolutely sealed, there was no possibility of one single ray of entering light. And then he let the captive fly in the room. Strong once more on the wing, Atalapha rose at once in wavering flight, then steadied himself, and hovering in the air he dashed for the ceiling. But a moment before striking he wheeled and skimmed along the cornice, not touching the wall, and not in seeming doubt. The Doctor reached out to catch him, but the Bat dodged instantly and successfully. The Doctor pursued with an insect net in hand, but the blinded Bat had some other sense that warned him. Darting across the room he passed through the antlers of a deer's head, and though he had to shorten wing on each side, he touched them not. When the pursuing net drove him from the ceiling, he flew low among the chairs, passing under legs and between rungs at full speed, with not a touch. Then in a moment of full career near the floor he halted and hovered like a humming-bird



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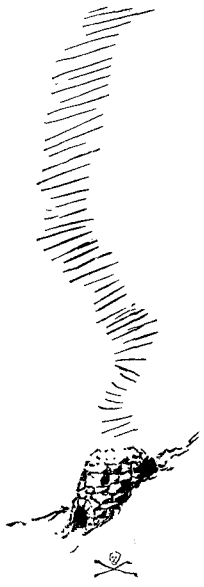
before the tiny crack under the door, as though it promised escape. All along this he fluttered, then at the corner he followed it upward, and hovering at the key-hole, he made a long pause. This seemed to be a way of escape, for the fresh air came in. But he decided that it was too small, for he did not go near, and he certainly did not see it. Then he darted toward the stove, but recoiled before too close. The roaring draught of the damper held him a moment, but he quickly flew, avoiding the stove-pipe wire, and hovered at another hair-like crack along the window.



Now the Doctor stretched many threads in angles of the room and set small rings of wire in the narrow ways. Driven upward from the floor the blinded prisoner skimmed at speed along the high corners of the room, he dodged the threads, he shortened wing and passed in full flight through the rings, and he wheeled from every obstacle as though he had perfect vision, exact knowledge of its place and form.

Then, lastly, the Doctor gave a crucial test. On the table in the middle of the room he set a dish of water and released a blue-bottle fly. Every one present was cautioned to keep absolutely still. Atalapha was hanging by his hind feet from a corner of the room, vainly trying to scratch the covering from his eyes. Presently he took wing again. The dead silence reassured him. He began once more his search for escape. He made a great square-cornered flight all around the door. He traversed at a wing length the two sides of the sash and then inspected the place where the cross-bars met. He passed a mouse-hole with a momentary pause, but hovered long at a tiny knot-hole in the outer wall. Then reviving his confidence in the silence of the room, he skimmed several times round and, diving toward the pan, *drank as he flew*. Now the fly that had settled on the wall went off with a loud hum. Instantly Atalapha wheeled in pursuit. It darted past the deer's antlers and through the loops and zigzag threads round here and there, but not for long. Within half the room's length the fly was snatched in full career. Its legs and wings went floating away and the body made a pleasant bite of food for the gifted one.

What further proof could any ask, what stronger test could be invented? The one with the wonderful wings was the one with the tactile power that poor blind man gropes hard for words to picture even in the narrow measure that he can comprehend it.

Tired with the unwonted flight Atalapha was hanging from the wall. His silky seal-brown sides were heaving just a little with the strain. The butterfly net was deftly dropped upon him; then with warm water and skilful care the plasters and wax were removed and the prisoner restored to his cage, to be a marvel and to furnish talk for many a day as "the Bat that could see with his wings."

Then in the second week of captive life there was a change. The boy came no more with coarse lumps of food, the sister alone was feeder and jailer, and she was listless. She barely renewed the water and threw in the food, taking little note of the restless prisoner or the neglected cage. Then one day she did not come at all. And next day, after hasty feeding, left the door unlocked. That night Atalapha, ever searching for escape, trying every wire and air-hole, pushed back the door, then skimmed into the room, and by an open window launched out into the glorious night again upon his glorious wings, free! free! free! And he swooped and sailed in the sweet fresh air of the starry night, and sailed and soared and sang.

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And who shall tell the history of his bright young jailers at the mill? Little is known but this: the pestilence borne of the flies alighted on that home, and when the grim one left it there were two new mounds, short mounds in the sleeping ground that is overlooked by the wooden tower. Who can tell us what snowflakes set the avalanche a-rolling, or what was the one, the very spark, which, quenched, had saved the royal city from the flames! This only we know: that the Bats were destroying the bearers of the plague about that house; many Bats had fallen by the gun, and the plague struck in that house where the blow was hardest to be borne. We do not understand. It is a chain with many links, we have not light to see, and the only guide that is always safe to follow in the gloom is the golden thread of kindness, the gospel of Assisi's saint.

## VII

### ATALAPHA MEETS WITH SILVER-BROWN

THE Thunder Moon was passing now. Atalapha was well and strong as ever, yes, more than ever before. He was now in his flush of prime. His ample wings were longest in the tribe, his fur was full and rich; and strong in him was a heart of courage, a latent furnace of desire. Strange impulses and vague came on him at times. So he went careering over the mountains or fetching long sweeping flights over the forest lakes from far Champlain to Placid's rippling blue.

The exuberant joy of flight was perhaps the largest impulse, but the seeking for change, the hankering for adventure, were there.

He sailed a long way toward Marcy Mount one night, and was returning in the dawning, when he was conscious of nearing a place of peril. A dull glow in the valley ahead—the Unknown Death. And he veered to the west to avoid that invisible column of poison. When far to the east of him he heard a loud screeching, and peering toward the broad band of day that lay behind the eastern hilltops, he saw a form go by at speed, with a larger one behind it.

Curiosity no doubt was the first motive to draw him near, and then he saw a Bat, one of his own kind, a stranger to him and of smaller, finer make than his robust comrades on the Saranac. Its form brought back memories of his mother, and

it was with something more than passing sympathy he saw she was being done to death by a bird of prey. It was early, but already the ravenous Chicken-hawk was about and haunting a place that had yielded him good hunting before. But why should a Bat fear the Chicken-hawk? There is no flier in the sky that can follow the Great Hoary Bat, but follow he did, and the Bat, making wretched haste to escape, seemed to forget the tricks and arrowy speed of her kind, and was losing in an easy race. Why? Something had sapped her strength. Maybe she did not know what, maybe she never knew, but her brain was reeling, her lungs were choking, she had unwittingly crossed the zone of the Unknown Death; and the Hawk screeched aloud for the triumph already in sight.

The fierce eyes were glaring, the cruel beak was gaping, the deadly talons reached. But the stimulus of death so near made the numbed Bat dodge and wheel, and again, but each time by a narrower space, escaped. She tried to reach a thicket, but the Hawk was overcunning and kept between. One more plunge; the victim uttered a low cry of despair. When, *whiz!* past the very eyes of the great Hawk went a Bat, and the

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Hawk recoiled before he knew that this was another. Flash, flap, flutter, just before his eyes, and just beyond his reach, came the newcomer full of strength and power, quicker than lightning, absolutely scorning the slow, clumsy Hawk, while Silver-brown dropped limply out of sight to be lost in a hemlock top.

Now the Hawk was roused to fury. He struck and dived and swooped again while the Bat skimmed round his head, flirted in his face, derided him with tiny squeaks, and flouted the fell destroyer, teasing and luring him for a while, then left him far away as the Sea-gull leaves a ship when it interests him no longer.

There was no deep emotion in the part the big Bat played, there was no conscious sex instinct, nothing but the feeling of siding with his own kind against a foe; but he remembered the soft, velvet fur of Silver-brown as he flew, and still remembered it a little when he hung himself up for his day sleep in the hollow he felt was home.

## VIII

### THE LOVE FIRE

The Red Moon rose on Saranac, and with it many a growing impulse rose to culmination. Atalapha was in his glorious prime; the red blood coursing through his veins was tingling in its redness. His limbs, his wings—those magic wings that, sightless, yet could see—were vibrant with his life at its flood-tide rush. His powers were in their flush. His coat responded, and the deep rich yellow brown that turned pale golden on his throat and deepened into red on his shining shoulders was glossed on his back with a purple sheen, while over all the color play was showered the silver of his frosting; like nightly stars on a shallow summer sea where the yellow tints of weeds gleamed through, it shone; and massing on his upper arm formed there a band of white that spanned his shoulders, sweeping down across his throat like a torc on the neck of some royal rover of the horde that harried Rome, the badge of his native excellence, the proof of his self-won fame.

Rich indeed was his vestment now, but his conscious pride was the great long-fingered pulsatory wings, stretching out to grasp huge handfuls of the blue-green night, reaching, bounding, throbbing as they answered to the bidding of the lusty heart within; whether as a bending bow to hurl himself, its arrow, up toward the silent stars, or to sense like fine antennæ every form or barricade, or change of heat or cold, or puff of air, yes, even hill or river far below, that crossed or neared his unseen path. And the golden throat gave forth in silver notes a song of joy. Sang out Atalapha, as every sentient being sings when life and power and the joy of life have filled his cup brimful.

And he whirled and wheeled, and shrilled his wildest strain, as though his joy were rounded out complete.

How well he knew it lacked!

Deep in his heart was a craving, a longing that he scarcely understood. His life, so full, so strong, was only half a life; and he raced in wanton speed, or plunged like a meteor to skim past sudden death for the very pride and glory of his power. And skirling he "spieled" the song that he may have used as a war-song; but it had no hate in its vibrant notes: it was the outbursting now of a growing, starkening, urging, all-dominating wish *for some one else*. And he wheeled in ever larger lightning curves; careering he met his summer mates, all racing like himself, all filled with the fires of youth and health, burning and lusty life, that had reached a culmination. All tingling as with some pungent inbreathed essence, racing, strenuous, eager, hungry, hankering, craving for something that was not yet in their lives. Seeking companionship, and yet when they met each other they wheeled apart, each by the other shunned, and circling yet voyaging in the upper air they went, drifting, sailing, alone though in a flock, away to the far southwest.

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Fervent in the fervent throng and lightning swift among the flashing speeders was Atalapha in his new ecstatic mood. He had perhaps no clear thought of his need and void, but a picture came again and again in his mind, the form of a companion, not a lusty brother of the bachelor crew, but the soft, slight form of Silver-brown. And as his feelings burned, the impulse grew and his fleet wings bore him like a glancing star away and away to the valley where ten nights back he had seen her drop as the death Hawk stooped to seize her.

Star! red star of the Red Moon nights!

Star blazing in the sky as a ruddy fire-fly glowing in the grass, as a lamp in a beacon burning!

Oh! be the wanderer's star to-night and guide him to the balm-wine tree!

Oh! shine where the cooling draught awaits the fevered lips and burning!

The strong wings lashed on the ambient wind and that beautiful body went bounding, swinging, bounding. High holding his swift line he swept o'er Saranac and on. Low glancing like an arrow newly sped he traversed Pitchoff's many-shouldered peak. Like a falling star he dropped to Placid's broad, blue breast and made across the waving forest heads.

For where? Did he know? For the upper valley of the river, for the place of the Unknown Death, for the woods, for the very tree in whose bosky top he had had the last, the fleeting glimpse of the soft little Silver-brown.

There is no hunger for which there is no food. There is no food that will not come for the hunger that seeks and seeks and will not cease from seeking. Speeding in airy wheels in the early night, careering around the hemlock top as though it held and had held these many days the magnet that he had never realized till now. And many of his brethren passing near wove mystic traceries in the air; he sensed them all about, but heeded none—a compass for a compass has no message. When a subtle influence turned him far away, another power, not eyes nor tactile wings; and he wheeled with eager rush as one who sees afar a signal long awaited.

There! Yes! A newcomer of his race, of different form perhaps, and size and coat, but these were things he had no mind to see. This had a different presence, an overmastering lure, a speechless bidding not to be resisted—a sparkling of the distant spring to the sand-worn traveller parched athirst.

Now sped he like a pirate of the air. Now fled she like a flying yacht gold-laden. And away, and the warm wind whistled, left behind. But the pirate surely wins when the prize is not averse to be taken. Not many a span of the winding stream, not many a wing-beat of that flight ere Atalapha was skimming side by side with a glorified Silver-brown. How rich and warm was that coat! How gentle, alluring the form and the exquisite presence that told without sounds of a spirit that also had hungered!

"*He-ooo, he-ooo, he-ooo,*" loud sang Atalapha in ecstasy of the love-dream that came true.

"*He-ooo, he-ooo, he-ooo,*" and she sailed by his side. And as they sped the touch of lips or ears or wing-tips was their lover greeting, or tilting each way, as side by side they flew, their warm, soft breasts would meet and the beating hearts together beat in time. The seeing wings supplied their comprehension in a hundred thrills, magnetic, electric, overwhelming. So they sailed in the blue on their bridal flight. So the hunger-mad joined in a feast of delight. So the fever-burnt drank at the crystal spring, for the moon that was full was the Red Love Moon, and it blazed on the brawling river.

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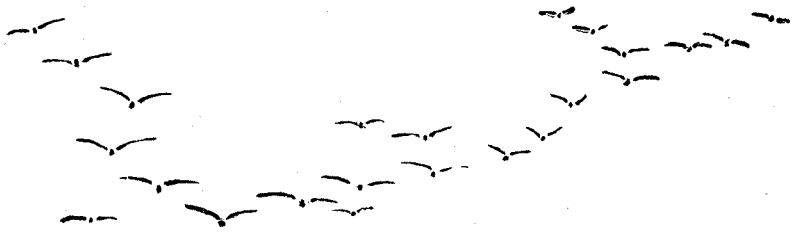
## IX

### THE RACE WITH THE SWALLOWS

THE fiercer the fire the faster it fades, and when seven suns had sunk on Marcy Vale, Atalapha and his bride and the merry-mated host that came that night from Saranac were roaming in the higher winds with calmer flights and moods. The coursers of the night went often now alone. The ardor of the honeymoon was over and, strange to tell, with the dulling of that fire the colors of their coats dulled too.



August, the Red Moon passed, and according to their custom the Bats prepared to go, like ancient pilgrims, in two great flights, the males in one, their consorts in a different, later company.

Atalapha had seen no more of Silver-brown during the last week than he had of many others, and the law was easily obeyed. She was living with her kind, and he with his.

Then came again the stirring times when the nights turned cold. At last there was a nip of frost, and a great unrest ran through the Bat community. Next morning after feed time, Atalapha made not for his lurking-place, but wheeled toward the open, and after him the flittering host, sailing and circling high. They were not dashing in feverish excitement as a month before, but wheeling upward as with a common purpose. So when the great spiral flock had soared so high that it was reflected like smoke in the river far below, its leader wheeled in a final wheel on the air-current that suited him best; all followed, and their journey was begun. A troop of Swallows came fleet-winged from the north, and so the two swarms went together.

It seems impossible for two swift creatures, not actually companions or mates, to travel the same road long without a race.

At first each Bat that happened to be near a Swallow took care not to be left behind. But the interest grew, and not half the first little valley was crossed before the rivalry between chance Swallow and chance Bat had grown till the whole Swallow army was racing the whole army of Bats, and Atalapha was matched with a splendid fellow in steely blue, whose wings went whistling in the wind.

Away they sped, keeping the same air level and straggling out as the different individuals showed their different powers. Who that knows the merry glancing Swallow can doubt that it must win? Who that has watched the Northern Bat could ever have a question? Yet the race was nearly even. There were Bats that could not hold their own with certain Swallows, and there were Swallows that strained very hard, indeed, to keep near the Bats. Both sped away at their swiftest pace. A second valley was crossed and then a low range of hills. Both armies now were strung out at full length, and yet seemed nearly matched. But there was one trick that the Swallows could not keep from doing: that was curvetting in the air. The habit of zigzag flight was part of their nature. The Bats often do it too, but now with speed as their aim they laid aside all playful pranks of flight, and, level-necked like a lot of Wild Geese, flapping steadily at a regular beat, beat,

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beat—dropping or rising as their sensitive feelings showed was wise when the air-current changed, their wings went beat, beat, beat. Another valley crossed, and Atalapha made better choice of the air levels; his rival dropped behind. His kinsmen followed. The Swallows began to lose a little, then, losing ground, lost heart; and before another river had been passed, the first of the Swallows had dropped behind the last of the Bats, and silken wings had beaten whistling plumes.

## X

### LOST ON THE WATER

Most migrants seek the sea if it be anywhere near their course, no doubt because of the great guide line of its margin. Down the Connecticut Valley they had sped and were not far from the sounding shore when the leader of the Bats led his following into hanging quarters for the day.

They were a tired lot, especially the youngsters whose first long flight it was, and when the evening-meal hour came, most of them preferred to go on sleeping. The night was waning, the morning was coming when the leader roused the host, and all went out to hunt. The great game season was over and food was so scarce that the sun arose while many yet were hunting, and now it was time to be moving on the long south march. Turning the gold of his breast to the southward, Atalapha with his friends in long array behind went swinging easily down the valley to the sea, when a change of wind was felt, a chilly blast from the north arose. The leader soared at once to seek a pleasanter level, but found it worse; then sank so far that at last they were tormented with eddies answering to the contour of the hills, and, flitting low, were surprised with a flurry of snow, that sent them skurrying into sheltered places, where they hung and shivered, and so they passed the rest of that day and the night after a slowly gathered meal.

The dawn time came and the Bats were all astir, for the spirit of unrest was on them. The snow was gone and the weather mild, so they held their course till the crawling sea was far below them, and its foaming sandy shore was the line that guided their army now.

The day had opened fair, but they had not sailed an hour before the sky was darkened, a noisy wind was blowing in changing ways, and an overstream of air came down that was stinging, numbing cold.

Wise Bats know that the upper air may be warm when the world is cold, and Atalapha, soaring, led in a long strong upward slope and on a warmer plane he sped away. But in a little while the world below was hidden in a flying spume of fog that was driven with whiteness, and in the veil the Bats again were lost: only the few strong fliers near him could be seen; but Atalapha sped on. He saw no landmarks, but he had a winged thing's compass sense. So he flew high above the veiled world, never halting or fearing —but on.

He would surely have kept the line and outflown the storm but for a strange mischance that brought him face to face with an ancient foe.

The mizzling fog and driving sleet had ceased for a little, so that he could see some distance around. A few of his daily comrades were there, but among them flying also was the huge brown form of a Hawk.

He was sailing and flapping by turns, and easily wheeling southward rather than moving by direct flight. But as soon as he saw the Bat so near he turned his cruel head with those hungry, yellow eyes and made for him, with the certainty that here was an easy meal.

Atalapha was a little cold, but otherwise fresh, and he eluded the onset with scarcely an effort; but the Hawk too was fresh. He swooped upward again and again, so the flight became a succession of zigzags. Then the fog and snow closed in. The Hawk made another pounce which Atalapha easily dodged with a swift upwheel that took him far from danger of those claws, but also, as it happened, into a thicker, chillier cloud than ever, and, so far as he could see, he was alone in space. His other sense, the vision of his wings, was dulled by the cold; it told him that the enemy was not so far away, but that was all; and he sped in the white darkness

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of the mist as fast as he could, away from the boding menace.

Still he went at his steady pace. He saw no more of the Hawk, but the fog and the snow grew heavier; then the wind arose and he followed, for he could not face it, and flew on and on. The day should have come in brightness, but the clouds were heavy above, so he sailed and sailed. Then when sure he was safe and would descend to rest, he lowered through the snow-laden wind to find that there was *nothing below but the sea*, heaving, extending, appalling, so he rose and flew again for a long, long time, then he descended to find the awful sea. He arose once more, flew on and on and on, and still on, but the sea was below him. Then the snow-storm ceased, the sky cleared off as the sun began to go down, and the Bat's little eyes could glance round and round to see nothing but heaving sea, no sight of tree or land or any other Bats, nothing but the dark, hungry waters. He flew, not knowing whither or why; the only guide was the wind now falling; he was no longer numbed with cold, but he was wearied to the very bone.

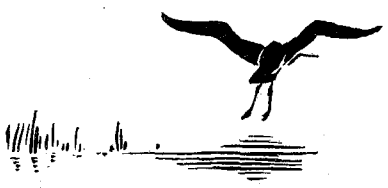
Yet the only choice was go on or go down, so he flapped and sailed as he had since the dawn, and when the favoring breeze died away he soared a little, hoping to find another helpful wind, and sailed with his worn, weary wings—sailed as the hunger pang weakened him—sailed, not the least knowing whither. Had he had the mind of another being, that thought might have struck him down, but his animal frame was strong, his vision of danger was small, and he sailed ever onward and on.

## XI

### THE REMORSELESS SEA

An hour, and another hour, slowly passed, the sun had gone, the soft light that he loved was coming down, but his spirit was failing. He did not know where he was going, or whether he should turn and follow the sun till he dropped. As soon as the doubt came on him he felt his strength go. He kept on, but it was a feeble flutter with little direction. Surely now the sea would swallow him up, as it doubtless had done many of his fellows. His courage never really failed till now. His flight was drifting downward, when far behind he heard a strange loud cry, a sound of many voices, and a backward glance showed skimming low over the water a far-flung string of long-winged birds—smaller than Hawks, black and white, whistling as they flew. The instinct to save himself caused him to rise higher, but his flight was slow now, and the broad-fronted horde of ocean roamers came up and passed him with a whirring and a whistling to fade in the gloom to the south.

They had paid no heed to him, yet when they were gone they helped him. He did not know that these were Golden Plovers migrating. He did not know that they were headed for the ocean islands where winter never comes, but the force of their example was not lost. Example is the great teacher of all wild things, and spurred by the clamorous band, Atalapha took fresh heart, and following their very course, flapped on, wearily, hungrily, slowly for him, but on. The night wind



followed the sun for a time, but Atalapha put forth a little of his feeble strength to rise till he found an upper breeze that was warm and would help him.

All day from earliest dawn he had flown, in the early part at least, in peril of his life; not a bite had he eaten, but on and on he kept; not the swift swooping flight of the arrowy Bat as he comes when the shadows fall on Saranac, but slowly flapping and low, like a Heron flying with heavy flagging flight, without curvet, but headed with steady purpose, swerving not, and on.

Six hundred miles had he flown, his little breast was heaving, the rich dark fur was matted with the spray, the salt

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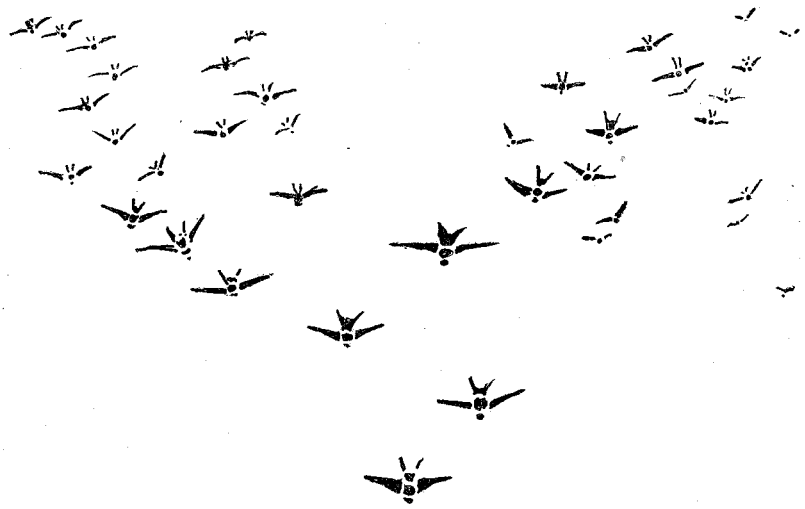

on his lips was burning, but on and on he flew.

Flap, flap, flap. There was no sound but the moan of the sea, nor sight for his eyes to rest on, or hint that his magic wing could sense of a place of refuge; but on and feebly on.

Flap—flap—flap—there was naught but the pitiless ocean, and the brave little heart was sinking, and yet on—on.

Flap——flap. His eyes were long dimmed. His wings were forgetting their captain, but on—on—in the wake of the Plovers still on.

The All-mother, inexorable, remorseless always, sends this, at least sometimes, a numb sleep to dull the last pang, and the wing-wearied flier was forgetting. But on in a slow, sad rhythm that was surely near the end, when away out ahead in the darkness came a volume of sound, a whistling, the same as had passed him.

Like a thrill it ran through his frame, like food and drink it entered his body, and he bounded, awake, at a better pace. He put forth his feeble strength and flew and flew. Then the clamor grew loud. A great shore appeared and all along the strand were the Plovers running and whistling. Oh, haven! oh, haven at last! Oh, rest! And he sailed beyond the sand, there flung outspread, shivered a little, and lay still.

The remorseless All-mother, the kindly All-mother, that loves ever best her strong children, came and stood over him. She closed his eyes in a death-like sleep, she blew the grass blades over him, that no Gull nor evil creature of the sea might do him harm. So he slept; and the warm wind sang.

## XII

### THE BROWNIES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

THE sandflies fluttered over him and the Plovers whistled along the shore as he lay when the sun arose; but the All-mother was kind, had hidden him from the hungry Gull and from the sun's noon rays. The little tide of mid-ocean rose on the beach, but did not reach him in his death-like sleep. The second tide had risen and gone, and the sun had sunk in the dark western waters before he stirred. He shivered all over, then slowly pulled himself together; the captain awoke, took anew command of the ship—Atalapha was himself once more. He was conscious, but weak and burnt with a fervent thirst.

His wings were strong but bone-tired and stiff. Spreading them out he rose with an effort. The water was there. He sailed over it and dipped his lips only to sputter it out. Why had he forgotten? Had not he learnt that lesson?

With parched and burning tongue he sailed inland. A broad rocky pool was dragging down a fragment of the bright sky to contrast it with the dull ground. He knew this was right. He sailed and



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dipped. Oh, joy! sweet, sweet water. Oh, blessed balm and comfort! Sweet and cool with recent rain. He drank till the salt was washed from his burning lips. He drank till the fever fled, till his body's pores were filled, till his wings were cool and moist, and now his brain was clear, and, with strength renewed, he swept through the air and about that pool found a plenteous feast—found food in a glad abundance.

Who would follow his unheroic winter life in those isles of eternal summer! Or who will doubt the spring unrest that surely comes, though there be no vernalization of the hills! Or the craving for home, and at last the bold dash on a favoring wind over ocean's broad pitiless expanse, with the clamoring birds, and of his landing, not broken but worn, in the pines of a sandy coast; and the northwest flight on the southeast wind, with his kin once more, till again ere the change of the moon he was back on the reaches of Saranac, chasing the fat noctuas, scooping the green darapsas, or tearing the orange tiger-moths that one time looked so big and strong to him!

You may see him if you will along the pond above Haskins's mill; you will know him by his size and marvellous flight. You may see him too if you spend a winter in the Bermudas, for he loves to take that vast heroic flight just as an Eagle glories in the highest blue for the joy of being alone on the noblest plane of exploit.

Yet another thing you should know: if you seek the cool, green forest aisles made by the beaver-pond east of Marcy, you will marvel when the Winged Brownies come. They are there in merry hordes; the least come first, and quite late in the evening, if you watch, you will see a long-winged Bat in velvet fur of silver-brown with a silver bar on either shoulder. Still later in the season, if you have wonderful eyes, you may see flying with her two others of the royal blood with orange fur and silver on the shoulders, only on their coats the silver is complete and goes right across, exactly as it does on Atalapha.

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# THE HERITAGE

## By Alice Duer Miller

On summer evenings when the full moon shines
Serene and fair,
High in the crystal air,
On hillsides deep in birches and in pines,
Then in all hearts there stirs a hidden fire
Of hope, or memory;
Some their beloved dead more yearningly desire,
Some dream of loves to be,
Some weep their swift and sweet mortality.

But I remember only,
Long centuries ago,
A glen more dark and lonely
Than these which now I know,
The noise of waters flowing,
And faint, salt breezes blowing,
Ivy and myrtle growing,
As here they do not grow.
There, when the moon was at full we would come, we would come,
To the shrilling of pipes, and the terrible tone of the drum
Rolling long, rolling loud, as the voice that presages the rain,
We would come to the cavern profound, to the holy domain.
Then in the moonlight entrancing,
Figures moved agile and fleet,
Then there was dancing, ay, dancing,
Leaping and stamping of feet,—
Dancers that drifted and darted,
Light as a leaf in the breeze,
Circles that met and that parted,
While the stars danced through the trees.
Quickening, the drums beat the measure,
All the night long on the hill,—
Such was the Thunderer's pleasure. . . .
This I remember me still.

O placid northern moon on this calm lake
Beaming demure and tame,
How can I take
Aught of delight in thy pale flame?
I ache
For a communion I have known
Long centuries ago,
Which nevermore the world will seek, or will know;
For a belief outgrown,
Yet how much more my own
Than creeds that hold me quiet on my knees;
For rites that brought delights like these,
And Gods I once knew how to please.



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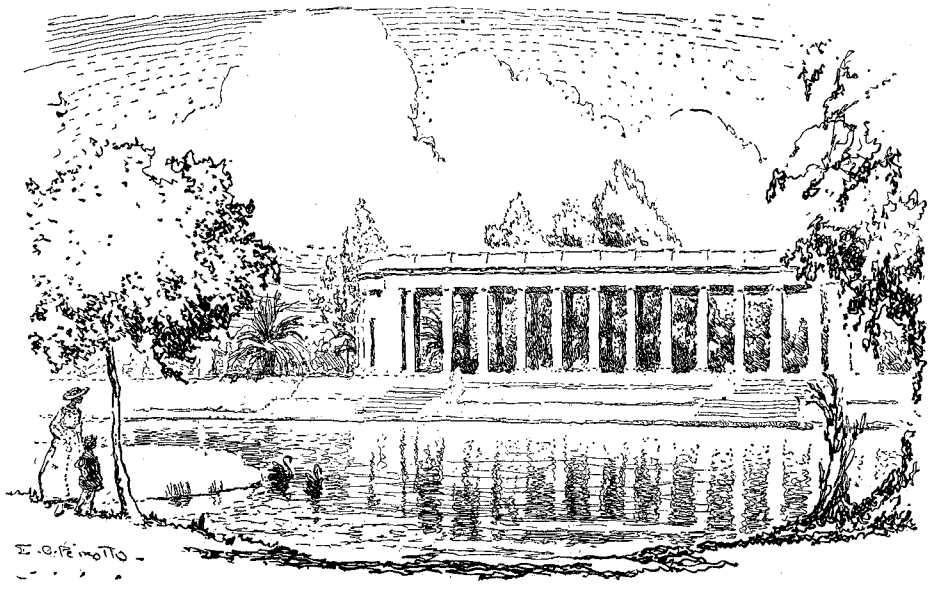

In the Public Garden.

# THE CHARM OF NEW ORLEANS

## By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEREIN does it lie, this special charm of New Orleans—certainly the most alluring among the larger communities of our country? Not alone does it dwell in the byways of the old French quarter, though there, doubtless, lurks a unique attraction, but in the newer quarters, as well as in the life of the people, and especially in the romantic country round about, where still lakes and bayous are choked purple with water-hyacinth; where dark and dismal forests of cypress, bearded with Spanish moss, "lift their knees in the swamps," weird, fantastic reminders of the struggles of the early settlers, of the tragic beginnings of the infant colony, when flood and pestilence, Indian and pirate, added misfortune to disaster and wrote upon the land a history dark and sombre as a Greek tragedy.

To prepare yourself for this romantic impression you should approach the city by the water route as the French colonists used to do in the early days, and like them ascend the Father of Waters a hundred miles or more. In their day the shores were but a tangle of dank, semi-tropic foliage interspersed with dunes and pestilential inlets where death lurked in a thousand forms. One can readily imagine the feeling of these first settlers—poor Manon Lescaut and the *filles de joie*, her companions—who, after their long buffetings at sea, turned their lack-lustre eyes upon so dreary a prospect.

Now the scene has changed. The swamps have been opened to the sun and air, and pestilence has been banished from the land.

After the soft caress of a long blue day in the Gulf of Mexico, we raised the lights on the Eads Jetties toward midnight, took the river pilot aboard, and threaded the narrow South Pass, one of the long



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toes of the Great Delta that reaches like a giant web-foot out into the gulf. Even on this moonless night the river showed thick and murky as it swirled its yellow waters in eddies that ceaselessly moved about the great ship as, one by one, the lighthouses of Pilottown slipped by in the darkness.

At daybreak I looked out of our cabin window, and the shores showed low and close. Willows, vivid green even in the dim light, fringed the banks, which, here and there, were palisaded so as to raise them well above the level of the low-lying fields that stretched, clothed in their verdant spring mantle, off to the trees that fringed the horizon.

Our big steamer towered high in air, and the view from her upper deck embraced an extended landscape. Off in the rice-fields homesteads still slumbered in the shade of fragrant magnolias; negro cabins dotted the dikes, and once in a while a huge, white-pillared mansion would appear set in a bouquet of towering live-oaks, with its stables and barns placed at a discreet distance on the one hand and its double row of negro cabins, neat and orderly, set out upon the other —the humble church spire ever marking the devotion of the plantation negro.

The sun now rose and tinged the tree-trunks pink, cutting faint blue shadows upon the murky waters. The birds redoubled their songs and filled the air with melody—the lark, the mocking-bird, now in its mating season, and the purple grackle. White mists hung ghostlike in the bayous, and now and then, but very seldom, a boat—a tug with barges, or a wherry ferrying some workmen from shore to shore—would glide silently by.

The banks, too, were but sparsely peopled. Here and there "dark ladies," as our first officer called them, walked upon the levees, or began their morning washing by the river, and a horseman, an overseer in white, left the gang that he had set to work in the cane-brakes. Pointe à la Hache, Sainte Rosalie, Belair, Sainte Anne—one by one the old French settlements slid by.

Finally, at historic Chalmette, where Jackson defeated Pakenham's seasoned veterans in the ever-memorable battle of New Orleans, the city first makes itself felt. Alas, for its old-time picturesque water-front! The levees that I remember, with their throngs of negroes and whites, their acres of cotton bales baking in the sun, their river packets like floating palaces—nine-boiler boats manned by a hundred roustabouts apiece and capable of carrying four hundred passengers—all these have departed, swept away, supplanted, in a wave of improvement, by long wharves with dun-colored warehouses that, one after another in endless succession, effectually screen the charming Crescent City that used to string its houses and plazas along the river bank.

The old prints thus show it nestled in its sharp bend of the Mississippi, eleven squares facing the water, multiplied by five running inland from the levee. The rectangle thus formed, still known as the Vieux Carré, was at first surrounded by palisades and later by walls about fifteen feet high protected by a moat some forty feet wide. A fortress guarded each angle and an extra fort stood at Congo Square in the middle of the long front opposite the river.

This old French quarter, laid out in the early days of the eighteenth century by de Bienville and his engineer, Le Blond de la Tour, retains much of its old-time character. The names of its streets perpetuate the men and the places dear to the French heart of that time: Bourbon, Dauphine, Chartres, Toulouse, Conti. The houses are simple, but dignified and expressive, seldom more than two or three stories high and often but one, and their lime-washed walls are tinted ochre, gray, white, or water-green.

Though built for the most part during the Spanish occupation, after two great fires had devastated the city in the last years of the eighteenth century, their unmistakable Hispanic character is strongly tinged with and tempered by the refinement and delicacy of detail loved by the French. Their architecture thus fitly expresses the social structure of the colony where these two impulsive nations met on a foreign soil, upon which each sought to impress its home traditions.

A special characteristic is imparted by the "galleries," as they are locally called, that shade each story—broad balconies furnished like rooms and gay with awn-

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ings and vines and potted plants, and further ornamented with iron railings braced with brackets and upright panels of iron wrought or moulded into pleasing and intricate patterns.

These iron embellishments, more especially those of such of the finer edifices as the Pontalba Mansions and the Cabildo, are certainly worthy of more serious study than they have yet received, deserving to rank with similar specimens of wrought-iron work that are carefully preserved in the Musée Carnavalet in Paris.

The house fronts of this Creole quarter, outwardly so simple, mask many a charming home. In many cases these are still inhabited by descendants of the old families, but in others, alas! are given over to tenements. A large proportion have courtyards and gardens hidden behind them, some simple, laid out with prim little shell pathways and tiny arbors; others dank and green with ferns and varied cryptogamia.

A few are spacious and handsome enough to contain coach-houses and stalls for a dozen horses. Such, for instance, is one in Chartres Street, whose double gate could easily admit a coach and four; such is another in the Rue Royale, which reveals itself from the street by a glimpse of a thicket of banana-trees. The deep archway, stained strawberry-pink; the long runnel for water in the flagstones; the moonflowers and lilies, the amaryllis, the pepper-trees and oleanders that top the walls; the geometric flower-beds with their violet borders, transport you by magic to the West Indies and the patios of the tropics.

I spent one dreamy afternoon, still and sultry, sketching in this court. The baskets, dangling at the ends of cord, waiting to hoist provisions to various apartments, hung limp and listless. A little lead cherub upon a fountain, dry and neglected, remained my only companion, save for a silent old man in a far-away corner intent on polishing the mahogany post of a great tester bedstead. Once, and once only, the silence was broken, when a young man issued from the house and called to his mother, whose soft Creole voice answered from within the curtained windows with their fan-shaped lights: *"Au 'voir, mon cher—à bientôt!"*

This sort of atmosphere pervades the entire quarter. It lurks especially in the streets that surround the cathedral of St. Louis, that forms the hub, as it were, of the old city. There, through narrow alleyways, the hot wind sucks in from Jackson Square and lazily flaps the curtains that hang at porch and window. A wagon seldom rumbles over the flagstones that, worn with age, heave in hummocks; a foot seldom treads the stepping-stones that span the open gutters. Once in a while a negress in gay colors, with her basket of provisions on her head, returns from the French market near by, or a cassocked priest slips from the transept door to the simple house opposite reserved for the clergy, whose frugal living-room, flush with the sidewalk, stands open to the street, disclosing to the passer-by its devotional pictures and its anchoretic furnishings.

In Royal Street curiosity-shops succeed each other in alluring profusion, displaying their trinkets and odds and ends of Sheffield plate and bits of Sèvres; their French clocks and decanters and their sets of Limoges. Between, stand old book-stalls where somnolent venders drowse over musty tomes, while possible purchasers browse along the shelves as they might upon the Quai Voltaire. Stores of more modern aspect display copies of *Le Rire*, *Excelsior*, *L'Illustration*, and *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle Orléans*, the oldest French paper published in America.

The little English that one hears is strongly tinged with the Creole dialect. The French Opera House, but a block or two away, with its rows of red *loges* and its silver-chained *huissiers*, is tinged with centuries of tradition, while tucked in these same by-ways, scarcely noticed by the casual eye, hide the French restaurants that have long been famous.

What oases they are in the gastronomic desert of American hotel cookery, with its eternal roasts and chops and steaks! Simple, devoid of gilded ornament, but neat and clean and with attentive waiters, these little establishments tickle your appetite with an array of delectable dishes, the mere memory of which brings joy to the palate: pompano en papillotte, sheepshead and red snapper; terrapin,

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snapping turtle; crabs both hard and soft; shrimp from sea or lake; game—snipe, woodcock, grouse, wild turkey—from the forests; and duck—mallard, canvasback, and teal—from the marshes, fascinating little dictionary of Creole proverbs. And, if you have well chosen your dinner, you "depart," as a brochure issued by one of these restaurants quaintly puts it, "not with that dull, heavy feel-

Gay with awnings and vines and potted plants.—Page 461.

prepared with those savory sauces *à la Richelieu* or *à la Périgord* that smack of the essays of Brillat-Savarin.

There are, too, the special New Orleans delicacies: the *matelottes* and *courtbouillons*, the bouillabaisse, and, above all, the *gombo aux herbes*—"gombo zhĕbes," in the mouths of the old Creole mammies —that gave its title to Lafcadio Hearn's ing which is the result of a coarse, avoirdupois meal, but in a rejuvenated, happy sentiment so well illustrated by Rabelais in his epicurean essays."

The proprietors, a family of chefs trained at the Brébant or *chez* Marguery, take their art seriously and personally supervise everything. One of my friends told me a characteristic incident that he

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himself had witnessed. A young man, a Texan, attending an intercollegiate football match, came in one day to "La Louisiane" for breakfast. It happened that the coffee was the first thing brought, as he had ordered it, but after a sip or two he pushed it away with the exclamation: "Take away that wash." Alciatore, the proprietor, overhearing the remark, quickly came forward and said to the scandalized waiter: "Remove everything from that table—*couverts*, salt, pepper, *tout!*" "But," exclaimed the young man, "I wanted to breakfast here." "Non, monsieur, that cannot be. There is one thing in my establishment that I am sure of, and that is my coffee. If you do not approve of that, how can I hope to please you with anything else? We are not able to serve you!" The young man looked angrily about, on the point of making a row, but, seeing only quiet people casting disapproving looks in his direction, he picked up his hat and vanished.

The guide-books will tell you of all the interesting old houses and the legends connected with them. If you wish to visualize these legends and have a whiff, as it were, of the romantic lives of the people that figured in them, go some morning to the Cabildo, or Casa Curial, whose ponderous arcade fronts the Place d'Armes next to the cathedral. Its windows have looked upon many an important event in the history of the city, for the Place d'Armes, now Jackson Square, was always used for reviews, executions, official ceremonies, and public gatherings of all kinds.

Its rooms, too, are eloquent of the past and have recently been arranged by an enlightened curator to form one of the most attractive museums in our country. From the walls of the monumental stone staircase the early governors look down: de Bienville, founder of the city, Iberville, founder of the province, in big wig and plate armor; Carondelet, lean and spare, in his tight red breeches; and Claiborne, the first American governor, in buff and blue.

Fronting the square, with all its seven bays, is the great reception-hall, Napoleon's death-mask lying in the centre. Inappropriate, you say? But did not Girod plot to bring the captive emperor here from St. Helena with the aid of a Barataria privateer? Is not the house to be seen to-day that was prepared for his reception? Only his death, it is said, marred the working of the plot. In cases, up and down this room, are gathered the *fanfreluches* of the old French régime—miniatures and cut silhouettes, ornamental buttons, seals and rings, and the elaborate fans that once veiled ardent Creole glances. And in these same cases are collected the duelling weapons—the rapiers, or *colichemards*, of the French and the pistols introduced by the Americans. In smaller rooms adjoining, rare documents are ranged in chronological order, thus visualizing the history of the State, while curious maps and charts show the growth of the city from the original de Bienville plan to the great metropolis of the present day. Part of the room is devoted to the memory of Audubon, of whom the city is justly proud, while by no means the least attractive of the collections are the French play-bills and opera libretti of the last century.

I have hinted my conviction that within the old French quarter lies only a part of the charm of New Orleans. If we look elsewhere, what do we find?

Canal Street is more than a city thoroughfare. It is a boundary. Whether with this in mind or not I do not know, but its central "banquette," where you board the various street-cars, is called Neutral Ground. Once across it, you have returned to America, but an America set in a delightful Southern atmosphere. The shops are very businesslike and up to date, but the streets are still shaded, happily with broad balconies that form arcades—shelters from the heat of the sun in summer and from the violent tropic rain-storms that sweep the city at other seasons.

Most tourists visit New Orleans in the early spring at the Mardi Gras, when, of course, the life is at its gayest and the city wears its well-known holiday dress.

But later on, in the early summer, there is another and a different charm. The intermittent cold spells have vanished. The gardens, rank and swelling with life, pour forth their blooms. The oleanders,

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A street in the old French quarter.

pink and white, burst into flower, and sweet-smelling magnolias, luxuriant, opulent, Junoesque, spread their lustrous leaves and snowy flowers to the kiss of the sun.

The people in the street answer nature's invitation. Not only the women, but the men, don white and panamas, and creamed-colored "Palm Beach suits" become the usual city attire. The restaurants open their fronts to the street; the big fans begin to revolve; the soda-fountains prepare for the summer rush, and the barkeepers, who shake those celebrated Creole gin fizzes behind a certain counter near the St. Charles Hotel, can scarcely keep up with the demand. As the twilights lengthen and succeed the



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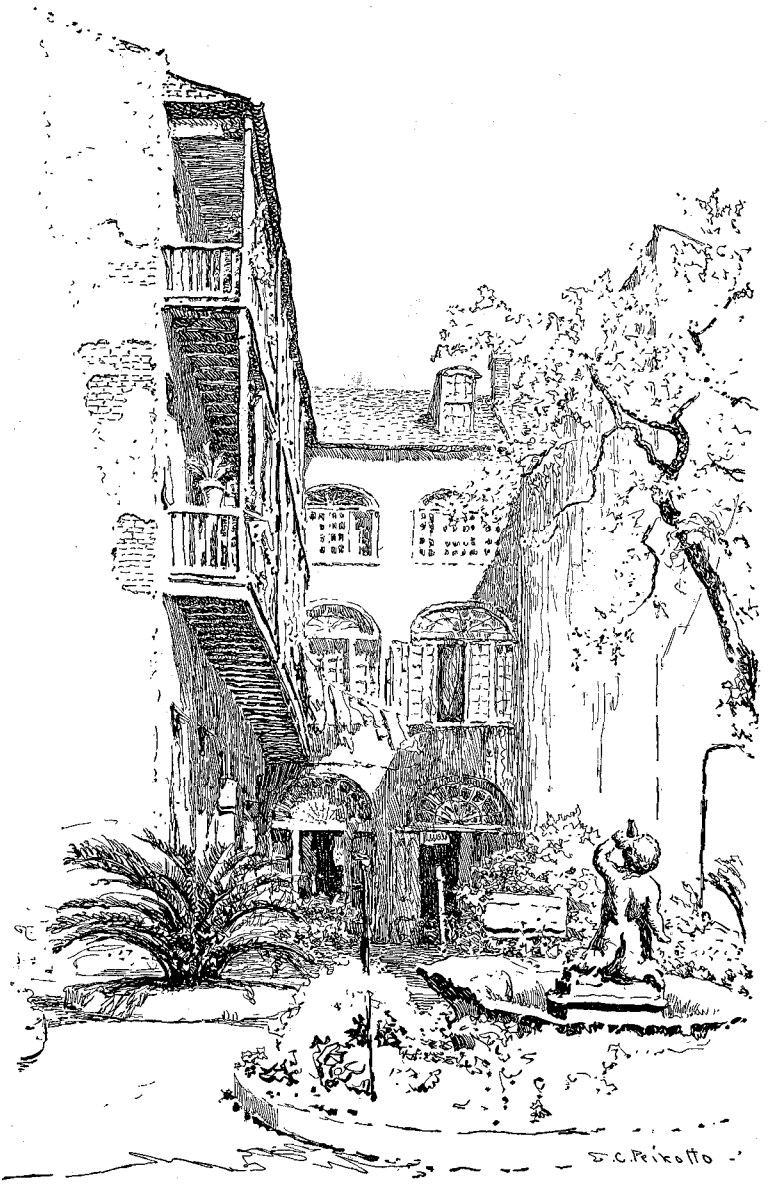

A little lead cherub upon a fountain remained my only companion.—Page 462.

sultry glare of midday, the car service to Spanish Fort is doubled, and young and old betake themselves to the shores of Pontchartrain for rest and recreation at the boat clubs of West End or at the restaurants and "attractions" of Spanish Fort itself.

There, under the very bastions of this historic outpost against Indian and pirate, built by de Ulloa just after he had fortified the harbor at Vera Cruz, they indulge in those delicious fish dinners for which the place has long been famous, and which are said to have wrung from Thackeray his oft-quoted remark: "In New Orleans you can eat a bouillabaisse, the like of which was never eaten in Marseilles or Paris." These dinners are served very well indeed at the blatant restaurant facing the lake, but I prefer



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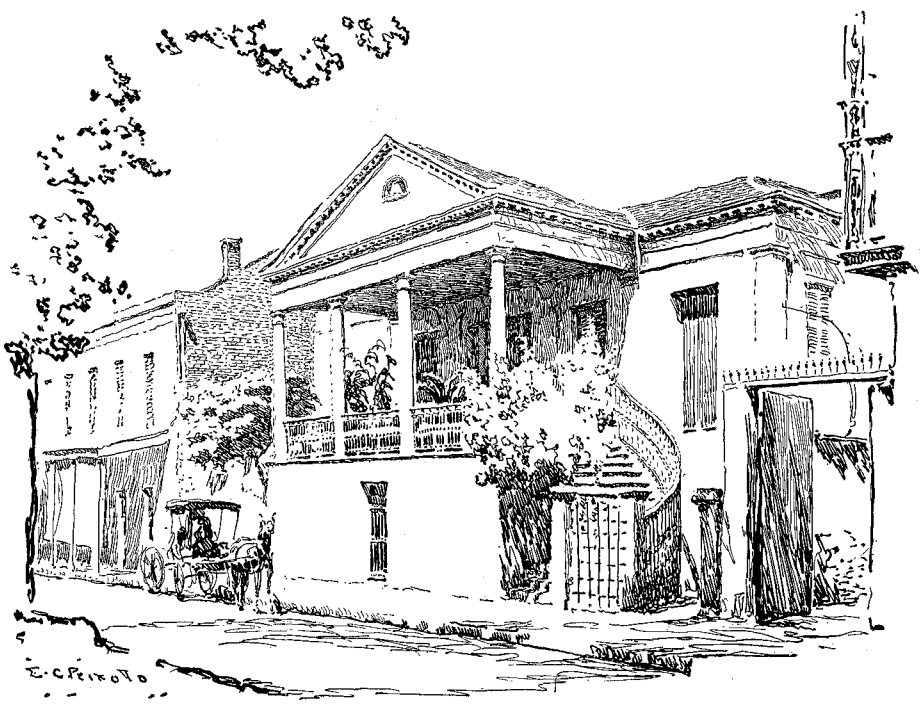
the more intimate atmosphere of a certain little resort that fronts the Bayou.

We were introduced to it by a valued friend—a gentleman steeped in all the traditions of New Orleans, and with him enjoyed a *courtbouillon* of exquisite aroma, concocted by the proprietor himself, whom we afterward visited and complimented in his kitchen. The "petit pernod," the peppery, saffron-colored sauce, the white wine diluted with seltzer (the evening was warm), the boats that silently glided by through the narrow waterways of the bayou—all these transported us in fancy to a small lagoon that we know well, where the Marseillais fishermen, over open fires of burning cane-stalks, concoct their own version of bouillabaisse, savory and aromatic.

These summer evenings on the shores of Pontchartrain are most agreeable—a welcome change from the spent air of the city's streets. Sometimes the evening is still and sultry, but the heat is tempered by the nearness of the water that stretches afar until it meets the sky. Sometimes cumuli pile their heads together, and a leaden pall overspreads the sunset. The flags at the mastheads flutter, the tablecloths billow, the waiters scurry about, and a deluge drenches the terraces. In ten minutes all is over. The air is cool and refreshed, the stars shine radiant again, and the dancers tread their fox-trots and two-steps in the changing lights of the glittering pavilion.

The walks and rides in New Orleans are rendered doubly interesting by the nomenclature of its streets, for the city's history stands written upon them, an open book for him who would read. I have already alluded to the names in the French quarter. The Spanish occupation is perpetuated in another group up near the Poydras Canal: Lopez, Galvez, Salcedo, Gayoso. The Neo-Classicism of the French Revolution finds expression in Apollo, Bachus, Dryades (*sic*), and the demigods and all the muses that cluster round Lee Circle. While, to recall the Grande Epopée, there is the group about Napoleon Avenue: Iéna, Austerlitz, and Marengo. A linguist will be scandalized



The old Beauregard house.

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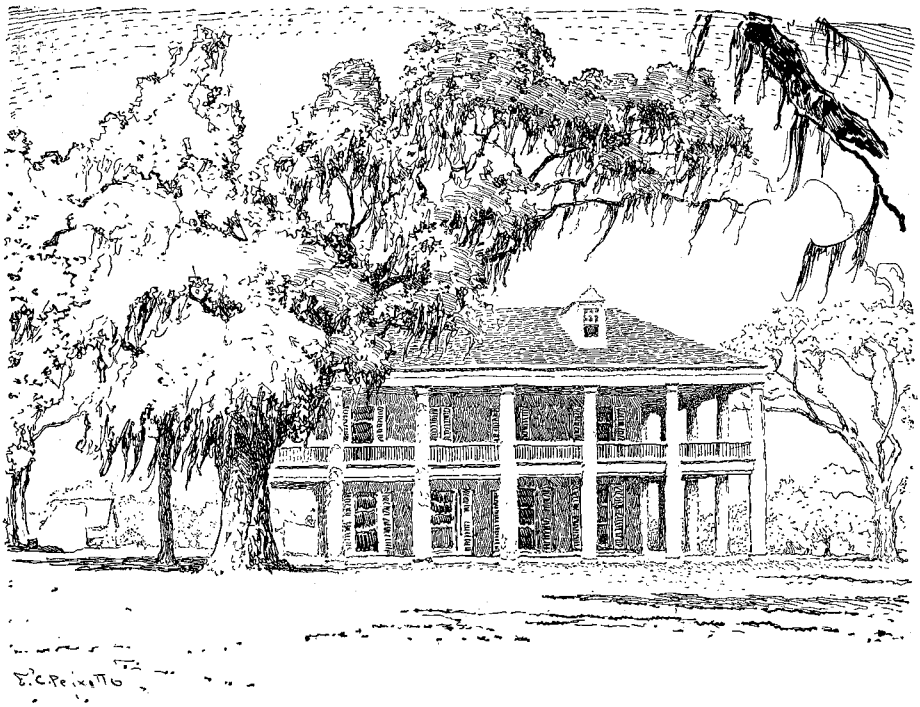

Those remarkable plantation homes that date from the Spanish period.

at the pronunciation of some of these names, and will writhe at their sound in the mouths of cabmen and car-conductors, who call Terpsichore, Terpsikōr; Melpomene, Melpomēen; and Euterpe, Euterp.

The streets, in the quarter of the city that dates from the American occupation, bear the names of our national heroes, and in them still stand a number of spacious brick mansions of antebellum days, demesnes particularly appropriate to the place and climate, for their tall windows, their porches ornamented with arches and iron railings, their vast rooms, cool and airy, convey a general and agreeable sense of spaciousness, and it seems a pity that their style has not been more closely followed in the architecture of more recent days.

In the vicinity of Lee Circle and along Tchoupitoulas Road a number of these old mansions may be seen, and sprinkled among them, especially along the Bayou Road, one or two of those remarkable plantation homes that date from the Spanish period—great, square houses of brick two stories high, with wide verandas extending along all four sides, supported by tall Tuscan columns plastered with stucco and painted white. The low-pitched roof, the high windows that open freely on porches above and below, the rooms of vast proportion are the logical adaptation of Spanish ideas and taste to fit local conditions.

Yet it must not be denied that the stately modern homes along St. Charles Avenue have a dignity of their own set in their gardens shaded by noble trees. In fact, not the least of the charms of New Orleans lie in these same gardens, both private and public—gardens often a riot of color where velvety lawns set off vivid thickets of hibiscus, camellias, and coleus with bright, shining leaves. The rose of Sharon, the cape jessamine, the crepe myrtle grow almost into trees, while the sturdy oleanders put to shame the tubbed plants of Italy.

The streets are often parked and shaded by palms, peppers, and umbrella china-trees. The Public Garden is delightful and invites to quiet and repose, with its peristylium, casinos, and varied features, while a romantic touch is added by those "duelling oaks" in whose dense shade many a famous encounter



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has been fought—many a duel with rapiers between the spirited Creoles and many a fight with pistols between the peppery American plantation-owners.

I have not even mentioned Audubon Park, where the great oaks hang heavy with Spanish moss—that strange epiphyte that grows upon a telegraph-wire quite as well as upon a tree, and whose long filaments sway in the breeze like pendent pennants. Neither, in this little catalogue of the charms of the Crescent City, have I alluded to the Old French Market, quaint and full of character to-day as ever it was, nor to the ancient cemeteries, with their wall-tombs and graves hung with bead wreaths and artificial flowers; nor to the oldest building in the Mississippi, the venerable Convent of the Ursulines; nor to the old Pickwick Club and the Chess and Checkers; nor to the delightful new Country Club, airy, spacious, set in its park of oaks out in the Metairie. But if I have conveyed to the reader some faint idea of the city's charm viewed to-day by a casual tourist with a love for the picturesque, I have done all that I set out to do.

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# THE PATH THAT LEADS NOWHERE

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THERE'S a path that leads to Nowhere
  In a meadow that I know,
Where an inland island rises
  And the stream is still and slow;
There it wanders under willows,
  And beneath the silver green
Of the birches' silent shadows
  Where the early violets lean.

Other pathways lead to Somewhere,
  But the one I love so well
Has no end and no beginning—
  Just the beauty of the dell,
Just the wind-flowers and the lilies,
  Yellow striped as adder's tongue,
Seem to satisfy my pathway
  As it winds their scents among.

There I go to meet the Spring-time,
  When the meadow is aglow,
Marigolds amid the marshes,—
  And the stream is still and slow.
There I find my fair oasis,
  And with care-free feet I tread
For the pathway leads to nowhere,
  And the blue is overhead!

All the ways that lead to Somewhere
  Echo with the hurrying feet
Of the Struggling and the Striving,
  But the way I find so sweet
Bids me dream and bids me linger,
  Joy and Beauty are its goal,—
On the path that leads to Nowhere
  I have sometimes found my soul!



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# BONNIE MAY

## BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

### V

MR. ADDIS WINS AN ALLY

A GENTLEMAN stood there, a man who was very substantial-looking and by no means formidable in appearance. The hall light fell on him. It seemed to Bonnie May that he was quite middle-aged. He was well dressed in a rather informal way. A short-cropped black mustache had the effect of retreating slightly between two ruddy cheeks. The instant the door opened his eyes expressed some degree of merriment—of mischief; and this fact gave him standing immediately with the child who confronted him.

"Good evening," said Bonnie May in her most friendly manner. She waited, looking inquiringly up into the twinkling eyes.

"I came to see Miss Baron. Is she at home?"

"Will you come in? I'll see."

She led the way into the big drawing-room, which was in complete darkness save for such rays of light as penetrated from the hall. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to light the gas," she added. "It's too high for me to reach."

"Maybe I'd better wait in the hall until you go and tell Miss Flora."

"Certainly not. Light the gas, please."

He obeyed, and as the light fell suddenly upon his face she saw that there was a mischievously meditative gleam in his eyes.

Still holding the burnt match in his fingers, he turned to her. "I don't believe I've met you before?" he said.

"I only came to-day. Will you sit down?"

"You—living here?" The caller appeared to be in no hurry to have his arrival announced. He listened to the faint voices above and seemed reassured.

"Why, yes—I think so. You see, I always live wherever I happen to be." She smiled brightly to rob her words of any seeming unfriendliness. She regarded him more in detail. He was a big-bodied man, with a proper tendency to dwindle away neatly from the shoulders down. His hair was of the sort that refuses to be quite nice. It was astonishingly thick and dark, with an occasional glint of silver in it, and it was close-cropped. She liked the way he stood, too—his chest well out, his head back, and as if nothing could disturb his balance. Bonnie May had seen so many men who stood as if they needed propping up, or as if they would be more secure if they had four legs to stand on.

He returned her careful scrutiny, and the look of approval in her eyes brought a ruddier glow to his cheeks and a merrier look to his eyes.

He sat down and held out both his hands, smiling so broadly that she could see many white, lustrous teeth. She put her hands into his without hesitation. She felt extraordinarily happy.

"Tell me," she whispered, "are you the—the Romeo in the cast?"

He released her hands and brought his own down upon his knees with vehemence. His eyes were almost shouting with merriment now.

"Wasn't Romeo in kind of bad standing with his prospective parents-in-law?"

"Something like that. He couldn't see Her, except up in a balcony."

He nodded his head. "Well, then, I'm the Romeo!"

Again she regarded him critically. "You seem a little old for the part," she suggested.

"Do you think so?" He was thought-



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ful for a moment. "Maybe that's what Mrs. Baron thinks. She won't even let me stand under a balcony when she can help it."

"Isn't she quaint!" This with smiling indulgence. "But of course you don't pay any attention to that?"

"Oh, yes, I do; we—we have to!"

Bonnie May looked puzzled. "I can't understand it," she said. "You look like the kind that they always play the loud music for."

"The—loud music?" he echoed.

"As if you were the eldest son, come back in the last act to lift the mortgage."

They smiled into each other's eyes, and then Bonnie May drew close to him. She whispered: "I'll see if I can't get her out of the balcony. Shall I just say that—Romeo is here?"

He stared after her in delighted amazement. "Lord help us, no! Say it's Mr. Addis." His face radiated a joyous light even after she went out of the room and softly closed the door.

When she returned, walking sedately behind Miss Baron, she saw the outlines of a masculine form mounting the front steps. The frosted glass in the door permitted this much to be seen.

"Some one else!" commented Bonnie May, and she turned to Flora. "Do you have so much company every evening?" she asked.

"So much company!" echoed Flora; she looked puzzled.

"Well, never mind," Bonnie May hastened to add. "Some one is expecting you in the drawing-room. And please let me receive the new visitor!"

She opened the drawing-room door and watched while Flora wonderingly entered. Then she pulled the door to cautiously. She had heard a low, forlorn note of surprise in Flora's voice and Mr. Addis's eager, whispered greeting.

Then she opened the front door in time to prevent the newcomer from ringing. A young man of a rather assertive Bohemian appearance stood before her.

"Hello!" was his greeting. The tone denoted surprise rather than familiarity. He hastily added: "Excuse me—is Victor—Mr. Baron—in?"

Bonnie May perceived that he was not quite comfortable, not at all self-possessed. He seemed to her a strange person to be calling on any of the Barons. Still, he seemed rather human.

"I'll see," she said. "Please step inside." She would make him wait in the hall, she decided.

"Tell him, please, that Baggott has called—that I've brought the first act of my play."

"A play! Oh!"

Again she hurried up the stairs, this time with unconcealed eagerness.

Victor was alone in the library. He was in the attitude of one who is about to write, but he was not writing. He was glowering at the paper before him. He sprang to his feet eagerly when Bonnie May appeared.

"Mr. Baggott has called," she said. "It's about a play." She was breathing uneasily. "And couldn't I sit with you and listen, please?" she added.

"Oh! Baggott! Baggott is one of my crosses, Bonnie May. Couldn't you shut the door in his face? It would be quite proper. He is one of those silly fellows who think they are destined to write great plays. Couldn't you go down and put him out?"

She looked at him steadily without a word. She was smiling a little scornfully.

"Very well. Suppose you go and ask him to come up—this time."

"And—do let me come, too! They've often let me listen when new plays were being read."

"Such wanton cruelty!" He shook his head slowly, as if it were quite incredible. "Oh, well, you may come, too," he added.

"Hello, Baggott!" cried Baron when the writer appeared. "Done something great again, of course."

"Yes, I have!" retorted Baggott angrily. "You're going to say so, too. I've got the first act finished. I've only got to fill in the scenario of the other acts and I've got the greatest play that ever came out of America."

Baron smiled wearily. "And I'm to listen while you read the first act of the greatest play, etc.?"

"Yes—and you're to agree with me, too. I don't see anything great in your sneering at me all the time!" He pulled

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up a chair and sat down so that his knees almost touched Baron's.

Obviously they were a pair of young men on very intimate terms.

Bonnie May slipped into a remote corner of the room and climbed into a big chair. Her hand supported her chin; her eyes were luminous. She did not mean to miss a word.

And Baggott began to read.

Bonnie May was like one in a beautiful dream for perhaps half an hour. She was not only listening to the play, she was living it. And then her dream was broken in a manner which filled her mind with almost blank astonishment.

Mrs. Baron appeared in the doorway.

"Bonnie May," she announced, "I think it's high time for a little girl to be in bed."

## VI

### CONCERNING A FROCK

It might have been, and should have been, apparent to the several members of the Baron household that Bonnie May had been giving an admirable exhibition of self-repression from the moment she entered the house. Now something gave way.

"I'm not used to going to bed at this hour," she declared bluntly. She arose and stood by her chair, like a soldier by his guns, as the saying is. And taking in the inexorable expression in Mrs. Baron's eyes, she turned appealingly to Baron. She was relying upon him to help her.

"Couldn't she—" began Baron weakly, and added, quite without conviction: "You know it's Saturday night, mother!" He was glad he had thought of its being Saturday, though he couldn't see why that should make very much difference. He really believed his mother's position was strong enough, if she had only gone about the matter more tactfully.

"Saturday night doesn't make any difference," declared Bonnie May, her rebellion now including Baron in its scope. "It just isn't a reasonable bedtime."

Baron felt ready to surrender. "Anyway, it won't be bad just for one night," he ventured.

"Never mind, Victor," said Mrs. Baron pointedly. She addressed herself to Bonnie May. "What you've been accustomed to may not be quite so important as what you ought to be accustomed to," she said. "Come!"

The child sauntered thoughtfully from the room. She had been impressed by the fact that even Baron had not seemed surprised by the suggestion that she ought to go to bed. She was trying to comprehend the situation. After all, people who were not of the profession had ways of their own, she realized. If they had *all* decided to go to bed, she wouldn't have minded so much. But they were laying down a special law for her.

Rebellion triumphed again. In Mrs. Baron's room she halted. "Where am I to sleep?" she inquired.

"I think you heard me tell Mrs. Shepard to prepare a room."

"In the attic? Yes. But I'm not going to sleep there."

"Indeed, you are."

"I beg your pardon! Not under any circumstances!"

Mrs. Baron lifted her fingers to her lips and coughed—a very inexpert cough. "You'll have to do as I tell you, you know." She resumed a resolute march toward the hall, her hand pressed firmly against Bonnie May's back.

The child jerked away with a sense of outrage. She had never been treated so before.

"Truly, you'll have to obey me," repeated Mrs. Baron.

Bonnie May was alarmed; she quite lost control of herself. "Stop your kiddin'!" she said, with a catch in her voice. She tried to say it playfully, but her self-possession was gone. Her remark had sounded simply offensive, indelicate.

Mrs. Baron turned away quite frigidly and sought her daughter, whom she met coming softly up the stairs.

"I wish," she said, "you'd put that little limb of Satan to bed." Flora saw that her mother's hand, on the balustrade, trembled.

"Where shall I put her?" she inquired.

"Anywhere! just so you get her covered up for the night."

Flora paused, her eyes uneasily seeking her mother's.

"I'm afraid you're angry with me, mother," she said humbly.

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*Drawn by Reginald Birch.*

"You seem a little old for the part," she suggested.—Page 470.



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"With you? Certainly not."

Flora was puzzled. Her mother had long ago declared that Mr. Addis must not be accepted as a visitor. Did she know that he had just gone? She was about to enter her mother's sitting-room when something prompted her to turn.

"You knew Mr. Addis called, didn't you?" she asked.

Mrs. Baron's face flamed again. "Knew it? Certainly I didn't know it! I've told Mrs. Shepard—I don't intend that he shall annoy you!"

"Oh, mother! He doesn't! And I think Mrs. Shepard didn't know, this time. Bonnie May went to the door and let him in. She called me down-stairs without telling me who it was." Flora surveyed her mother yearningly, yet with a kind of gentle courage. "I don't believe in hiding things from you, mother. But I was glad to see him."

Mrs. Baron looked grimly toward her own door. "*She* let him in! Very well. Put her to bed!"

When Flora entered the sitting-room she found Bonnie May standing in uneasy contemplation.

"Mother says I'm to put you to bed," said Miss Baron, and she led the anxious guest away to Victor's room.

"You won't mind my helping you?" she pleaded when she had closed the door.

"Helping me?"

"To undress, you know—and to be tucked in!"

The guest looked at her unresponsively. "But I've been used to doing that for myself," she said.

Flora quickly stooped and took her into her arms impulsively. "Dear child!" she cried, her voice tremulous, "let me do it to-night! I think you'll love it—and I'll love it, too." She drew the perplexed face almost roughly against her own.

She did not want to be refused. She hurried into the bathroom and busied herself; she was singing a little crooning song. There was also the noise of water splashing into the tub. She appeared presently. "The water is ready—for your bath, you know; and I've left one of my nighties there for you." She smiled happily. "Of course it will be too big. I'll make you some little ones soon."

The seeming perversion of the child asserted itself again. "I usually take my bath in the morning," she said a little stiffly; but she saw how the glad light in Miss Baron's eyes wavered, and she added quickly, "but it will be all right." And she went into the bathroom. When she reappeared she was smiling radiantly. She had on Flora's nightgown, soft and white, with pink ribbons. She held it daintily up before her feet and glanced back at the train that dragged behind. "Isn't it lovely!" she said.

"It is, dear," said Flora.

She had turned the white coverlet and the sheet down. Now she watched the child scramble up into the bed. She wanted to help, but she refrained.

"Would you like me to tell you a story?" asked Flora.

Bonnie May looked at her swiftly, incredulously. "No!" she said. Then she burst out into riotous laughter. "I'm not an *infant*," she explained.

Flora flushed. "Very well," she said gently. Yet she lingered in the room a little while. She put some of Victor's masculine decorations out of sight. She adjusted the blind. She was about to extinguish the light when she looked again at the strange guest.

The child's eyes were fixed upon her widely, wonderingly.

"You lovely thing!" said Bonnie May.

"Good night, dear!" said Flora. And then she knew that the child wished to speak to her, and she went over and bent above the bed. "What is it, Bonnie May?" she asked.

The child stared before her in silence for a moment and then the words came. "I wished so much that she would love me!" she said. "I tried so hard . . ."

Flora slipped her hand under the guest's head. "I'll tell you a secret," she whispered. "If she hadn't cared for you she would have been quite polite; she would have been wonderfully gracious. She was ungracious and unkind because—because she loves you, dear. It seems absurd, doesn't it? But I know."

The usual Sunday morning quietude of the mansion was disturbed somewhat when the family assembled for breakfast. An extraordinary event had occurred.

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Mrs. Baron had sat up late the night before and had made a Dress.

In announcing the fact she had pronounced the word in such a manner that the use of the capital letter is fully justified. She displayed the Dress for the admiration of her son and her daughter and her husband. And finally she generously relinquished it to Flora. "You may give it to her," she said rather loftily.

Bonnie May had not yet appeared.

Flora knocked softly on the guest's door and without waiting went into the room, displaying the new garment rather conspicuously.

"What's that?" inquired Bonnie May dubiously.

"It's a new dress for you."

"It was never made for me," affirmed the child with conviction.

"Indeed, it was. Mother sat up ever so late last night and made it for you."

"Well, that, of course, was a matter I should have been consulted about."

Bonnie May was now sitting on the edge of the bed, trying to make the toes of one foot come in contact with the floor. Miss Baron sat on a low chair in the middle of the room, the new dress spread across her knees.

"Take my word for it," said Bonnie May. "It won't do."

Miss Baron felt for the moment as if she could have pounced upon the child and spanked her. But she noticed how one curl fell outside her ear, and how the eyes and voice were profoundly earnest, and how the attitude was eloquent of a kind of repentance before the fact.

And so she said: "Won't you do something for me that will please me better than anything else I can think of—something that will take only a minute?"

Bonnie May looked at her meditatively—and then began to laugh quite riotously! "You don't look the part!" she gurgled in justification.

"What part, please?" The question was put somewhat blankly.

"You're talking like a—oh, a Lady Clare, and you haven't even got your shoes buttoned up!"

Miss Baron slowly regarded her shoes; then her glance travelled calmly to Bonnie May; then she rather dully inspected the dress that lay across her knees. Her countenance had become inscrutable. She turned away from the guest's scrutiny, and after a moment she arose slowly and left the room, carrying the dress with her.

She did not stop to define her feelings. She was wounded, but she felt sharp resentment, and she was thinking rebelliously that she was in no degree responsible for Bonnie May. Still . . . her sense of justice stayed her. She had the conviction that the child's remark, if inexcusably frank, was a fair one. And it had been made so joyously!

Nevertheless, she meant to go to her mother with a request to be excused from any further humiliation as Bonnie May's handmaiden. But before she had proceeded half a dozen steps she began to fear even greater disaster if Mrs. Baron should undertake to be the bearer of the rejected dress.

It would be a victory worth working for if she could overcome the fastidious guest's prejudice.

She went to her room and carefully buttoned her shoes and made other improvements in her toilet. Then she went back to Bonnie May's presence.

"I *was* untidy," she confessed. "I hope you'll excuse me." She was smoothing out the new dress. "You see, I only meant to wear my every-day shoes until after breakfast and then put on my good shoes for Sunday-school and church. And I've been very busy."

Bonnie May pondered this judicially. "It's lovely of you to be so nice about it," she finally admitted, "but I'm afraid I don't get your idea. . . ." She frowned. " 'Every-day shoes' and 'Sunday shoes,' " she repeated vaguely.

"Well?" said Flora persuasively.

"Don't you like to be as good on Saturday as on Sunday?"

"Why, yes—just as good, certainly." Flora was looking bewildered.

"And on Friday, and on other days?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, why shouldn't you wear your 'good' shoes all the week, then?"

"But people must look nicer on Sundays than on other days."

"I don't see why. If you only look nice, I don't see what's the good. And if you really are nice, I think the nice shoes might help all the time."

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*Drawn by Reginald Birch.*

A most extraordinary ancient man stood there watching her.—Page 478.



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"What I mean is," persisted Flora patiently, "I don't like to work in my nice shoes." She brought this out somewhat triumphantly.

"That's funny. That's the very time I like to look my best. Nothing is as important as your work, is it?"

Flora was almost in despair. "I doubt if I ever thought of it in just that light," she admitted. "I'll think it over, if you'll try the dress on—and if you don't like it, off it comes!"

"Well, all right." (This with a sudden calm which was not reassuring.)

Flora slipped the dress into place, and patted it here and there with the air of one who admires, and viewed it with her head inclined a little, as women do in such a situation. It was of gingham, with very small checks in it. "It's the dearest thing!" she said honestly. "Now come and see how you look."

The mirror was a little high. She lifted Bonnie May to a chair.

She was alarmed by what ensued. The child stared fixedly, with incredulous eyes in which a great horror grew.

"Oh, Lord!" she cried, clapping her hands over her eyes. "Take it off! Take it off!"

"What in the world is the matter?" demanded Flora.

"She asks me what is the matter! Oh, heavens!" Bonnie May jumped down from the chair and turned her back to the mirror. She was wringing her hands.

"I don't understand at all!" exclaimed Miss Baron hopelessly.

"You might!" was the emphatic rejoinder. "Do you suppose I want to play that kind of a part—here? It might do for the little sister of a sewing-machine girl, or a mountain pink with her hair in knobs. But it wouldn't do for anything else. If you were only one of the populace, a costume like that would cause a scream! If you don't understand it, take my word for it. I can't wear it! I ask you to take it off!"

Miss Baron became very quiet. She became thoughtful, too. She had not failed to catch the drift of these exaggerated words. There *was* something prim, something rudimentary, about the dress. Color suffused her cheeks; she hung her head. She felt a forlorn inclination to laugh. From a vantage-point behind the child she began to remove the gingham dress.

It *was* inappropriate. She had to admit it. It was a dress for a Gretchen; for the Cinderella of the kitchen rather than the princess of the coach and four. It wasn't becoming at all.

## VII

### A SUNDAY MORNING

DURING the morning Baron looked through all the newspapers in search of an item relative to a lost child—and found nothing. And a little later Miss Baron related to her mother the story of the rejected dress, and tried to make this treasonable act seem unimportant.

In the meanwhile the object of all this solicitous thought was leisurely preparing to make her appearance. That she had no fresh raiment to put on was not particularly disquieting. The fact that it was Sunday morning made no difference to her at all. Certainly she needed fresh linen, but this, she philosophically concluded, would be provided within another day or two. Her shoes were quite new and neat, and she was by no means ashamed of the dress which now constituted her complete wardrobe. On a chair by her bed she made discoveries. There was a fresh towel; a little package which obviously contained a tooth-brush; a box of tooth-powder; and—crowning gift!—a new hair-ribbon of adorable width and hue. She tucked these things under one arm, and with her free hand she carefully gathered Flora's long nightgown away from her feet. Then she started to the bathroom.

In the hall she paused to be sure that the way was clear.

Silence reigned, save for the murmur of voices down-stairs—far, indistinct.

The hall was glorious with indirect rays of the sun. It had wonderful spaciousness, too. Bonnie May gazed down the broad stairway, duskily bright and warm and silent; and her expression was quite blissful. She turned and looked up to the landing above—reached by a narrower flight of stairs. It seemed splendidly remote; and here the sunlight fell



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in a riotous flood. She released the folds of the nightgown and "paraded" to and fro in the hall, looking back over her shoulder at the train.

She was executing a regal turn in the hall when her glance was attracted upward to some moving object on the landing above. A most extraordinary ancient man stood there watching her. Realizing that he had been discovered, he turned in a kind of a panic and disappeared into regions unknown. His mode of locomotion was quite unusual. If Bonnie May had been familiar with nautical terms she would have said that he was tacking as he made his agitated exit.

As for Bonnie May, she scampered into the bathroom, the flowing train suddenly gripped in her fingers. Down-stairs they were listening for her, though they pretended not to be doing so. They heard her in the bathroom, later they heard movements in her bedroom. And at last she was descending the stairs leisurely, a care-free song on her lips.

She invaded the dining-room. Mr. Baron had been lingering over his coffee. The various parts of the morning paper were all about him.

"Good morning," was Bonnie May's greeting. She nodded brightly. "I hope I'm not intruding?"

"Not at all!" Mr. Baron glanced at her with real friendliness. It had not occurred to him that her dress was fantastic. What he had noticed was that her face was positively radiant and that she spoke as he imagined a duchess might have done.

"You might like to look at the colored supplement," he added, fishing around through the various sections of the paper at his feet.

"I thank you, I'm sure; but isn't it rather silly?" She added deferentially: "Is there a theatrical page?"

Mr. Baron coughed slightly, as he always did when he was disconcerted. "There is, I believe," he said. He glanced over his shoulder toward a closed door. "I'm not sure Mrs. Baron would approve of your looking at the theatrical department on Sunday," he added.

"Really? And you don't think she'd see any harm in looking at the comic pictures?"

Mr. Baron removed his glasses and wiped them carefully. "She would probably regard the comic pictures as the lesser of two evils," he said.

"Well, I never did like to be a piker. If I'm going into a thing, I like to go in strong." She made this statement pleasantly.

Mr. Baron put his glasses on somewhat hurriedly and looked hard at the child. He perceived that she was looking at him frankly and with a slight constriction at her throat, as was always the case when she felt she must hold her ground against attack.

"I rather think you're right," he said reassuringly. "I'm not sure I know how to find the theatrical page. Would you mind looking?"

But Flora interrupted here. She entered the room with the air of one who has blessings to bestow.

"You're invited to go to Sunday-school with us after a while," she informed the guest.

"You're very kind, I'm sure. What's it like?"

"Oh, there are children, and music, and—" Flora paused. She wished to make her statement attractive as well as truthful.

"A kind of spectacle?" suggested the guest.

"Hardly that. But there's somebody to tell stories. It's very nice, I think."

"It certainly sounds good to me. If they've got any good people, I might like to get into it, until I find an opening in my own line."

Mr. Baron removed his glasses again. "Flora, would you undertake to tell me what she means?" he inquired.

Flora pinched her lips and looked at him with a kind of ripple of joy in her eyes. "Isn't it plain?" she asked. She went out of the room then and he heard her laughing somewhere in the distance.

## VIII

### A DISAPPOINTING PERFORMANCE

BARON looked at his watch twice as he climbed the stairs.

He had been calling on Thornburg, the manager of the theatre, on a quest for information relative to Bonnie May.

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But he had learned nothing. Thornburg knew nothing about the woman who had brought the child to the theatre, he said. He suggested that it was a case of desertion. He was politely interested in the case. He thought it might be very good for the little waif to remain with a nice family for a time. He even made an offer of financial aid (which Baron ignored); but as for information, he had none to offer.

Yes, the family had had time to return from church, Baron reflected; but they had not done so. Mrs. Shepard was busy in the dining-room, but otherwise the house was unoccupied. Silence reigned in the upper region. Thomason, the houseman, was looking impatiently down from the upper landing; but Thomason didn't count. He was probably hungry. Baron realized that he, too, was hungry.

He went into the cheerful sitting-room and looked down upon the street—and instantly his attitude changed.

There they came! And something was wrong. Oh, plainly, something was wrong! Mrs. Baron's head was held high; she was pale; her lips were compressed. There was nothing gracious in her carriage. She was marching. By her side walked Flora, keeping step with difficulty. She appeared to be fighting off all realization of her mother's state.

Mrs. Shepard was no longer present to lend her support to Bonnie May. The faithful servitor had come home immediately after Sunday-school to look after the dinner; and the child walked alone, behind her silent elders. Her whole being radiated defiance. She was apparently taking in every aspect of the street, but her casual bearing was obviously studied; the determined effort she was making was not to be concealed.

Baron hurried down-stairs so that he might meet them in the hall and engineer a temporary dispersement. He was affecting a calm and leisurely demeanor when the door opened and Mrs. Baron, followed by the others, entered. There was an ominous silence. Bonnie May caught sight of Baron and approached him with only a partial concealment of eagerness and hurry.

Mrs. Baron and Flora ascended the stairs; the former leading the way sternly; the latter moving upward with wan cheeks and bowed head. Baron led the way into the drawing-room, Bonnie May following. He pretended not to see or to apprehend anything extraordinary. "Well, what do you think of Sunday-school?" he began gayly.

"I think it's fierce!" This took the form of an explosion. "It wouldn't do even for one-night stands!"

Baron felt the need of an admonitory attitude. "Bonnie May," he said, "you should have discovered that it wasn't a play. It was something real. It's a place where people go to help each other."

"They certainly need help all right enough." This with a quite unlovely, jeering laugh.

"I wonder what you mean by that?"

"I suppose I meant the same thing you meant yourself."

Baron paused, frowning. "I meant," he explained patiently, "that they are people who want to be as good as they can and who want to give one another encouragement."

The child was conscious of his wish to be conciliatory. She tried to restrain herself. "Well," she asked, "if they want to be good, why don't they just *be* good? What's the use of worrying about it?"

"I'm afraid it isn't quite so simple a matter as all that."

Bonnie May's wrath arose in spite of herself. She was recalling certain indignities. "I don't see anything in it but a bum performance. Do you know what I think they go there for?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

"I think they go there to watch each other—to find out something bad about each other."

"Bonnie May!"

"I do! And I've had pretty near enough, too. You asked me and I told you. You're all asking me to do things, and asking me questions; and then if I don't agree with you in every way I'm wrong. That may look all right to you, but it doesn't to me. If I've got to take everything, I mean to be on my way."

Baron remained silent a full minute. When he spoke again his voice was persuasive, gentle. "I'm anxious to understand your difficulties," he said. "I'm anxious to have you understand ours.

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I'm sorry I criticised you. I'm sure you mean to be fair."

She looked at him with a light of gratitude in her eyes, a quiver of emotion passing over her face. She had an intense desire to justify herself—at least to him.

"Do you know what was the first thing they asked me?"

"Your name, probably."

"No, Mrs. Shepard told them that. *They asked me if I was a good little girl!*"

"But I don't see any harm in that. Why shouldn't they have asked you?"

"You don't! Do you suppose that I was going to tell them that I was?—or that I wasn't? What nonsense! 'Are you a good young man'? How does a question like that sound?"

Baron pondered. "Well—?" he suggested.

"Well, I wouldn't stand it. I asked the woman who asked me if she was 'a good old woman'—and the frowsy old thing stared at me just as ugly! She walked way down into the parquet without looking back. She'd been grinning when she asked me. I'll bet she won't grin like that very soon again."

Baron walked to the window and looked out dully, to gain time.

How extraordinary the child's attitude was! And yet . . . He could understand that she might have been the only child in the troupe with which she travelled, and that her older companions, weary of mimicry and make-believe when their work was done, might have employed very frank, mature speech toward each other and their young companion.

He turned away from the window with a sigh. "Won't you take my word for it, Bonnie May, that these people mean well, and that one should speak of them with respect, even if one cannot speak of them with affection?"

"But they don't mean well. What's the use of stalling?" She turned until her back was toward him, and sat so, her cheek in her hand and her whole body eloquent of discouragement.

An instant later she turned toward him with the first evidence of surrender she had shown. Her chin quivered and her eyes were filled with misery. "Did you tell the man where I was, so they can come for me if they want me?" she asked.

Here spoke the child, Baron thought. His resentment fled instantly. "Truly I did," he assured her. "I have been doing everything I could think of to help. I want you to believe that."

"Oh, I do; but you all put too much on me. I want to go back where things are real——"

"Real, child? The theatre, and plays, and make-believe every day?"

"It's the only thing that's real. You'd know that if you were an artist. It means what's true—that's what it means. Do you mean to tell me there's anything real in all the pompous putting on here in this home—the way you hide what you mean and what you believe and what you want? Here's where the make-believe is—just a mean make-believe that nothing comes of. The theatre has a make-believe that everybody understands, and so it really isn't a make-believe; and something good and true comes of it."

Her eyes were flashing. Her hands had been clasped while she spoke until she came to the final clause. Then she thrust her arms forward as if she would grasp the good and true thing which came of the make-believe she had defended.

When Baron spoke again his words came slowly. "Bonnie May," he said, "I wish that you and I might try, like good friends, to understand each other, and not to say or think anything bitter or unkind. Maybe there will be things I can teach you. I'm sure there are things you can teach me! And the others . . . I honestly believe that when we all get better acquainted we'll love one another truly."

She hung her head pensively a moment; and then, suddenly, she laughed heartily, ecstatically.

"What is it?" he asked, vaguely troubled.

"I'm thinking it's certainly a pretty kettle of fish I've got into. That's all."

"You know I don't understand that."

"The Sunday-school, I mean, and your mother, and everything. They put me in with a lot of children"—this somewhat scornfully—"and a sort of leading lady asked us riddles—is that what you call them? One of them was: 'How long did it take to make the world?' "

"But that wasn't a riddle."

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"Well, whatever it was; and they caught one smart Alec. She said, 'Forty days and forty nights,' and they all laughed—so you could see it was just a catch. As if anybody knew! That was the only fun I could see to the whole performance, and it sounded like Rube fun at that. One odious little creature looked at my dress a long time. Then she said: 'I've got a *new* dress.' Another looked at me and sniffed, and sniffed, and sniffed. She wrinkled her nose and lifted her lip every time she sniffed. It was like a kind of signal. Then she said: 'My papa has got a big store, and we've got a horse and buggy.' She sniffed again and looked just as spiteful! I had to get back at that one. 'Don't cry, little one,' I said. 'Wait until it's a pretty day and I'll come around and take you out in my automobile.' "

"But you haven't any automobile!"

"That," with great emphasis, "doesn't make any difference. There's no harm in stringing people of a certain kind."

"Oh, Bonnie May!" cried Baron reproachfully; and with quickly restored calm he added: "Surely one should tell the truth!"

"Yes, one should, if two would. But you can't afford to show your hand to every Bedelia that gets into your troupe. No, you can't," she repeated defiantly, reading the pained look in his eyes.

Baron knew that he should have expressed his disapproval of such a vagrant philosophy as this; but before he had time to frame a tactful response the child continued:

"Then the leading lady turned to me, thinking up another question. I made up my mind to be on hand if I had to sleep in the wings. 'Why were Adam and Eve driven out of the garden?' was mine. I said: 'Because they couldn't make good!' She looked puzzled, and I patted her on the knee. 'You can't put over anything on me,' I said. I think I shouted it. That stopped the whole show for a minute, and an old character man up near the stage got up and said: 'A little less noise, please.' Then your mother came back." (Baron had anticipated this detail.) "She had been taking the leading part in a little sketch up in front." ("Teaching her class," Baron reflected, and smiled wryly in spite of himself.) "She had got through with her musical turn." (Mrs. Baron "lent her influence" by playing the organ in the Sunday-school.) "Well, I don't want to talk about her. She told me I must sit still and listen to what the others said. Why—I'd like to know? I couldn't agree with her at all. I told her I was a professional and didn't expect to pick up anything from a lot of amateurs. And then," she added dejectedly, "the trouble began."

Baron groaned. He had hoped the worst had been told. What in the world was there to follow?

"Your mother," resumed Bonnie May, "spoke to the woman who had been asking questions. She said—so that the children could hear every word: 'She's a poor little thing who's had no bringing up. She'll have to learn how to behave.'"

She hung her head at the recollection of this. For the moment she seemed unwilling to proceed.

"And what happened then?" Baron asked persuasively.

"Oh, I was getting—rattled! I told her that when it came to doing the nasty stuff, I had seen pupils from the dramatic schools that looked like head-liners compared with her."

Baron stiffened. "Goodness! You couldn't have said that!"

"Yes, I did. And I didn't have to wait to hear from any prompter, either. And she—you know she won't take anything. The way she looked! She said she was glad to say she didn't have any idea what I was talking about. Just a stall, you know. Oh, these *good* people! She called Flora and said I was to be taken into a corner and that I was to sit there until we went home. And Flora led me into a corner and the others looked back as if they were afraid of me. They all sang after a while—a kind of ensemble affair. Flora held the music over and invited me to sing. I told her musical turns were not in my line. She just kept on holding the music for me—honestly, she's the dearest thing!—and singing herself. It was a crime, the noise she made. Isn't it awful when people try to sing and can't? As if they had to. Why do they

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do it? I felt like screaming to her to stop. But she looked as if she might be dreaming, and I thought if anybody could dream in that terrible place it would be a crime to wake them, even if they did make a noise. They had an intermission, and then a man in front delivered a monologue . . . oh, me! Talk about the moving-picture shows! Why, they're *artistic*. . . ."

What, Baron wondered, was one to say to a child who talked in such a fashion?

Nothing—nothing at all. He groaned. Then, to his great relief, Flora appeared.

"Dinner is ready," she said, standing in the doorway. There was a flush on her cheeks and an odd smile on her lips.

Baron took Bonnie May by the hand—he could not quite understand the impulse which prompted him to do so—and led her into the dining-room. He saw that she bore her face aloft, with a painful effort at unconcern. He was glad that she was given a place next to him, with the elder Baron on her right and Flora across the table from her.

He was dismayed to note that his mother was quite beside herself. He had expected a certain amount of irritation, of chagrin, but not this ominous, pallid silence. She avoided her son's eyes; and this meant, of course, that her wrath would sooner or later be visited upon his head.

He sighed with discouragement. He realized sadly that his mother's heaviest crosses had always come to her from such trivial causes! She was oddly childish—just as Bonnie May was strangely unchildlike. Still, she had all the traditions of propriety, of a rule-made demeanor, behind her. Strange that she could not have risen to the difficulty that had confronted her, and emerged from a petty predicament without so much of loss!

The meal progressed in a constrained silence. Bonnie May concerned herself with her napkin; she admired the design on the china; she appeared to appraise the dishes with the care of an epicure. And at last, unfortunately, she spoke:

"Don't you think, Mr. Baron"—to the master of the house—"that it is a pretty custom to converse while at table?"

Mr. Baron coughed. He was keenly aware that something had gone wrong; he was shrewd enough to surmise that Bonnie May had offended. But he was in the position of the passenger below decks who senses an abnormal atmosphere yet who is unadvised as to the nature of the storm.

"I'm afraid I'm not a very reliable hand at small talk," he said guardedly. "I think my idea is that you ought to talk when you have something to say."

"Very good!" agreed Bonnie May, nodding brightly. She patted her lips daintily with the corner of her napkin. "Only it seems like chickens eating when you don't talk. The noises make you nervous. I should think anything would get by, even if you talked about the weather. Otherwise it seems just like machinery at work. Rather messy machinery, too."

Baron seized an oar. "Perhaps when people are thoughtful, or possibly troubled, it is a mark of good taste not to try to draw them into a conversation." He said this airily, as if it could not possibly apply to the present occasion.

"A very good idea!" admitted Bonnie May, quite obviously playing the part of one who makes of conversation a fine art. "But isn't it also true that people who are troubled ought to hide it, for the sake of others, and not be a sort of—well, a wet blanket?"

The elder Baron's eyes twinkled in a small, hidden way, and Flora tried to smile. There was something quite hopefully audacious in the child's behavior.

But Mrs. Baron stiffened and stared. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed.

Baron undertook a somewhat sterner strategy. He felt that he really must not permit the guest to add to her offenses against his mother.

"It might be sensible not to talk too much until a closer acquaintance is formed," he suggested with something of finality in his tone.

But Bonnie May was not to be checked. "A very good thought, too," she admitted; "but you can't get better acquainted without exchanging ideas—and of course talking is the only way."

Baron leaned back in his chair with a movement resembling a collapse.

"Wouldn't it be fine if everybody wore

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a badge, or something, so that you would know just how they wanted to be taken?" continued the guest. A meticulous enthusiasm was becoming apparent. Mrs. Baron was sitting very erect—a sophisticated, scornful audience, as she seemed to Bonnie May.

"Absurd!" was Baron's comment.

"Well, I don't know. You pretty near know without any badges. You can tell the—the mixers, and the highbrows. I mean when they are the real thing—people worth while. I would know you for a mixer easy enough. I don't mean careless, you know, but willing to loosen up a little if people went at you in the right way. And Flora would be a mixer, too—a nice, friendly mixer, as long as people behaved." Here she turned with a heroic, friendly appeal to Mrs. Baron. "And Mrs. Baron would be one of the fine, sure-enough highbrows."

"I think—" began Mrs. Baron, suddenly possessed of an ominous calm; but the guest made an earnest plea.

"Oh, please let me finish!" she begged.

"Very well," said Mrs. Baron; "you may—finish."

"You know I understand about your part in that entertainment this morning. *You* don't belong in that crowd. It's like the queen who kissed the soldier. She was high enough up to do it and get away with it." She placed her elbows on the table and beamed upon Mrs. Baron with a look so sweetly taunting, and so obviously conciliatory, that the others dared to hope the very audacity of it would succeed. "Now, don't deny," she continued, shaking an accusing finger at Mrs. Baron, and smiling angelically, "that you're just a nice, sure-enough, first-class highbrow!"

It was done with such innocent intention, and with so much skill, that all the members of Mrs. Baron's family turned their faces toward her, smilingly, appealingly, inquiringly.

But alas! Mrs. Baron failed to rise to the occasion. She was being ridiculed—by a child!—and her children and her husband were countenancing the outrage. Her composure vanished again. She pushed her chair back from the table angrily. Her napkin fell to the floor; she grasped the edge of the table with both hands and stared at Bonnie May in a towering rage.

"You little wretch!" she cried; "you impudent, ungrateful little wretch! You—you brand from the burning!"

She hurried from the room. In her blind anger she bumped her shoulder against the door as she went out, the little accident robbing her exit of the last vestige of dignity.

Bonnie May was horrified, crushed. She sat, pale and appalled, her eyes fixed on the doorway through which Mrs. Baron had vanished.

Then she brought her hands together sharply and uttered a single word:

"Hoo-ray!"

Every member of the family was electrified.

"Father!" expostulated Flora.

"Victor!" exclaimed the elder Baron.

And Baron, shaking his head sadly, murmured:

"Bonnie May! Bonnie May!"

(To be continued.)

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# IN THE LIONS' DEN

## THE STORY OF A MODERN DANIEL

By Ray D. Penney

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

"IT happened in Central Africa—Central Hades, we called it—anything can happen in Africa," said the white-haired young man with the scar across his cheek.

But maybe I had better begin at the beginning. It was in the smoker of a transcontinental train, and Buddy Plimpton, the half-baked son of a millionaire pork-packer, had just delivered the last word on the subject of miracles.

"Nobody believes the Bible now." Buddy waved his hand airily. "Why, who believes old Dan'el was thrown into a den of lions and came out alive?"

No one answered for a minute, but we were all praying for some one to speak up and squelch the pest, when the young fellow with a livid scar cutting his left cheek from his mouth to the edge of his white hair put down his French newspaper and said quietly: "I do!" He was sitting in the middle of our crowd, and we all began to wonder why we hadn't noticed him before.

"Now, how'd you *prove* old Dan'el was thrown into a den of lions and came out alive; it must have happened before *your* time?" sneered Buddy.

"I saw a man *do* the thing once, and he's still alive—that is, he's alive unless he's been killed since—fighting in France. I haven't seen his name in the lists yet." The stranger subsided behind his French paper, as though the matter was settled, proved, closed, and he was sorry he had wasted so much breath on Buddy's shining intellect. We made him go on, to stop Buddy's incessant babble.

"I'm not much at telling stories; I'm an engineer," he said finally, after we had urged him sufficiently. "Well, I don't care. It happened in Africa. The first part of the story isn't interesting, and you'll believe it. And the last part—well, that's different—you'll say I lied, and I don't care, either. Ever hear of Jack Sweet, who earned the title of 'Dodger' in the Yale-Princeton game ten years ago?"

"Yale man? Old Dodger—Dodger Sweet, the fellow who went through a whole eleven on the kick-off for a touchdown? I'm a Yale man, and I've heard the boys tell about 'im lots of times," piped up the irrepressible Buddy. "What's become of Dodger?"

"If you'll listen a minute I'll tell you; that's my story." The white-haired man gave Buddy a sweet smile. "Dodger and I were pals—fraternity mates—yes, Yale. He was a great scout, and as brave as they make 'em. I ought to know—we roughed it together for four years surveying a route through the jungles of Central Africa for the Cape to Cairo railroad that was never built but will be some day.

"Just why we drifted over to the dark continent doesn't matter now. We found plenty there to test a man's nerve, and Jack always passed the test with an A+ grade. We ran into tigers, gorillas, and cannibals—I could tell you about those, and you'd believe me, so it isn't worth while. You won't believe this, so I'll tell it.

"After a man has lived in Central Hades for four years such civilized diversions as Cairo puts up look mighty tempting, and when we had the route finished Jack and I went up there for a long rest.

"Cairo, on the edge of mystery-land"—the stranger settled back in his seat and a far-away, wistful look crept into his eyes—"that's where we first met the Nabob. I remember the morning—one of those bright, clear Egyptian mornings, with the sun a-boiling down and the streets like an oven. Jack and I were in



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the breakfast-room of the hotel, taking our eggs and coffee rather late, as usual, when a big, brown Egyptian buck came up to our table, bowing and scraping.

"'Most honorable English sahibs,' the buck began to stammer, as though he had learned it out of a book, speaking in a sort of pidgeon-French such as they use up in the interior, 'his Highness, my master, the King, desires to see you at the Palais Grandé.'

"'Just which particular king do you represent?' Jack, asked kind of sarcastic—Africa was full of sultans, kings, and potentates that we had never heard of.

"I couldn't catch the heathen name the buck repeated, but Jack commented diplomatically, 'Yes, I've heard of him. We'll look him up.'

"Well, Jack and I were looking for adventure just then, and we got our bellies full! We went over to the Palais Grandé, and they showed us into the presence of the most striking-looking specimen of a barbarian king I have ever set eyes on. His skin, where we could see it under his silk robe and turban, was burned brown as an Arab's, but I couldn't help the suspicion, even then, that down under the tan his skin was white, the same as yours and mine. He ruled over a block of country as large as England, up in the Dar Banar mountains, ten degrees north of the equator.

"The Nabob—we called him the Nabob then, and ever afterward—salamed most solemnly when we came in and spoke in the same dialect French. 'Most honorable sahibs,' he says, with a majestic flourish, 'I am told you know more about the great art of machinery than any other Englishmen in Egypt?'

"'That's correct,' answered Jack. Jack wasn't overly modest.

"'Can the sahibs make the bright lights which burn in the illustrious Khedive's palace?' the old fellow asked, kind of anxious.

"Jack turns to me with a little whistle of surprise and says: 'He means electric lights. They've just put 'em in, up in the Khedive's palace. Let's go. Here's a chance to clean up some coin!'

"I wasn't so keen about going, for I'd heard enough about some of those half-savage counties up in the interior to make me want to steer clear of them. But Jack turned to the Nabob and said: 'We can—we can make 'em anywhere!'

"'In my palace, too?' the old King persisted; 'and how much will it cost?'

"Well, we made him give us a little sketch of his marble shack, and then Jack set a sum that fairly took my breath away. It meant as much in clear money as we had accumulated in four years. We were considerably surprised when the old Nabob took up the offer, and we drew up the papers, signed them then and there, and promised to be on the ground in two months.

"Before the first month was up we had our supplies and were off. The Nabob sent a caravan to meet us at Khartum—the steel road was built to Khartum then—and from there we made our way over six hundred miles of desert and wilderness with our outfit and supplies packed on the backs of camels.

"That was how it started." The speaker paused reflectively, and suddenly threw out his hand to take in the whole crowd. "You Americans, here—you are the most pig-headed beings in existence! You don't believe there are whites in Africa—native whites, I mean? No! But you didn't believe there were pygmies there till Stanley proved it. You didn't believe there were blond Eskimos in Alaska till Stefansson found them. You don't believe Daniel was thrown into a den of lions and came out alive! Bah! You have much to learn! I was that way—seven years ago!

"Pardon me, gentlemen; frankly, you get on my nerves! But to proceed—we found the King, Zimaboa, or something like that, was his real name, and he was a royal entertainer. He had true Oriental ideas of hospitality and somewhat more than Oriental ideas on how to run a kingdom. The first day he showed us all over his great, rambling marble palace and explained his plans. One of his pet ideas was to fix up the courtyard in front of the palace with arc-lights and to ornament the sculptured fountain, in the centre, with colored incandescents.

"And then he took us out to inspect his hobby—his particular hobby—in a pit sunk twenty feet below the level of the courtyard. When we leaned over the iron

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railing, with its jagged points all turning in, and looked down to see the yellow eyes and the prodigious jaws of a dozen Abyssinian lions, I nearly fainted from the shock. The beasts were creeping in and out of their den down in the rocks, their flanks a-quivering and their tails a-lashing, and looking as though they would welcome us at the bottom of the pit.

"'How do you like 'em?' the Nabob asked me proudly. 'Bad men and plotters against the state end their wretched lives in this nice little den. The sahibs must see one of my executions. It is a great sight. I have seen few like it.'

"I couldn't get up much enthusiasm over the execution proposition, but Jack seemed to take to it. 'If I don't see one I shall go away heart-broken,' he jabbered back in French to the Nabob—poor old Jack, he saw one more than he wanted to.

"'Plotters against the state are numerous these days,' the old man sighed, kind of sorrowful, like those pious people who are always deploring the iniquity of the rising generation; and then he added hopefully: 'And the beasts need a little change of diet at times.' I didn't fancy the expression on the old man's face any more than I did the expression on those lions' faces, and I was glad to let the matter rest there.

"Sweet and I divided the work and jumped into it. He undertook the construction of the power-house and dam, while I superintended the wiring of the palace. The old Nabob was a true Oriental, and that was equivalent to saying that somewhere in his marble abode he kept a harem, and Jack and I used to speculate where he kept the feminine part of his household; but I couldn't discover any signs of them as I worked about the palace, and for a long time we had no clew. And then, one day, I got a glimpse of the fair ones.

"I was standing on a step-ladder in one of the corridors, showing the blooming natives how to splice a conduit wire, and there was something in the air, the smell of balm or myrrh, or something like that, which seemed to say 'ladies near,' when all of a sudden I heard a little scurry and a soft, muffled scream. I looked down and into the two most soulful, most tantalizing brown eyes I have ever seen—or ever hope to see.

"The rest of her face was hidden under a thin veil, but I could tell the skin was white—yes, olive white. She slipped away with her attendants before I could speak and disappeared behind a little door. I had picked up some of the native jargon by that time, and I felt much relieved when I heard the servants murmuring salams to the 'King's daughter' as they raised up from the floor. I was glad when they didn't say 'queen,' because I didn't like to think those eyes might belong to one of the old man's wives.

"Sweet was as curious as a dozen women at a sewing-circle when I told him what had happened. He was always popular with the ladies, Sweet was, and I—well, I never was. He suggested rather casually, later, that we change places, and he take a hand at the wiring while I get some experience at the dam—we were electrical and civil engineers both. I refused. We had agreed how the work should be divided, and I couldn't see the point of changing.

"Ah, those Orientals—they know how to live!" The stranger raised one shaking hand to the scar on his cheek, and then held out the hand which trembled like an aspen leaf. "But Africa is hard on the nerves! I always knew there was danger in that place, and now I knew which direction it was coming from. I had a—what do you call it?—'a hunch'? that I didn't want Sweet to meet that girl. He was peeved when I wouldn't change work with him, and the next day he went to the Nabob and got more men to put on his end of the job.

"I didn't see the ladies again for several days, and then one morning they scudded down the corridor again like a lot of frisky lambs. I had an idea that the girl—the King's daughter, I mean—gave me a look of recognition as she passed—anyway, she didn't scream! And I saw her rather frequently after that. Sweet didn't say much when I told him of our second meeting, but I could see he was speeding up his work.

"And then one day I wired her room. I recognized it by the perfume that hung in the air, balm or myrrh, or something like that. The room faced the great

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courtyard, with a pretty view out of a fantastic little French window that overlooked the Oriental garden. There were giant lobelias outside, ten feet high, and great red gladiolus blooming on six-foot stalks. There was a little bench out there under a yew-tree, with a glimpse of the bubbling fountain farther on. I found a French novel lying on one of the settees, and I wondered how she could read it. I forgot to say anything to Sweet about the room; it was the first thing in our lives that had ever come between us.

"And then, one night—I met her—in the garden just outside her room—how we arranged it doesn't matter. We sat and talked for an hour, or two, or three; I don't know how long. She wanted to see the world—what girl of seventeen doesn't?—and she asked all sorts of questions. 'Were the women out there like her?' 'What did the women do in Paris?' Paris was the only city in Europe she had heard of. 'Were the women allowed to do *just what* they pleased?' and a hundred others. And then I told her stories of the world, and how the women lived and were treated in America, and she listened with her big brown eyes shining in the dark. Finally, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I asked her to let me take her out and show her the big, busy, happy world. But I was too sudden about it, and she became frightened and slipped away, and ran into the palace before I could stop her.

"And all of the time we were rushing the work. Sweet could use plenty of help, while I had to do most of the wiring myself, so when he finished up the dam and power-house he came up to help me put the finishing touches on the palace. We hung a row of lights—big, brilliant arc-lights—around the courtyard in a sort of semicircle and planted a bunch of colored incandescents under the water in the fountain. The sculpture work on that fountain was something to make an artist weep, but it looked great when the lights came dancing through the water, with the red, green, and blue changing and glimmering, and flashing like living things—the old Nabob went wild about it. It gave him the idea, I think, of having a great opening night, when the natives should be shown the new glories of his palace, and he didn't lose any time in arranging the details.

"While we were working in the courtyard those last few days we could hear the lions in the pit whining continually, kind of low and mournful. And the old Nabob took us into his confidence one evening, and told us that he was making the beasts fast for a week so they could appreciate the treat he had in store for them on the opening night. He grinned an evil grin, though he tried to look grieved, when he confessed that he had long suspected treachery in his standing army, but now he had proved it, and would make a public example of one of his younger officers. I thought Jack seemed pleased with the news at first—which goes to show that primitive and civilized man are the same down under their skins, and that we haven't changed much since the days of Daniel and Darius and old Nebuchadnezzar.

"I think the population of the whole kingdom, pretty much, must have gathered at the palace for that opening night. You men here, you might not think so much of it, but it was *some* scene for Central Africa. The old King sat up on his throne, which we built at the top of the palace steps at the main entrance. His wives and his officials were there. And the girl was there—Sweet and I had been formally introduced to her a week before, and she seemed to want to converse when I came up to her. But I had to leave her when the Nabob hurried me on to talk to the chief sword-bearer of his royal army.

"When I looked back I saw Sweet still talking to the girl, and the Nabob must have seen him, too, for he motioned to Jack. Sweet was never a man to heed a warning when he was talking to a woman, and the King had to send one of his messengers back to drag Jack away to entertain his chief cup-bearer or chief something-or-other. I smiled when I saw Jack, in a grouch, go swaggering after the man.

"The performance started with music produced by a most curious orchestra of tom-toms and cymbals. It was weird music—I can hear it yet! That was the weirdest sight I have ever seen—no, I saw another sight in the same courtyard. I can see that always!

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"After the music came the dancing girls—Oriental dancing girls the same as danced for Mark Antony and Cleopatra and many another European, to their everlasting destruction. And while they danced and sang the lights were turned on in the fountain, and the audience stood up and howled with joy and astonishment. And frequently I could hear a penetrating half snarl and half roar break in on the singing and the music—it came from the pit, and it made the cold chills riot up and down my spinal column. That was a red-letter night in the social history of the kingdom of Banar.

"After the music and the dancing came the speeches. Jack and I got up and made a few remarks in appreciation of the event, talking in disreputable French which most of 'em couldn't understand. Jack made a great hit as he stood there, in his white suit, under the bright lights, and handed out the 'hot air.' I couldn't help but notice how the princess had her eyes fixed on him and was drinking in every word he uttered.

"The climax came when the orchestra broke into a wild, frightful thing that sounded like an Irish dirge, and they brought out the prisoner—the traitor to his King. He was dressed in black, with his hands tied behind him, and they dragged him before the Nabob, fighting like a mad bull. He was a ferocious-looking creature, but rather young and handsome, too. I couldn't get much of his wild plea for mercy—he talked too fast, and I was looking elsewhere. But the old Nabob was a thoroughgoing barbarian with no finicky notions about the value of life, and he only shrugged his shoulders and hustled the fellow on to his doom.

"I could see Jack sitting beside me, with an expressionless face, and I thought his conscience must be hurting him as mine was me. The thought that this part of the performance might be put on for our special benefit wasn't very comforting.

"And the princess sat cowering in her seat, hiding her eyes from the horrible sight. I was glad when I saw her, for I thought that even if her father was a barbarian she had a woman's heart. The old King seemed to be enjoying the scene immensely, with the same smile on his face that must have been on the faces of those Babylonian politicians, three thousand years ago, when they helped to push the King's pet into that other lions' den.

"And while the prisoner talked I couldn't help studying the faces around me. I saw there every tingling human emotion—amusement, curiosity, fear, horror—every human emotion but one, and that one was mercy.

"They dragged the prisoner over to the railing, and he gave a great shriek as they lifted him up bodily and heaved him over, down into the black pit. We heard a great roar from the depths and another shriek from the prisoner as he went down, and then the silence settled down like the black Egyptian night. At last the orchestra struck up the same weird refrain that had ushered the prisoner in.

"There was more music and more dancing, but it all seemed flat and tasteless, after that other. When it was over we took leave of the queens and the princess, and I noticed Sweet stop and whisper something to the princess, and she smiled. The Nabob noticed it, too, and I saw his face change. When I took her hand for the last time she winced and looked away.

"Then came a private dinner in the palace—such as could be served only in an Oriental country, with wine and more dancing women. But through it all I couldn't get out of my head the sight of that prisoner going down into the jaws of a dozen waiting lions.

"After the dinner the Nabob paid us for the job, in gold—all in gold, that glittered in the light of the new tungstens over the table as he had it weighed out. He suggested that we leave for Cairo the next day, with his caravan, which was going as far as Kordfan. I think the old man saw trouble brewing and wanted us out of the way."

The face of the speaker was working strangely now as he talked on in an even montone, and even the bored drummers were leaning forward in their seats. A brakeman thrust his head through the door and shouted: "Waterloo!" The stranger gave a nervous start. "That night was my Waterloo!" he said, so low that only a few of us heard him, and then he hurried on.

"Where was I? Oh, yes, after the ban-

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*Drawn by Wallace Morgan.*

"'How do you like 'em?' the Nabob asked me proudly."—Page 486.



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quet. When we reached our tents we divided the gold and hid it. I was glad the job was finished, but Jack seemed moody and distracted. I knew why. He excused himself soon and dove into his tent saying he would pack in the morning.

"I sat alone on my cot for some time, thinking of the beauty of the princess and the horror of all I had seen that night, and while I sat there something stalked in through the doorway and stood before me for half a minute before I could make up my mind whether I was looking at a real man or a ghost. The apparition bowed profoundly and announced: 'The King desires to see the honorable sahibs in his palace at once.' Then I woke suddenly, and about a hundred different complications shot through my brain while I got into my coat and slipped into Jack's tent to pull him out. But his tent was empty; his bunk hadn't been touched!

"The perspiration came oozing out all over me while I followed the messenger, trying to figure it all out. I hadn't reached any satisfactory conclusion concerning Jack's disappearance when we reached the Nabob, sitting just as we had left him, considerably the worse for wine.

"He looked up with a kind of gentle smile when I entered, and he said, pleasantly enough: 'I have noticed one of the lights failed to shine during our illustrious entertainment. As you are leaving tomorrow, we had better attend to this little matter to-night.' Then the corners of his mouth turned down in a way that sent the chills cavorting up and down my spinal column again, and he asked suddenly: 'And where is the sahib's illustrious partner?'

"It flashed across my mind that the old fellow knew more about Jack's whereabouts than I did myself, and my knees began to shake so that I was afraid he must see them, but I managed to blurt out: 'Your Majesty, my partner is ill, in bed. As I wired the lights, I am able to tell where the trouble lies.'

"'Was it my entertainment or the wine?' he smiled back suspiciously; and he added, speaking slowly: 'I fear he will be very ill.' Then his whole manner seemed to change, and he said gruffly: 'Come, we will see.' And he led me by a new route to a distant corner of the palace, where he stepped through a small door and pressed a button—I had put it there myself—and the courtyard became as light as day.

"I was looking up to see the missing globe—which I couldn't see, because it wasn't there—so I didn't notice the two people sitting on the bench beneath the yew-tree until I heard a muffled scream like I had heard once before. I looked down to see Jack sitting on the bench, looking calmly at the Nabob, and the girl standing up, shrinking back from her father. After what seemed a long time she went over and put her hand on Jack's shoulder.

"I glanced at the Nabob's face and it was black. Suddenly he seemed to find his voice and let out a stream of curses, and began to shout orders to a swarm of servants who trooped out of the palace. They bound poor Jack and dragged him away, and then the Nabob turned to his daughter and began to curse her again, still speaking in a vernacular I did not understand. She didn't show any cowardice then—there was no yellow streak in that girl; she talked back at first like a real barbarian and then, when she saw it was no use, she turned and ran for the palace with her hands clinched and her eyes flashing.

"The servants attended to me next, and when I came to I was in a stuffy little cage. It was well furnished, but when I saw the bars across the windows and tried the door, I knew I was a prisoner.

"You may believe me, gentlemen, when I say I did not sleep that night. Shining out of the dark, wherever I turned, I could see three faces: Jack's and the girl's, and that other prisoner's face as he went over the railing down to those hungry lions. They stood like a guard over me all night.

"It seemed more than a month before the morning came and a servant brought me food. I begged the wrinkled old renegade to take me to the Nabob, but he listened like a stoic and pretended he did not understand. For four days I was alone except for the visits of the servant, and he would give me no news of the outside world. And all through the nights I dreamed of the agony I saw written on

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the face of that other prisoner, and heard ringing in my ears his shrieks for mercy.

"On the fourth night—I think it was the fourth night—the guards came and tied my hands behind me and led me out to the courtyard again. It was all lit up by those cursed electric lights, and it was crowded with people, like the other night, only more so. The guards forced me down into a seat in the middle of the mob. From where I sat I had a good view of the Nabob, up on the same throne, with the same wicked grin on his face. His wives were around him, and near them I saw—the princess.

"She was under one of the arc-lights, and her profile was plain. She seemed tired, and her head drooped as though she had not slept, but she kept her eyes straight ahead and she looked very calm. I knew what was to happen to my old pal that night, and I grew angry that she did not show more regret over a death she had caused. I wanted to see her break down and sob hysterically, and when she didn't I kept repeating to myself, 'She's only a barbarian, after all,' and I cursed her in my heart.

"It may be it was only my imagination, but the crowd seemed in more of a holiday mood than on the other night. They were like a mob which has had a taste of blood and thirsts for more. There was the same weird music and voluptuous dancing as before, but I heard no sound from that black pit in the centre. I waited, spellbound, appalled. It was like sitting down to watch your own execution, and mine might be included in the evening's entertainment, for all I knew.

"I looked down and into the two most soulful, most tantalizing brown eyes I have ever seen—or ever hope to see."—Page 486.

"After the interminable music and dancing was over they led Jack out of the palace. He was dressed all in black, as the other prisoner had been, with his hands bound behind him. He looked pale, but he walked like a king. I couldn't help but be proud of my pal as he came across the courtyard, the handsomest man in the crowd, going to his death. He

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bowed to the Nabob, and the old heathen shrugged his shoulders, as usual. I saw Jack's eyes travel over the rabble, looking for me, but he couldn't see me in all that horde, and he turned and looked straight at the princess and bowed again. And she—well, she seemed to smile, but she kept looking straight ahead of her, sending him wireless messages with her eyes, I suppose, and she gave no sign of recognition, for the old King was watching her.

"And all the time I was thinking I must save 'Dodger' somehow. He was my pal. I didn't know what to do, but I knew whatever was done must be done quickly. So I jumped up in the middle of that pack of cutthroats and made a run for the Nabob.

"Biff! And I fell down a dozen steps when one of the villains slashed at me with the flat side of his sword, only it wasn't the flat side quite; that's where the beggar hit me—" The speaker drew a finger along the livid scar that stood out like a brand on his cheek. "The warm blood spurting down my neck kind of revived me, while the natives hauled me back to my seat. It made quite a diversion for a minute, and Jack saw the disturbance, and he looked over and saw me and smiled, and then I knew that he knew I had tried to do my duty.

"Jack looked just as cool as he used to look at the kick-off in a championship game, as they led him over toward the black pit. I couldn't help wondering if somehow his great football strength wouldn't help him now, and then I remembered that his hands were tied.

"He went down into the pit feet foremost, and there weren't any disgraceful cries like the other prisoner gave as he went. We heard one throaty, snarly roar come up, and then it was silent—silence more horrible than all that had gone before. Jack went into the lions' den like a man. He went the way old Daniel must have gone."

The stranger paused again and pushed his trembling fingers through his white hair, while his eyes—unseeing eyes—looked out beyond our silent group in the Pullman smoker. "The rest of that performance is hazy—all hazy in mind. I seem to remember that I stood up before the Nabob when it was over, and he lectured me on the folly of an Englishman aspiring to the hand of a princess, and he told me politely and diplomatically that I could leave the country in the morning with his caravan, which was still waiting to take me as far as Kordfan. I remember that he said: 'It would be better if the honorable sahib does not return to my country,' and I told him not to worry—I had no desire to return.

"When I reached my tent and all of the time I was packing that night I could hear the guard pacing up and down in front. I found our gold, Jack's and mine, where we had hidden it, and I picked up all of his things that I thought his folks might want, my tears splashing down into his trunk as I packed them. When it was all finished I lay down on a pile of blankets to rest, not to sleep; my cheek was too painful, but I was tired and weak from the loss of blood. I lay there staring into the mystery of the night till I heard the camel drivers creep out in the early morning to fit the animals for the day's journey.

"I must have fallen into a doze after that, for I was dreaming that Jack was going down into the lions' den, and the princess snatched the light veil off her face and threw it to him, and he caught one end, and she was swinging him, suspended, just above those lions' jaws when I woke up. A guard was standing over me telling me it was time to start. We left at daylight, and no one came to see us off.

"We travelled all the morning till we came to the edge of the great desert, where we stopped for mid-day lunch and our siesta. Just before it was time to start again, a gypsy, all humped over, came to the door of my tent and asked to tell my fortune. I smiled sarcastically at the absurdity of the idea—*my fortune!* The servant was going to send the old woman away—Africa, like India, is overrun with the pests; they have open sesame to every man's tent, and their coming and going excites no comment—when a whim seized me. 'Show her in,' I called to him; 'if there can be more trouble on this trip, I want to know it.' I had in mind to ask her about the princess.

"She came in timidly, not like a profes-

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"They dragged the prisoner over to the railing, and he gave a great shriek as they lifted him up bodily and heaved him over, down into the black pit."—Page 488.

sional fakir—I might have noticed that, but I didn't—while the servant watched from the door. When she took my hand to look at the palm, hers trembled like mine does now." The speaker held out his unsteady hand again. "Then she



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looked up into my face and whispered low: 'Don't you know me?' When I looked down I thought I was dreaming again—there were the brown eyes, the tantalizing eyes, of the princess shining up at me from a stained gypsy face.

"'Don't recognize me,' she begged softly before I could find my voice; and then she said out loud, for the servant to hear: 'You will have a safe journey. You are going on a long journey—leaving Africa never to return. You will go away and—forget!'

"'Forget—never!' I cried out before I thought of the servant; then I had to fight to hold my face straight while I turned and sent him away. I talked to the girl for an hour, but it was no use—not the way I meant.

"She listened patiently for a while, and then she stopped me with a little gesture of despair. 'No, I can't do that! And I can't stay here, not now. Please,'—and my heart jumped when she said that—'please let me go with your caravan as far as Kordfan—maybe as far as Khartum—there I shall enter a convent, if I don't find my friend'; and then she corrected herself and said 'friends,' and added: 'And then you'll never see me again. Please let me go with you.' She was begging in delicious French, and I was almost ready to cry out with joy, but I had to make a few excuses before I gave in. Finally, I called the leader of the caravan and told him in a loud voice, that all could hear, to let 'this dog of a gypsy' travel with us.

"I won't say much of that trip to Kordfan—how I tried to talk, and how she held me off on every possible occasion. At Kordfan—which is the first city across the desert—we stopped for a day while I looked around for some means to push on to Khartum, and the other caravan turned back. The princess disappeared immediately on our arrival, and, though I searched the town over, I could not find her, and finally I gave up hope of ever seeing her again. The escapade of the girl had implicated me, and I was rather anxious to get away, for I had no desire to furnish an evening's entertainment for his Majesty nor to break the fast of those dozen Abyssinian lions. Only a few caravans were moving at that season, and it was about sundown when I at last secured a passage to Khartum with a party of wool merchants who were leaving the following morning. I did not fancy the company of the wool-buyers, but it was the only outfit which I could find going out for a week, so I chose the least of two evils. Just after dark, as I stood in the public bazar watching the dealers haggling over a few stray fleeces to complete their load, the girl crept up quietly. 'My friend did not come,' she said abruptly, holding out her hands imploringly, 'and I must—I *must* go on with you.'

"Now, for a woman—be she king's daughter, gypsy, or negress—to travel with a party of rough wool merchants and not come to harm was impossible. It was about as safe as riding in a box-car with a band of hoboes, and I explained to the girl how it was, but she kept saying: 'I must get to Khartum—I *must* get to Khartum!'

"'There is one way, and only one,' I told her at last, with my heart pounding against my ribs.

"'Tell me, what is it?' she said eagerly. 'I *must* get to Khartum.'

"'Go as my wife. We can arrange it quickly. Heathen or Christian ceremony is good enough for me. Come, it is the only way. You can't stay here; your father may be here any minute. It isn't safe.' I knew it was a mean advantage to take of a helpless girl, to attempt to force her hand while she was in a hard position like that, but it was the only thing I could think of—the only thing I wanted to think of.

"'Not that.' And she stepped back, gasping, and struggling with the problem, clasping and unclasping her pretty, brown hands, with her forehead wrinkled into knots, while I watched her fight it out. Finally, she said quietly: 'I can't do that. There must be another way—some other way. Maybe I can hide—here!' And she looked around and shuddered.

"'You'll be caught,' I insisted. I was afraid she would stay and I would lose her.

"'Isn't there some *other* way?' she asked pitifully, putting her soft brown hands into mine.

"'Then disguise yourself as a boy and

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go as my servant,' I said, as the idea popped into my head. She looked up, shocked at the suggestion at first, then she smiled and ran away.

"When she came back the next morning, just before we started, I wouldn't

down on the kick-off and earned the title of 'Dodger,' and she suddenly burst into a rippling laugh—it was the first time I had heard her laugh since we left Kordfan. I never mentioned Jack again.

"So we travelled over the desert for

"There were the brown eyes, the tantalizing eyes, of the princess shining up at me from a stained gypsy face."—Page 494.

have known the girl if it hadn't been for the oval face and her big brown eyes. Her hair was clipped short, her skin was stained a deeper brown, and she wore a boy's dress. I thanked God then that she was built slender and lithe like a sixteen-year-old lad and her figure was such as would not give her away.

"She had to talk to me on that journey; she was my servant. We conversed much, of Europe and America, of theatres and books, and of men and women. Sometimes she seemed greatly interested, and her eyes would shine while I told her stories of college days, and then all of a sudden her interest would seem to flicker like a candle and die out. I tried not to mention Jack—I wanted to forget and I wanted her to forget, too. But without thinking, one day, I started to tell her of Jack's exploit on the football field, when he went through eleven men for a touch-

fourteen days until we came within sight of Khartum—she, sad; and I, happy. When I would wake up at night and remember that she was sleeping on guard just outside my door—well, I didn't care to remember anything more. I don't think I wasted much regret over Jack's fate on that journey.

"As we got near to Khartum her spirits seemed to rise, and she tripped about the camp twittering like a bird. When we arrived in the afternoon she disappeared again, and presently she came back looking tired and weary. The next day and the next she went away, and—well, you understand how it was; I followed the girl to see that no harm came to her. She knew the town very well, it appeared, for she hit off up one street and down another until she came to the corner of a walled convent on the edge of town, where she stood for an hour, peering out at every

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"A few curious loafers stood and looked for a moment and then passed on."—Page 497.

one who passed. Then I knew where she had learned to read French. She seemed much disappointed when she started back for the hotel.

"When she brought my dinner that night I made her sit and eat with me, as she usually did, and I asked her casually if she had found her friend. She seemed to force back the tears and tried to put on a hopeful look, but all she would say was: 'He did not come. To-morrow, maybe.'

"When a week had passed I became anxious to push on to Cairo. The steel road was built to Khartum then, as I said, and we could leave any morning. So I began to urge her again to come with me,



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but she only shook her head and became more downcast and despondent each day. And each day I followed her to the convent to see that no harm came to her.

"Then one afternoon as she stood in the shadow of the wall, disguised in her servant-boy's dress, with a large blanket thrown about her shoulders to hide her figure more effectively, I saw a great tanned Arab sheik making his way across the square. He walked straight to where the girl stood, but he did not seem to notice her. She stepped out and pulled his sleeve. He looked down in amazement for half a minute, and then he crushed her in his arms. Their lips met many times, while a few curious loafers stood and looked for a moment and then passed on—men folks embracing each other is a common sight in the Orient. When the Arab turned his face full toward me, I nearly cried out and gave myself away in my surprise. Under the long robe, the false beard, and the brown face I recognized the broad shoulders and the clear-cut features of Jack Sweet, the Dodger, delivered from the lions' den.

"How he had escaped from the beasts—how he had gotten away from the palace—how he had made his way over six hundred miles of desert and wilderness—that didn't bother me then. I never wished my pal bad luck—I tried to save him when he went down into the pit, but for a few minutes, as I stood there, I wished to God the beasts had eaten him. I went back to my room and sat down, alone.

"When the city was asleep they came to me, Jack—the old Jack—big, strong, and happy, with a light in his eyes that I used to see there after a gridiron victory, and the girl, with a light in her eyes that shines in every happy woman's eyes—once!

"I gave my old pal his share of the money, we talked a little while, cried on each other's necks, shook hands, and parted. I have never seen them since. They went to Europe—Paris, I believe. I suppose he's at the front now—that is, unless—" The old young man ran a trembling hand through his white hair and picked up his French paper. "My hair was gray before; it turned white that night."

"Omaha!" shouted the conductor.

"I get off here," said the stranger, starting to rise.

Buddy Plimpton—irrepressible Buddy—seized him by the arm. "But how—how did your friend escape—from the lions' den?" he begged, in a curious, subdued voice.

"How did he escape? Oh, yes." The white-haired man gave a mirthless laugh, while the scar on his cheek twitched convulsively. "I forgot why I told the story. He escaped in the same way old Daniel escaped. An angel was sent to close the lion's mouth. The angel in this case was in the person of the King's daughter. She bribed the keeper to smuggle into the lions' den, back in the rocks, the carcasses of three freshly killed Abyssinian beeves and half a dozen fatted lambs two hours before the execution. A gorged lion does not relish such a dainty titbit as a man."

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# THE MANHANDLER

## By Hugh Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

"THE first logical reason why I cannot allow your claim on the county for $175 as bounty for these coyote scalps," said Commissioner Beldame of Chinkapin, kindly but with a warning firmness, "is that the *canis latrans frustror* has but *two* ears. These occur on either side of the median occipital stripe, and not in series on flanks, haunches, and belly. I figure, dad," he continued, lapsing into a vernacular more in keeping with his open-throated blue shirt, "that by rawhiding little three-cornered notches you've produced something like seventeen scalps to the hide. The second logical reason—ah—I was afraid of that."

There was a slight commotion across the deal tables of the commissioner's office. Its calming saw shrewd but bibulous old Dad Selby, sitting flat in the dust of Main Street, abashedly reaching for the gun he had unwisely drawn and that had been contemptuously tossed in the wake of his parabolic career, through the portals and clear of the walk.

"Manhandling," commented my host, Scott Curtiss, poet of the "White Horse" and author of last year's campaign anthem for the Chinkapin election, "Way Over in the Valley of Saline":

> "Way over in the Valley of Saline
> Way over in the Valley where they grow,
> Jesse F. Fredericks will never get there
> Don't you know, don't you know."

"Manhandling—what's the piece about the feller that out-heroded Herod?—well that's Cuvier Beldame. They call him the 'Logical Reason of the Cimarron,' and I wouldn't be surprised if we sent him to Congress. You've just seen his weakness, but when that feller come to this man's country he was too prissy to say 'pants.' Now look at him. He'd be good in Congress. He ain't only cultured. He's educated almost, and six months more in the short-grass country will finish him."

I'm the huckleberry that found the mastodon's bones at Medicine Lodge. That was the summer that Cherokee Strip was opened to settlement, and I rode up from Comanche Pool range and wrote a letter about the mastodon to Harvard. I guess they get a lot of that kind of literature, but I backed mine up with a ham-bone's big as a calf, so they sent out a scout, and this here Beldame was it. He wasn't exactly a perfessor, but he was workin' up to be one and he had all the privileges and emoluments, as they say—'bout as thick through the chest as the jack of dimonds sidewise and about the same view on life.

There's been too much said about tenderfeet. I've lived out here all my life and I ain't never yet seen one of the story-book kind—this man's country is good to a beginner. The only tenderfoot I recognize is the sucker like that Senator Dodge that spoke here last night and said he would put his language in simple words like we could *all* understand—people that slap you in the face to attract your attention to how much better they is than you, and I don't reckon they get cuddled up to much anywheres. Well, Cuvier wasn't like that. His trouble was different. He liked ridin' out with the boys, but he liked best ridin' out with old Alfalfa Bill's daughter, and everybody took a' interest in him and sort of boosted him along, till he started to tryin' to introduce the cultured code of an effete civilization into the modus operandi of a cow camp, as the feller says, and then we jest nacherally had to drop him.

I reckon you didn't know Hellroarin' Jake Sanchi. People liked Jake because he was such a liar—but they didn't like him too dawgone much. Jake was yellow, and like a lot of people of that sort he knowed it and tried to cover it up by



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Its calming saw shrewd but bibulous old Dad Selby, sitting flat in the dust of Main Street.
—Page 498.

goin' to the other extreme and posin' as a man-eater. He found out early in the game that he could lick poor old Swede Coyle up at Kiowa. Jake lived on that for nearly three years. Every time he thought his reputation was wanin' or somebody'd cast aspersions on his bluff, he'd ride up to Kiowa and lick Swede Coyle. Then Swede died of pneumonia some time between lickin's and that left Jake in the air without no foundations, and he was sort of proddin' around for a new one when this Beldame come along.

And, sure enough, Beldame—Four-Eyes, they called him then, 'count of his glasses—comin' in late to the ranch-house one night, left his horse standin' saddled in the yard, forgot about him, and went to bed. He was a sort of guest at the place, so Bradley told Jake to put the horse away. That was enough for Jake. He mentioned it right while we was saddlin' up next mornin', and he mentioned it in the bunk-



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house that night, and he mentioned it nasty and aggravatin' again next day.

"I'm very sorry," says Beldame; "it shall not happen again."

Well, you've seen the work of people like Jake. He wouldn't let up, and he wound up by callin' names.

"I see," says Beldame, "that you desire a combat. There is no logical reason why I should fight you. It would doubtless result in my serious injury, and, as I lay no claim to physical prowess, if you continue your abuse I shall be compelled to leave."

Then Jake slapped him. It bloodied his nose and jarred him up a little, but he wiped his face off with a handkerchief and walked away. Well, there wasn't no spunk about that. I know now that he was just livin' up to his lights, and he sure didn't seem scared, but it left an awful raw taste. The boys began to find that their business didn't seem to carry them anywhere near where Beldame happened to be ridin', and that sort of led to the state of affairs where they didn't seem to find nothin' particular to say when he conversed with 'em. Then there was the matter of Old Bill's daughter. I don't reckon she'd been showin' him a very good time. Sometimes women cotton to a feller that men won't have much to do with, but it's usually because he's makin' a business of somethin' in the women's department that men ain't got much time for—that is, not two-fisted he-men. And it ain't healthy—not for a life hitch. They's got to be one woman and one man in every team, and three-quarters of either is a sort of bobtail straight. Beldame got right down-hearted and come and consulted me about it.

"Physical combat," says he, "is a harkback to brutality. To a man who attempts to regulate his life by the dictates of cold reason it is abhorrent. I pride myself on that, and I apprehend that it required more courage to take Sanchi's abuse than it would to have shot him—which I could quite readily have done. I cannot see why the men do not appreciate my position. That, however, would be a matter of complete indifference to me did I not find that it is an attitude that is not confined to men. I should be grateful if you could put the matter in a light that would appeal to my logical reason."

"Son," says I, "is there any logical reason why you care more what Grace Bradley thinks about your taking a slap in the face than you care what I think?"

"Sex attraction," says he, "is an indisputable fact."

"I noticed that when that big bully slapped you you got all white in the face and your fists clenched and your Adam's apple sort of went up and down."

"Animal passion—which I conclude it is the duty of a man of intellect to control."

"You think them two propositions over," says I; "and do you like to ride a horse fast and feel the wind in your face and the little creep o' danger up and down your back?—do you like to bite into a wedge of pie?—do you like to come over a high hilltop where you can see all the country for miles and miles on a ca'm day?—or do you like the smell of a flower? Why is music beautiful?—and do you think your mother is the best woman on earth?—and don't you like anything but what's got a logical reason? Because, if you don't—get somebody to bury you. You're dead."

"You preach paganism," he says; "those are the very emotions I consider it my duty to control. This has been placed so sharply against my belief that I could never be happy if I succumbed to it."

"You'll never be worth figurin' about till you do," I told him, and Grace Bradley, she put it in a different way.

"You go and whip Bill Sanchi," was her way, and it sounds sort of shockin' and gives you a bad idea of Grace, but she's a common-sense girl. There was a time when old Alfalfa Bill could have rid from the Cimarron to the Salt Fork and never touched a foot that wasn't his range or seen a critter that didn't bear his brand, but he signed too many bad notes, and the government takin' the Strip Range away busted him, but you see Grace had been brought up Eastern style. She'd sized the thing up too and she knew what she was talkin' about. But Cuvier had a conscience and he told her the same thing.

"I could never respect myself if I did a thing that makes so small an appeal to my intellect for so slight a reason."

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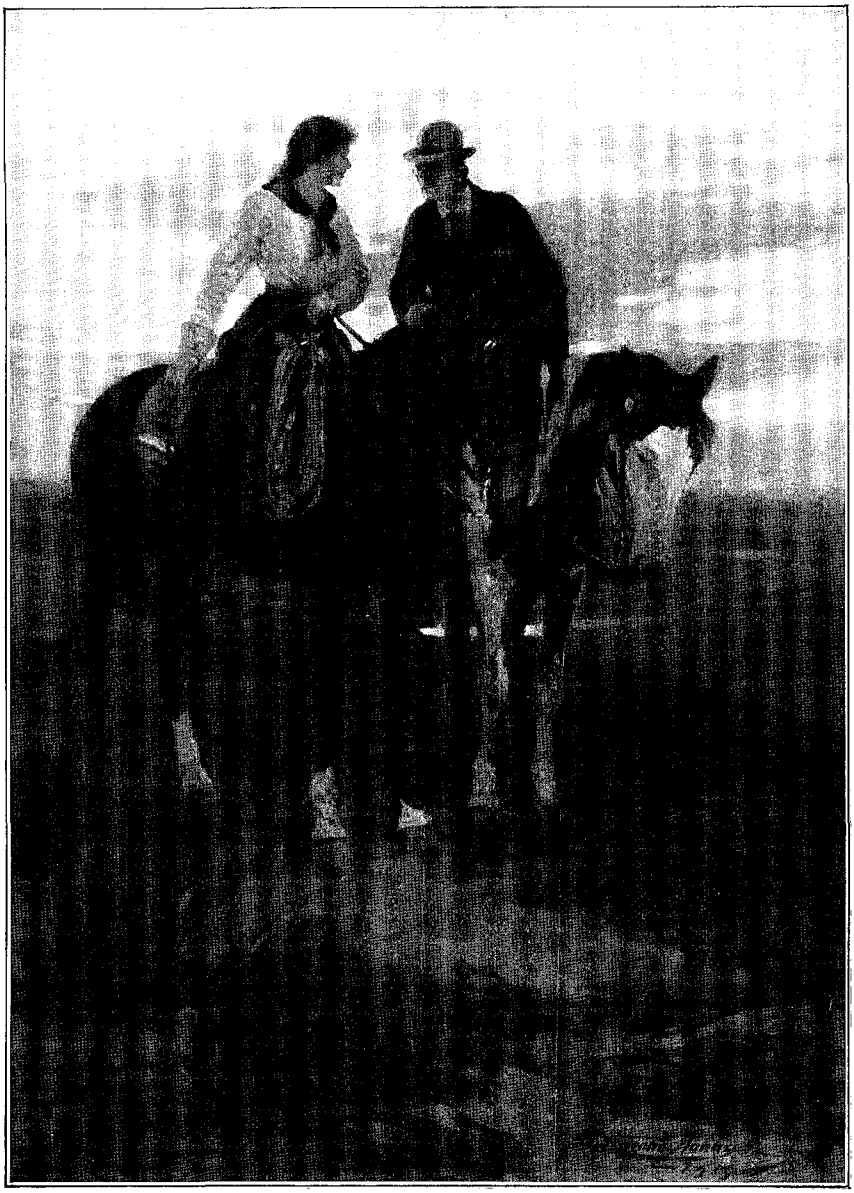

He liked ridin' out with the boys, but he liked best ridin' out with old Alfalfa Bill's daughter.
—Page 498.

That kind of language wasn't helpful to buddin' romance, and I reckon Beldame would be potterin' over old dead bones to this good day if the Strip hadn't opened just the way it did.

It's too bad the government changed the way of openin' up new country to drawin' lots out of a lottery-bag from the old one of a big race and first staker gets the farm. One way gives you people of the kind that'll take a gambler's chance—when there's nothin' to lose; the other collects them that'll take a fightin' chance with nothin' but the deep blue sea to fall back into if their holts slip, and that was the kind of homesteaders that had been gatherin' on the south Kansas line from Kiawa to Coffeeville—good people—



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Mayflower people—Sante Fé and Cumberland trail people—people who for this reason or that wasn't just as successful as they might have been in Kansas and Iowa, and Illinois and Nebraska, and all the rest of the States, but that had too much git-up-and-git to sit mopin' on a mortgaged farm, and was willin' to take a new chance on a shoe-string—Americans with an education in hard knocks—two to ten kids and not a dollar to bless 'em. It wasn't no place for the half-baked, and of course Beldame didn't have no idea of makin' the rush. He went down to the line to see the last of Grace Bradley, and he got there just before noon, when the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile go-line was crowded for the start of the biggest free-for-all one-to-sixty-mile horse-race that's ever been pulled off in history.

Along-side of old Bradley on Roan Billy, Grace was sittin' in a high-wheeled sulky with the reins taut across the back of Tantamount, Alfalfa's 2.04 pacin' mare, that sniffed the kicked-up dust and powdered buffalo-grass, the smell of bananas, and lemonade, and lunches in paper baskets, and recognized the signs of a county-fair race-meet, and so was latherin' under the breast-strap and honin' to be off.

Out in front was all as peaceful as a country Sunday, the Promised Land, swimmin' in the dry, cool air, purple with richness, and so clear and clean that the way-off trees along the watercourses looked near up but little—like you was lookin' through the wrong end of field-glasses—and not a breathin' soul in the breadth of it. It was one of them big minutes. It was the bornin' of a State—but young Four-Eyes, I don't reckon he saw it. He was standin' with one foot on the sulky wheel moonin' at Grace—her black hair blowin' in her blue eyes, and her cheeks red, and the full of her breast risin' and fallin' with the excitement of it. Well, sir, at the last minute she seen that the halter strap was loose and swingin' at Tantamount's feet.

"I'll arrange it," says Beldame.

"I don't want it arranged—I want it fixed." So he got in the cart to hold the horse, and the minute she stepped back and took the reins the cannons boomed and something like seventy-five thousand people shot across that line with a whoop and a rumble like—why, they jest nacherally couldn't have been anything like that noise since them sort of Chinese Indians come rollin' down on Rome.

Beldame's little round hat went sailin' off into space, and his head snapped back till it almost went sailin' after it. He grabbed Grace around the waist to keep from fallin' out, and, sometimes on one wheel but mostly on none, Tantamount snaked that high-wheeler out in front of the ruck of wagons and schooners and behind only the race-horses and fast ponies that would beat her on the get-away, but not a hope on the twenty-mile pull she was staged for. You see, Grace wasn't eligible for a farm, but she could take a town lot and the scheme was that old Bill would take the farm—he knowed the country like a pack of cards, and Grace would get the best corner lot in the new-made-to-order city.

Well, pretty soon they'd settled down to the long stride. Ahead of 'em was only two or three dozen little specks—the racers like her dad. But 'most a mile behind was the jumble of wagons and buggies and mule-teams and foot-racers and caravans and people on ponies and burros and—well, there was ostridges in that race, and Sanchi said he seen camels, but nobody else ever did.

But you couldn't see that—all you could see was a big, dirty, yellow, bellying cloud—thick on the ground like a prairie fire, and so long in both directions that your eye played out before it hit the end, with streamers and feathers of dust reachin' the sky, and out of that curtain all the shrieks and yells and clatter and bang and roar of the other place.

"You might hold on by the seat," says Grace; "you'd be safer and it wouldn't give the neighbors so much to talk about."

Beldame grips the seat.

"They're gaining a little, I think," says he, and he was pantin' when he said it.

You know where Chinkapin Springs is. Well, Old Bill had told Grace to pull up there. It's the second-best bit of land in the strip, and the old man thought that if when he got there he found somebody was ahead of him for the Valley Farm he wanted, he'd stake

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But he stood up in that cart-bottom like a charioteer and he threw the gad into old Tantamount.—Page 505.

at Chinkapin, and even if he had went on that was the place for Grace to stop and blow the mare.

When they hit the Springs the old man had tacked up a note sayin' he'd gone on, and Grace told Beldame about it.

"And," says she, "if you'll take one of the stakes in the bottom of the cart, write your name on it and stick it in the ground, you'll be owner in fee simple of the next best farm in Oklahoma."

Beldame got out. You ought to hear him tell about it—it was part of his campaign speech last fall.

"When my stake bit into the turf, something seemed to tingle up my arms and feet. I had never owned land. I looked at the little stream at my feet,



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He was the fightenist little pinch of chili I've ever met up with.—Page 505.

cold and clear, and the green acres stretching away toward the river. Something hit me—*hard*. I don't know if it was a long line of landholding Saxon forebears gripping hands with me across the divide —but it was something. And when I climbed back into that cart my mind was full of just one thing. I was going to stick. I wanted to take my place with the people around me. I belonged here."

They topped the rise at the bluff where the river land slopes down to the town two miles away. Only there wasn't any town then, just squares pegged out with white stakes, but there she lay like a tennis-court snuggling up to the river, and about



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as big in the distance as a pocket-handkerchief spread upon a lawn. But they'd either stopped too long at Chinkapin, or they hadn't come in a straight line. Right over the top of the ridge on their heels come the ruck. Then's when Beldame forgot about logical reason.

"Oh, they're here," he gulped — "they're right on top of us. Here, let me drive." And he didn't stop to argue it. He'd never had leathers in his hands before. But he stood up in that cart-bottom like a charioteer and he threw the gad into old Tantamount. She broke her pace and started down the slope at a dead run. The willows at the river bed beat a bastinado on the cart-bottom. They went through the ford like a snow-plough soaked—up the rise, down through the town toward the land office, and they hit the square with a splinter and smash of cart wheels and a collision with three other rigs. Grace landed on her face, but with the stake in her hand, and she stuck it. Beldame got up out of the dust and come back to her. The two of them was squatted on what looked to be the best lot in Chinkapin.

Well, of course the jumpers and fakirs was on top of them in thirty seconds Mex. The first one come right up to Cuvier.

"What are you doin' on my lot," says he. "I staked this here lot and went into the land office to register."

"You did like hell," says Beldame, and I don't reckon he even knew he'd said it, but the crowd already linin' up at the land-office door hooted, and that feller went his way grumblin'. Next come old Slicker Bill Eldridge. He'd been down the line buying up every likely lot on the street. He had a little satchel full of greasy bills swung to a strap on his shoulder. He used to be a circus barker and a crowd was followin' him admirin' his methods. He begun by offerin' five hundred dollars to 'em to get off and let him stake, but Grace shook her head and he bid up, till he was cavortin' around like a trained bear, shakin' a double handful of money under her nose and claimin' to offer her four thousand dollars, which was big money in these parts. And I reckon that another bid would have pulled 'em off, but Grace stood pat. It was too bad.

Then they went into the land office to register. The queue was already half a mile long, and they hadn't any more'n got into it than kids come to tell 'em their lot was jumped. Beldame got there first, and, sure enough, Grace's stake had been kicked off, and there, standin' square in the middle of the lot, hat on the back of his head, hands on his hips, stood big Jake Sanchi. When he seen Beldame he just howled.

"*Your* lot?" says he; "why, you simperin' little pinch o' type-lice—you mosey along off this wickiup or I'll hit you so hard hell'll smell of bugs and bones for six months to come."

Well, to an uninformationed bystander it looked pitiful. Jake Sanchi could have broke that lad in two over his knee—and he come mighty near doin' it. Beldame walks over slow and deliberate. First, he takes off his coat, and he folds that up and lays it on the ground. The crowd yelled and howled with laughin'. I didn't, though. I remembered when the Chicago *Herald* and old Fred Lawrence brought a train-load of Chicago newsboys out for a week on the old Bar M. ranch. Some of them kids hadn't never seen the ground without pavin'-blocks on it. Well, there was somethin' the same look on their faces that Beldame had on his. He sort of moistened his lips with his tongue, and his hands trembled when he rolled up his shirt-sleeves. He was tryin' to control hisself all right—but not to keep from fightin'. Why, that boy was just *honin'* to it like a homesick Swiss. Then he turns around. He wasn't no more than five-foot eight—stooped the way he was, with that peerin' sort of a look from nosin' into books all his life, and he didn't weigh more'n one-twenty net. He didn't have no idea of fightin'. But he sort of dug his toes in, and then he jumped into it—all spraddled out like a cat landin'. He kicked, bit, punched, clawed, and of course Jake just leaned over—caught him by the belt and the full of the shirt—lifted him up in the air, and threw him down so hard I thought every bone in his body was gone. But he lit runnin' and runnin' for Jake. For a controlled and intellectual man, he was the fightenist little pinch of chili I've ever met up with. Most of his shirt was gone, and he'd cut his forehead on a rock. Some-



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how he broke through Jake's guard and got in about six punches before Jake landed and knocked him wheelin' clear across the lot. Back again, and this time Jake caught him by the throat, and I reckoned it would all be over, and I was gettin' sadly ready to stop it.

You don't like to think about a woman mixin' up in a thing like that, do you? Well, I don't either, but this here done me a world of good. Grace pushed through the crowd, and when she seen what it was she looked at me reproachful.

"You stand here and let that go on!" There was a spoke of the busted cart wheel with a piece of hub hangin' to it, in her way. She was just like a catamount goin' to the rescue of a cub. It wasn't much of a lick. But it jarred Jake some, so that he broke loose. I don't reckon Beldame knowed he had help. He squared away and caught Jake on the point of the jaw with a lucky swing, and down that big yellow bully went on one knee. Of course Beldame was on him like a terrier, but I pulled him off.

"Wait till he gets up," I says, for I seen that Jake was ready to whimper, "it'll do you more good—*psychologically*." I don't know where I got that word, but it appealed to him.

"Thank you," he says, "I think it will."

It sounded right funny, too. His lips was swelled till they looked like the crease in a ripe tomato, both eyes was most shut, but his face was beamin' like a kid's at a Christmas tree, and the minute Jake got on his feet Beldame was after him again, but the crowd pulled him off that time, for Jake was yelpin' and the show was over—all but just one thing. Somebody with an official badge on was breakin' through the crowd. I thought maybe it was a town marshal or something, but the marshal was in the front row hollerin' his head off. It was a college-boy sort of chap with corduroy pants and a little linen hat on the back of his head. On his shoulder he was carryin' one of these here surveyor's transits.

"Back from the line, please—back from the plaza line."

Then he saw Jake's stake.

"What's this?" And somebody told him. Jake had sneaked off, but Beldame was on the job.

"This your lot-claim?"

Cuvier's lips hurt him to speak but he nodded.

"Sorry, old chap, but you've staked the public plaza. I'm just running out the true line."

Beldame didn't care, but the day had been too much for Grace Bradley and she began to cry.

"Then we haven't any lot—or any lot—or anything."

She was just sort of naturally gravitatin' toward Beldame with both fists in her eyes, and he held out his arms to take her. I reckon there was five hundred people gathered around by that time, but when they're the *kind* of people them was—*you* know—I've tried to tell you—it's all in the family.

"Oh, yeb—we hab, by darlig—we'b got the farb and we'b got each other."

She was crying on his pinched little chest, and the crowd of dollarless homesteaders was cheering until they couldn't have heard no more if they'd said it. But they didn't need to say it. Last county fair, their kaffir-corn, and their alfalfa, and their oldest baby all took blue ribbons, and you've seen what the short-grass country's done for Cuvier—yes, I reckon six months more of it and he'll be educated up as a congressional sample of the land.

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# NIMMO'S EYES

## By Edwin Arlington Robinson

SINCE you remember Nimmo, and arrive
At such a false and florid and far-drawn
Confusion of odd nonsense, I connive
No longer, though I may have led you on.

So much is told and heard and told again,
So many with his legend are engrossed,
That I, more sorry now than I was then,
May live on to be sorry for his ghost.

We all remember Nimmo, and his eyes,—
How deep they were, and what a velvet light
Came out of them when anger or surprise,
Or laughter, or Francesca, made them bright.

You must remember Nimmo's eyes, I think,—
And you say not a word of them. Well, well,
I wonder if all history's worth a wink,
Sometimes, or if my tale is one to tell.

For they began to lose their velvet light;
Their fire grew dead without and small within;
And many of you deplored the needless fight
That somewhere in the dark there must have been.

All fights are needless, when they're not our own,—
But Nimmo and Francesca never fought.
Remember that; and when you are alone,
Remember me—and think what I have thought.

And think of Nimmo's eyes; and if you can,
Remember something in them that was wrong.
A casual thing to ask of any man,
You tell me,—and you laugh? You won't laugh long.

Now, mind you, I say nothing of what was,
Or never was, or could or could not be:
Bring not suspicion's candle to the glass
That mirrors a friend's face to memory.

Of what you see, see all,—but see no more;
For what I show you here will not be there.
The devil has had his way with paint before,
And he's an artist,—and you needn't stare.

There was a painter and he painted well:
He'd paint you Daniel in the lions' den,
Beelzebub, Elaine, or William Tell.
I'm coming back to Nimmo's eyes again.



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The painter put the devil in those eyes,
Unless the devil did, and there he stayed;
And then the lady fled from paradise,
And there's your fact. The lady was afraid.

She must have been afraid, or may have been,
Of evil in their velvet all the while;
But sure as I'm a sinner with a skin,
I'll trust the man as long as he can smile.

I trust him who can smile and then may live
In my heart's house, where Nimmo is to-day.
God knows if I have more than men forgive
To tell him; but I played, and I shall pay.

I knew him then, and if I know him yet,
I know in him, defeated and estranged,
The calm of men forbidden to forget
The calm of women who have loved and changed.

But there are ways that are beyond our ways,
Or he would not be calm and she be mute,
As one by one their lost and empty days
Pass without even the warmth of a dispute.

God help us all when women think they see,
God save us when they do. I'm fair; but though
I know him only as he looks to me,
I know him,—and I tell Francesca so.

She makes an epic of an episode,
I tell her, and the toil is ruinous;
And I may tell her till I go the road
We find alone, the best and worst of us.

And what of Nimmo? Little would you ask
Of Nimmo, could you see him as I can,
At his bewildered and unfruitful task
Of being what he always was—a man.

Better forget that I said anything
Of what your tortured memory may disclose;
I know him, and your worst remembering
Would count as much as nothing, I suppose.

Meanwhile, I trust him; for I know his way
Of being Nimmo now as in his youth.
I'm painting here a better man, you say,
Than I, the painter, and you say the truth.

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# THE POINT OF VIEW

What Would Shakspere Think?

ON the 23d of April the English-speaking peoples, on both sides of the Western Ocean and on all the shores of all the Seven Seas, will unite in commemorating the tercentenary of the death of the greatest figure in the resplendent history of English literature. We who have his language for our mother tongue are all subjects of King Shakspere; and we are all glad to do him homage, whatever our nationality. His fame does not belong to the British alone, it is the precious possession and the glorious inheritance also of Americans and Canadians and Australians. Indeed, we may go further and admit that "the lesser breeds without the law" may be admitted into the ownership of Shakspere, since his genius, like that only of Homer and of Goethe, transcends the boundaries of language and has won citizenship among those who cannot read him in his own tongue. Homer and Shakspere and Goethe belong to the world, as Dante and Cervantes and Molière do not—at least, to the same extent; and if it were not for the abrupt disruption of international amity brought about by the great war, civilization would be united in the effort to do Shakspere reverence three centuries after his death.

Even as it is, even though our ears are deafened by the din of battle, and even though our minds are absorbed by brooding on the insistent problems of war and peace, there will be a truce for a little space, all too brief, while we lay our many-colored wreaths upon Shakspere's grave. A chorus of high-flown laudation will pour from the throats of all sorts and conditions of men; and Shakspere will be praised abundantly and superabundantly for everything that he did, whether he did it well or ill, and also for many things that he did not. The straightforward speeches which he put into the mouths of his fellow actors at the Globe fifteen score years ago will be put under our modern high-powered microscopes to discover the hidden secret of his art. The glowing passion of his tragedies and the rich-hued sentiment of his comedies will have the magic of their manifold colors dissipated by passage through an inappropriate prism in the vain hope of analyzing the spectrum. Speculation will run riot; gossip will parade its empty futility; chatter will do its feeble worst to distract attention from the essential to the trivial; critics and criticasters, annotators and commentators, interpreters and misinterpreters, each and all will have their hour;—and then, when all is said, when the tumult and the shouting dies, the fame of Shakspere will emerge, unsullied and serene.

And if he could come back for a little space, a wanderer from the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, permitted for an hour or a night to revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would he think when he heard the hymn of adulation chanted in tongues unknown to him and carried over the ocean from far countries of unrecognizable names? He would listen to pæans of praise for his poetry, for his philosophy, for his psychology, and for his play-writing skill. He would wonder at the debate over the dates of his dramas; and he would smilingly marvel at the motiveless doubt as to whether he was really the author of his own works. As he was only human after all, the incense would be sweet in his nostrils, even if its savor might be a little sickly; and as he had been gifted with a healthy sense of humor when he was alive and in the flesh, he would not let the unforeseen flattery go to his head. A natural curiosity might lure him into glancing at a few of the myriad volumes in which he was bepraised; but they would not detain him long.

Of all the words that he might read about himself, what would cause him the most startling surprise? He would be astonished first of all, of course, that any words at all should be given after three centuries to plays written originally to provide parts for his fellow actors in the Globe Theatre and to attract audiences to that playhouse in the profits of which he was a sharer. But probably the one thing which would most completely awaken his wonder would be the



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spread of his reputation outside of England. He knew himself to be a right Englishman, who had lived through the immanent peril of the Armada, and who had put together twoscore plays compounded specifically to tickle the taste of other Elizabethan Englishmen. How then had it come to pass that he was held to be not for an age but for all time?—not for one little island but for the whole world?

Shakspere and the Bowery

WE are now so firmly convinced that Shakspere is for all time and for all mankind that we are in danger of overlooking the fact that he was also an Elizabethan Englishman, with not a little of the insularity of the English and with an abundance of the interest in themselves which was characteristic of the Elizabethans. Indeed, we are always inclined to disregard the contemporary elements in the works of great writers, those contemporary elements which are certain to be temporary. It was significant of Colonel Roosevelt's insight and imagination that in one of the papers collected in the volume entitled "History as Literature" he was moved to point out the unregarded frequency with which the greatest of Italian poets drew unhesitatingly upon the political and social celebrities of his own era and of his own city for illustrations to be utilized by the side of those which he found in Greek and Roman history.

Colonel Roosevelt boldly called his essay "Dante and the Bowery," and he insisted on "the simplicity with which Dante illustrated one of the principles on which he lays most stress, by the example of a man who was of consequence only in the history of the parochial politics of Florence." This otherwise forgotten man was Farinata, "a second-rate faction leader in a faction-ridden Italian city of the thirteenth century, whose deeds have not the slightest importance aside from what Dante's mention gives." And later the American historian noted that Dante had coupled the name of Attila with "the names of a couple of local highwaymen who had made travel unsafe in particular neighborhoods,"—these two knights of the road being less important than Jesse James and Billy the Kid; "doubtless they were far less formidable fighting men, and their adventures were less striking and varied."

Like Dante, Shakspere dared to be his own contemporary, although as he was a dramatic poet and not an epic poet, he did not cite specific persons of his own times, he cited only specific things, familiar to most of his hearers then even if unfamiliar to most of his readers now. Take the character of Pistol, for example, in the group of plays in which Falstaff is the chief figure. To us nowadays, Pistol is not an attractive personality, either on the stage or in the study. To the Elizabethans he was probably very attractive, with his snatches of quotation and his scraps of parody from the popular plays of the hour, with his grossly exaggerated bombast, with his "humorous" catchwords. He is the Elizabethan equivalent of one of Mr. George M. Cohan's most up-to-date parts, pert in manner, vivacious in speech, expert in repartee, and garlanded with slang. Perhaps it would be a discordant note in our tercentenary concerto to suggest that Shakspere was not only the Sophocles of his day and the Molière, he was also the George M. Cohan; and there is abundant support for this irreverent suggestion in the "Comedy of Errors" with the "sidewalk conversations" of the two Dromios and in the "Taming of a Shrewd" with its "slapstick" fun-making.

Shakspere was keenly interested in his own country and in his own time,—and also in his own profession as an actor and in his own profits as one of the managers of a theatre. So it is that in "Hamlet" of all plays, in that soul-searching tragedy of an appeal at once universal and perennial, Shakspere permitted himself an excursus, he indulged in a most undramatic digression, to complain personally about the unfair competition of the companies of boy actors who had cut into the takings at the door of the Globe Theatre.

Shakspere is for all time, beyond all question, and the tercentenary celebrations will prove that this is recognized by us all. But he is of his own time also, quite as much at home in the theatrical "Rialto" of Elizabethan London as Dante was in the Florentine equivalent of the Bowery.

LISTEN, and you shall hear two funny-paper stories! The first one is about two city children who were discussing the poem their teacher had asked them to memorize, Longfellow's "The Old Clock

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The Passing of the Staircase

on the Stairs." Said the younger: "What's stairs, anyway?" And the older child answered impatiently, "Why, don't you know, Stupid! Stairs are those things they put into buildings, to go up and down if the elevator gets out of order."

The second story is this well-seasoned little joke: Blinks says to Jinks: "What would you call our local architecture?" And Jinks answers: "Bungolocal, I guess!" Now, this used to be a southern California funny story, but the comic paper that revived it the other day made Blinks and Jinks two suburbanites, locale anywhere. Modern conditions make it just as possible to tell this tale of the New Yorker commuting it out to his raw little new suburb as of the Californian living on his orange ranch.

These two fables teach us that the time is coming when stairs will be as extinct as the dodo. For "bungolocal architecture" is the architecture of the small town, and apartment-houses solve the housing problem in the big cities. Doesn't it look like a stairless future for America? Truly, "a good time coming" for housemaids—think of striking "stair-cleaning," that fussiest and most irksome of jobs, off the list of daily tasks! The stairless home will be welcomed by mothers of toddlers and creepers, and by mothers of active ten-year-old sons. Will there not be a minimum of bumped heads, and fewer shiny places on the seats of knickerbockers? And for every busy housewife there will be rest, heavenly rest, from that dreadful treadmill known as "running up and down stairs, all day long."

Just for old sake's sake, however, I do hope that when the parodists ask, "Where are the stairs of yesteryear?" they will not fail to bring into their query a note of poignant regret. For in saying good-by to the staircase in the home we are saying good-by to something that has had its undisputed place in art and in literature, in anecdote and in song. It is the coming generation I am sorry for; we have our memories, but they can only draw on their imaginations to know what a stair would look like. I remember once interrupting a fairy-tale to ask "What's a drawbridge?" and getting so imperfect an idea from the definition vouchsafed me that the first real drawbridge I saw in after years of travel was a perfect revelation. It is more than possible that, fifty years from now, the answer to Everychild's question, "What are stairs?" will quite fail to visualize them for him. With his school either a bungalow or a roof garden, and his nursery equally flat or soaring, he will be hard put to it, poor little chap, to see anything funny in the fate of the Mother Goose outlaw, the old man who wouldn't say his prayers, or in Father William's exasperated ultimatum to the tiresome young man: "Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!" And how perfectly pointless he would find this verse in a pleasant rhymed tale beloved by me in my childhood!

> "I always have thought it a very great pity
> That they do not teach children in London to fly,
> For the stairs are as winding and long as my ditty,
> And the nursery's *always* the nearest the sky!"

I can see the Walter Crane illustration that accompanied this profound piece of philosophy—the steep, winding stairway, up which toils nurse, baby in her arms, and little Jessie clinging to her hand, while an adventurous two-year-old scrambles on ahead as fast as he can creep. What will my Everychild of the future see in that picture, I wonder! Will he think it a curious kind of circus performance, "featuring" an infant acrobat?

Some one carrying a little child up-stairs to bed . . . what story does that remind me of? Who is the author who has made an unforgettable picture of a little boy in his sister's arms, and she is singing to him. . . . Who but Dickens? Don't you remember this—from "Dombey and Son"?

"She was toiling up the great, wide, vacant staircase, with Paul in her arms; his head was lying on her shoulder, one of his arms thrown negligently round her neck. So they went, toiling up, she singing all the way, and Paul sometimes crooning out a feeble accompaniment. Mr. Dombey looked after them until they reached the top of the staircase—not without halting to rest by the way—and passed out of his sight; and then he still stood gazing upward, until the dull rays of the moon, glimmering in a melancholy manner through the dim skylight, sent him back to his own room."

Let me stop these speculations of mine

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about Everychild and his stairless future to say how glad I am that to my generation a staircase was as familiar a sight as a window or a door. For I have a picture in my mind of Florence and Paul toiling up that "great, wide, vacant staircase," and I know perfectly well that if my nursery had been just across the hall in a ten-story apartment or a rambling bungalow, if going to bed had not meant step after step to be reluctantly climbed, my brain could never conjure up that picture to-day. I am glad I can visualize the stairway at Castlewood, down which came Mistress Beatrix Esmond to greet her cousin Harry, in her "scarlet stockings with silver clocks," her taper in her slim white hand. I am glad I learned to recite "Somewhat Back from the Village Street," and all the rest of the dear old poems, without having to ask "What's stairs, anyway?" And I can't help being a little bit sorry that they are apparently "going out." There is no poetry in an elevator (only that awful sinking feeling when it makes a poor landing), and in the staircase of the old-fashioned home there was the poetry of tender sentiment, just as much as the prose of the daily dusting around the rails. "A staircase with a past" you would be justified in calling mine, if you could see how the banisters need painting, and how worn the carpet is. Never mind! Commiserate me if you like for having a staircase with a past, but while you are about it, don't forget to congratulate me for having "a past with a staircase!"

On Conceit

"IT would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life," said Benjamin Franklin. Long ago, before I knew that Franklin had mentioned it, I became convinced of this fact, and I have chosen my comrades accordingly. If I could avoid it I should never take a jaunt with other than a conceited companion. Not the bombastic man, nor the garrulous, the anecdotal, nor yet the self-centred—far be it from me to choose one of these; my comrade should possess an ingredient of vanity in his nature large enough to keep him sweet. He should not be wasted by obstinate questionings concerning his own worth in a vexatious world, or depressed by a consciousness of his defects, or sensitive to the attacks of random criticism. He should not be quick to take offense, nor fearful lest he be unequal to every emergency. He should not be dependent upon my favor, for his own heart lends him approval; he will not be hurt by my criticism, for he is confident, even though he acknowledge his mistake, that he did what he could at the moment. He need never grow gaunt from soul hunger; "the desire of the moth for the star" he knows not. Fortified by a sense that his own life is worth living, he rests at ease from himself. Here lies his comfort and mine. Who would not choose a comrade that can forget himself?

Just here comes the difficulty. My companion's conceit must be the salt of his nature, its flavor, by no means its essence. Conceit may easily be his undoing. No Egoist, with a capital E, for me. Like fire and electricity, conceit may be at once the light of a man's life and his executioner. It is, I suppose, because of its dangerousness that conceit has become so unpopular. Conceit arises naturally enough from the desire for praise that is one of the universal traits of our nature. "See what I can do! Watch me!" demands the small boy, and we Olympians frown; we teach the boy to turn his just desire for praise into cant, make him self-conscious. He must veil his self-approval with false modesty; he must not be natural and express pleasure at his own conduct. Thus he turns to the world for criticism—a world so niggardly with its praises. And the boy loses at one moment both his independence of soul and his happiness. I am convinced that nine-tenths of the unhappiness of men and women arises from a lack of conceit.

As I think over my conceited companions I remember one that was a dog. Safest of all was he, deprived as he was of the power of speech. The difficulty about most companions is in their talk, and the conceited man is more often than not a talker. For the talker, there is but one saving grace, humor, and to the conceited man perfect humor is denied. Who with any degree of humor can look upon himself and approve? Therefore, in choosing your companion, look for silence as well as conceit. The smile that suggests well-being, the peace of serene self-forgetfulness must shine from his face. Let him be a talker if he must; but, if possible, let him be a silent man.

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# THE FIELD OF ART

## *JAPANESE PRINTS*

*With illustrations from the collection of the author*

### I

LATE fruits though Japanese prints are of the great tradition of Asian art, they preserve, to an extent sufficiently striking for Western minds, the ancient Asian canon of ideality as distinguished from realism. One may even at first sight view them with an aggrieved feeling that no man should pretend to be an artist if he draws the human figure as inaccurately as do these designers. But eventually one realizes that to draw the human figure accurately was the very last thing these artists cared about. And gradually the wisdom of Asia may come to us, and we shall understand that it is the spiritual impact of reality on the artist's emotion, not his scientific observation of reality, that is his chosen and proper theme.

Shigenaga.
Young man with fan.

It is this unrealistic quality which relates Japanese prints not only to the Primitives of Greece and Italy and Egypt, but also to even the most reckless modern adventurers in futuristic painting: in common, they aim at the production of forms which shall convey not the facts of life but emotions awakened by life, and abstract conceptions that exist in a region a little apart from the main channel of ordinary living. The figure of a woman, as treated by any of these artists, is not merely the memory of a possible object of desire or devotion; it is also the embodiment of impersonal formal meanings—relations of line and mass, harmonies and rhythms, antitheses and echoes—that have no direct window opening upon incidents of human experience. As I have said elsewhere, the childish mind loves pictures that tell a story; but the more sophisticated intelligence goes to a work of art for those elements which lie far beyond the region of episodic narration—elements that are allied to the principles of geometry, the excursions of pure music, the visions of religious faith.

### II

NOT least successful among Japanese print-designers, in this attempt at the expression of patterned perfection, were those earliest men who, working in the one hundred years preceding 1764, have been given the name of the Primitives. In the print by Shigenaga here reproduced may be seen such qualities of rhythmic composition, of sweep and flow and sway, as were never surpassed in later times. The figure is simplified beyond all trace of realism; it is purely a motif of movement—the shadow of a dream of form projected by the luminous spirit of the artist against the wall of space. All the important designers of this epoch were actuated by similar aims. Moronobu, Masanobu, Kiyonobu, and Kwaigetsudō are names that recall designs of vast, towering, monumental figures whose swirling garments and strangely poised heads evoke memories of some great fugue, not of humanity.

The Primitives worked at first in black and white only; then it became the custom to color the prints by hand; and it was not until about 1742 that the true color-print was produced. It required a still further interval of development before Harunobu,



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in the year 1764, issued the first print in which an unlimited number of colors could be employed.

Harunobu stands out as one of the most unfailingly delightful artists of the whole school. His delicate girl figures have not

Harunobu.
Woman and girl before a screen.

the broad, decorative strength of the Primitives; but for subtlety of poise, for sweetness of motion, they are unequalled. His aristocratic distinction of feeling is manifest in the refinement of every line; and in color he was not only the pioneer, but perhaps also the unsurpassed master. The fragile, fluttering figures of his women seem creatures of a charming dream-world; like the women of Botticelli, they poise in an atmosphere of more rarefied loveliness than anything we know in reality.

"O little winds, her little hands
In time with tunes from faery-lands
Are moving; and her bended head
Knows nothing of the long years sped
Since heaven more near to earth was hung,
And gods lived, and the world was young."

A new era began in 1780, when that most superb designer Kiyonaga became the central figure. Kiyonaga marks the apex of the technical development of this art and perhaps the apex of its spiritual significance. Freed from the mechanical limitations of the Primitives, and seeing visions of greater scope and nobility than Harunobu, he created such Olympian figures as remind one of nothing so much as of faint memories of the Greek gods. It is hard to do him justice by illustration in the small space here available; his triptychs are his most important works, and they cannot profitably be reproduced in such miniature as would be necessary. But the pillar-print here shown conveys some notion of the lordly bearing of his figures, their serene impersonality and commanding tranquillity. He pushed the tendency toward naturalism as far as it can wisely be pushed; his designs are interpretations of the real forms of actual men and women, but interpretations in which reality is dominated by the magnificent imagination of the artist. Kiyonaga saw nature with clear eyes; and on the solid foundation of observed fact he reared the noble structure of his vision of life—a vision in which the world is peopled by a large-limbed, superb, and gracious race such as the human race is not but ought to be.

Kiyonaga.
Woman under umbrella.

In the years following Kiyonaga's retirement, in 1790, there arose a new group of artists who, headed by such men as the brilliant Utamaro and the sardonic Sharaku, produced designs in which the most subtle and versatile originality was accompanied by the first hints of a coming decadence. Realism on the one hand, and unbridled fantastic eccentricities on the other, became marked; and the overstrung and satiated temper of a new age began to manifest itself in figures whose slender, sinuous languor and weary, sensuous provo-

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cativeness had an almost pathological significance. There is something feverish and perverse about many of these end-of-the-century designs. True, the utmost expressiveness, the utmost beauty, still marked them: the actor by Sharaku which is here reproduced has a savage intensity of ironic characterization and a splendor of design that are matchless. Also the print by Utamaro here shown can hardly be said to have been surpassed by any earlier work. It is the flawless expression of the mortal body's longing for a more than mortal perfection of happiness; the soul's utter weariness looks out from it. But the morbid loveliness here so admirably mastered was a perilous soil from which to expect further and vigorous growths.

So history proved. Upon the death of Utamaro, in 1806, the art disintegrated. Speaking generally, no fine figure-prints were produced after that year. And, it may be noted, it is almost exclusively the prints of this following decadent period that are known to the tourist and the general public. They are garish and degenerate products, crude in color and meaningless in form; they can serve only to obscure the greatness of the earlier masters. But, curiously enough, the period between 1806 and 1858 gave us the finest of all landscape-prints, as though a fresh and vigorous branch had suddenly shot up from the trunk of a decaying tree.

Hokusai and Hiroshige are the two names with whom this renaissance of landscape must chiefly be associated. Because of their enormous productiveness and comparatively late date, their work is better known in the West than that of any other artists—a fact which gives them an undue importance in Western minds. Hokusai, in particular, has been grossly overrated by persons unfamiliar with his predecessors. Some Westerners still believe Hokusai to mark the supreme pinnacle of all Chinese and Japanese art—a view which would strike a Japanese connoisseur absolutely dumb with astonishment and pity. Nevertheless, in spite of much trivial work that Hokusai did, his real greatness is on occasion indisputable: in his rare and majestic design, here reproduced, of a Chinese poet and his two young disciples beside the thundering cataract of Luh, he rises to an extraordinary height. His contemporary, Hiroshige, is the easiest of all Japanese artists for the foreign mind to understand and enjoy. His landscapes are vivid and decorative expressions of lyric moods; he does not attempt to describe a scene literally, but gives us, by means of a few subtly chosen and significantly arranged details, the emotion which the scene awakens in him. His renderings of light and atmosphere, of rain and snow, are justly famous. As a whole, his prints must stand beside the "Liber Studiorum" of Turner; they constitute perhaps the most

Utamaro.
Woman seated on edge of veranda.

Sharaku.
Portrait of an actor.

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complete and splendid landscape record that any land has ever had.

III

"PRINTS" one has to call these works; yet the name is unfortunate, since it suggests a hard, mechanical process of creation. As a matter of fact, it would be more accurate to call them "wood-block paintings." They were produced from a series of engraved cherry plates, one plate being provided for each of the colors employed; to these plates the appropriate pigments were applied by means of a brush and carefully shaded as the requirements of the picture demanded; and, finally, a sheet of soft absorbent paper was accurately impressed by hand on each of the plates successively. Three men thus collaborated to produce each picture —the artist, who designed the original drawing from which the plates were made, and who was the responsible and important member of the trio; the engraver, who cut the wood-blocks; and the printer or colorist, who tinted the blocks and impressed the sheets. Striking differences exist between different copies of the same print, due solely to differences in printing. Late and careless impressions serve only to belie designs which in delicately printed impressions are of the most surpassing beauty. Hiroshige's work, especially, suffers from this misfortune, and, though poor examples of his prints are numerous, the really good ones are of excessive rarity.

Hokusai.
The poet Li Peh.

Hiroshige.
The Kisokaido Road at Okute.

The fascination of Japanese prints has of recent years attracted many students and collectors. These should know that the supreme treasures in this field are not easy to obtain—not very easy even to see. They are to be acquired only by the combined command of considerable money, considerable good luck, and a large equipment of historical knowledge and æsthetic discrimination. The ordinary Japanese print of commerce is generally without value; acquaintance with the finer examples soon leads its owner to throw it away. It has no relation to the great Japanese prints whose deserved fame sheds, for the unwary tourist and collector, a fictitious glamour over all the rubbish of Japan.

There exist, however, in America collections of Japanese prints which can be compared in importance only to the Italian paintings in the Louvre or the Greek sculptures in the British Museum. This is fortunate; for within our lifetimes the masterpieces of this art will be as unprocurable as fine Greek sculptures are to-day; and we shall need them. It is not unreasonable to imagine that there will come a time when we shall find ourselves turning to the arts of the East, as Goethe turned to the classical antique, for an inspiration and liberation that is possible only from contact with an art whose foundations are based on deep perceptions of formal order, and not on the shifting sands of realism or sentimentality.

ARTHUR D. FICKE.

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# THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## "PREPAREDNESS," MILITARY AND ECONOMIC

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

THE extraordinary situation which, with the prolongation of the war, has arisen throughout the world; the increasing jeopardy to which (as at the similar juncture of the Napoleonic wars) the rights of neutral states and people are subjected; the rising emphasis and bitterness which mark, on the one hand, the feelings of the belligerents toward one another, and, on the other hand, the sympathies of neutrals—all these have found expression in the financial as in the political incidents of the day. It is reasonably safe to say that nowhere have they influenced news and tinged controversy as in the United States. Our State Department's attitude, the momentary clash of the President with Congress, the tense public excitement over the battle news from Verdun, and the recourse to public meetings convened to urge one policy or another, clearly enough reflect these aspects of the situation. So, also, the repeated agitation and disorder on the Stock Exchange have reflected them; it has been a very different picture, since the year began, from the unbounded confidence of last autumn, when the eyes of Wall Street were fixed almost exclusively on this country's own prosperity. The spread of the political and popular movement for "preparedness" was a natural outcome of the surrounding influences.

**Crises, Financial and Political**

FOR the sudden vogue of the "military preparedness" propaganda, there seem, in the view of the ordinary calm observer, to be several different causes. One, and undoubtedly the most convincing, is the belief that for actual defensive purposes, our land forces are not such as to admit either of immediate effective resistance or of rapid expansion into an armament which would be effective. This consideration, to be sure, is of itself no more true to-day than it was ten years ago, or a quarter of a century ago. Particular incidents of the European war, however, have instilled into the minds of many people the further idea that things may happen in this world of ours whose occurrence we supposed, as recently as the middle of 1914, to be wholly inconceivable. This could not fail to be a powerful secondary influence in the "preparedness" discussion.

**The Emotional Element**

Yet no one can have missed the third influence: the presence in the United States (and elsewhere throughout the world) of an emotional hysteria, engendered in very infectious form by the controversies of the war. It has not been easy for any individual to keep himself in hand, so to speak, during this clash of strong emotions—which, as a matter of fact, could not possibly be avoided, even in the every-day conversation of the office, the club, or the dining-table. Coming on top of the



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actual events of the present war, this violence of feeling, and the inevitable resultant extravagance of inference, have rendered peculiarly difficult the sane and sober discussion of problems of national defense.

IN many respects, it is these same three influences which have more recently aroused discussion over what has received the imitative title of "economic preparedness"—meaning the adjustment of our financial machinery and business methods to whatever conditions may be expected to prevail after the war. Fortunately for the usefulness of the discussion, it has not been conducted on the emotional pitch which frequently characterizes the "military preparedness" propaganda. In the field of world-politics, the unexpected events which have occurred since the war began might be construed into a ground for misgiving as to our own country's position. But the unexpected financial events have all been such as to reassure the American mind. Beyond even this, the questions with which the economic problem has to deal are severely practical, and have to be judged by practical experience—in which they differ considerably from discussions based on the hypothetical possibility of invasion of the United States by the German army.

**Economic Preparedness Severely Practical**

For one instance, the very familiar and very much overworked assertion that, at the end of the war, the United States will be left without a friend in the world, does not greatly impress the practical financial mind. The man of some experience in affairs, whether at home or internationally, does not expect that a neutral state, lifted to high individual prosperity by the incidents of a foreign war, will be regarded with the kindest of feelings by belligerent nations struggling under the burden of the conflict. Though it is not the neutral's fault, he is certainly gaining where they are losing. The practical man remembers, if he is familiar with history, that France and England looked with by no means unconcealed irritation at the "business boom" in this country during the early years of the Napoleonic wars, and that the Continent had much the same feeling in regard to England during 1870 and 1871. But the notion that, whatever may be the individual sympathies of our people in the European war, every one of the European belligerents hates the United States, and will be its enemy hereafter because our government, as a government, has not departed from its neutrality and openly favored one side or the other, is hardly such as will appeal to the sober financial mind.

STILL, it is a curious fact that the practical business man, who rejects out of hand the forecast of an isolated and friendless post-bellum America, begins his own "preparedness" discussion with the talk of possible invasion. What he means, however, is the "dumping" of low-priced European merchandise in this country when the war is over; the "flooding of the American market" with competitive goods; the "economic invasion." Now, invasion of this sort is not a new source of misgiving, even in the minds of statesmen. A quarter of a century ago, not only America but Europe was anxiously discussing a prospective invasion by Asiatic merchandise. When England and the Continent then talked of the "yel-

**The "Economic Invasion" Scare**

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# THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 518)

low peril," they did not at all mean immigration from China and Japan, but products of Chinese and Japanese manufacture. It was less than two decades ago when the Minister of Foreign Affairs in a European cabinet, addressing the legislative body, declared that "European nations must close their ranks and fight shoulder to shoulder" if "the vital interests of the European people are not to be gravely compromised," and by nothing less than the threatened invasion of American manufactures.

The fright to which Count Goluchowski's speech gave expression—at a time when American manufacturers, emerging from the panic of 1893, were setting forth to discover in the export trade an outlet which the depressed home market did not offer—disappeared when reviving prosperity in the United States itself relieved the pressure. A few months, and the "American peril" was as completely forgotten as the "yellow peril," and the fact may not be without bearing on the present controversy. Still, the incident suggests some analogy. The present belligerent states of Europe will at least repeat, after the war, the case of a depressed home market, and the United States will repeat the case of an inviting objective point for export trade. Is it our business, then, to begin by raising an additional protective tariff against the post-bellum "European invasion"?

The question might be argued on the basis of this country's ambition to retain its present place as the central money market of the world. On that ground alone, the proposal to begin our career in economic primacy by protecting our own markets against competing foreign nations is a bit anomalous. London's economic primacy of our day was built up on the absolute free trade policy of England. There are those who believe that the exigencies of war expenditure are already driving England to the familiar "revenue tariff with incidental protection," and our own national experience teaches that such a tariff is a stepping-stone to a protective tariff with incidental revenue. Hypothetically, and as a pure matter of economic strategy, one might suppose that the sceptre of world-finance might most surely be grasped by seizing also the weapon with which England won it.

**Will America Be Flooded with Cheap Products?**

ECONOMIC policies are not settled nowadays, however, by general principles. The question must still be answered, whether America will not be "flooded with cheap European merchandise" after the war, and to answer it we have no precedent to guide us. It is true that, in the year when the long Napoleonic conflict in Europe came to an end, this country's merchandise imports rose to $113,000,000, as against $12,900,000 the year before; and that the next year they broke all precedent. But the United States had itself been at war with a European power, from 1812 to the end of 1814. The sudden inrush of imported European merchandise, on return of peace, was not then described as an industrial calamity, but as trade revival. The goods were sorely needed. Nevertheless, Eng-



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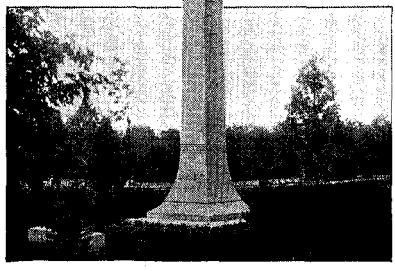

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land undoubtedly began then to undersell the outside producing world. Why will not both England and continental Europe, when this war ends, set to work at the same task in order to relieve their own economic burden?

The first answer is, that the particular conditions which prevailed in the aftermath of Waterloo can hardly be duplicated. In the dozen years after 1815, the economic history of Europe was a tale of production with labor at starvation wages. Tooke, the economic historian of the period, describes the interval from 1814 to 1816 as one of "losses and failures among the agricultural and commercial and manufacturing and mining and shipping and building interests, which marked that period as one of most extensive suffering and distress." Readers of "Tom Brown" will remember the narrative of the English parish "which had risen into a large town during the war, and upon which the hard years which followed had fallen with a fearful weight"; "masters reducing their establishments, the fearful struggle between the employers and men; the lowering of wages."

The hard times in Europe will follow this war as they followed that of a century ago; but cheap European labor, which is necessarily the basis of the "economic invasion," is not a similar probability. The present war will end with the Labor Party holding the balance in Parliament, and to a great extent dictating wages. A recent symposium of views of practical German business men, collected at Berlin, drew forth the unanimous prediction that, to enable the people to meet the heavy taxes imposed for war expenses, wages of labor must be either maintained or advanced, in spite of the fact that they are now unprecedentedly high. But a rise in labor cost

(Continued on page 52)


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(Continued from page 51)

does not pave the way to the "dumping" of low-priced competitive merchandise. And, in fact, one European industrial community, that of France, has already sent an expert commission to this country, for the purpose of studying the best means of obtaining from the United States, after the war, the huge supply of materials needed for reconstruction of the devastated war belt.

**New York's Great Opportunity**

IT is characteristic of the discussion of "preparedness" in practical financial circles that a good part of it rests on the question how the United States should be prepared, not for the dangers to our national prosperity which may follow this European war, but for the possibilities of new economic achievement. Financial experts—even those who discountenance the idea that New York has permanently unseated London from financial leadership—will usually concede that, granting proper use of our present opportunities, New York may become for all time the financial centre of the Western hemisphere.

London has always heretofore been the banker for South America (not to mention Canada) as distinctly as for India, South Africa, or Australasia. The New York merchant trading with Valparaiso or Buenos Ayres had to arrange his remittances of funds through Lombard Street. This state of affairs existed, not alone because England's trade with the great South American republics, in the last full year of peace, was nearly double ours, but because those communities came habitually to London to raise money. Their trade operations, conducted with whatever foreign markets, were financed on short loans through South American branches of English banks.

The goods themselves were for the most part carried in English ships. Financial necessities of governments and corporations on that continent were met through sale of their new securities in London; to the extent, even in the three years of unsettled European finance which preceded the outbreak of the war, of $150,000,000 to $230,000,000 annually. In all that time, loans by our own financial markets to the South American communities were wholly negligible, and "trade acceptances" against South American consignments of merchandise were never discounted on Wall Street.

**Banker for South America**

CAN New York take up London's task in these respects, and thereby acquire the office of central money market for South America? Our own position in regard to these outlying foreign markets has been considerably changed already by the war. While England's trade of 1914 with these South American states showed a total decrease of 10 to 50 per cent from the year before, with the decrease last year considerably larger, our own country's exports to them rose in 1915 nearly to the highest recorded figure, and our imports exceeded by $89,000,000, or 38 per cent, the largest previous total. The New York market has subscribed in the past twelve months to $58,000,000 obligations of one South American state—the Argentine Republic—all of which, in other years, would have gone to London.

In the new business of discounting foreign trade acceptances—a primary function of a central money market—the Federal Reserve Board has estimated that fully $100,000,000 was outstanding for the account of American banks at the close of 1915, as against

(Continued on page 54)

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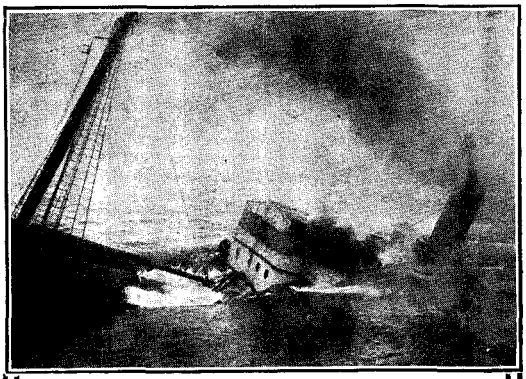

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practically nothing at all a year before; and a very large part of the business must have been done for neutral markets to the south of us. This has in turn been followed by very general use of "dollar exchange" in conducting commercial operations between the United States and South America—meaning that settlement of such trade indebtedness through drafts on London, and in terms of sterling exchange, has for the time at least been abandoned, in favor of settlement through drafts on New York banks in terms of American currency. Establishment by our banks of branches in these foreign communities (after England's fashion), and the enlarging of trade relations through active commercial agencies on the spot, are already in the field of practical undertakings.

**The Problem of American Shipping**

THE much-discussed question of new American shipping lines is another matter. At the moment, ships are in such inadequate supply, and command such unheard-of prices to prospective owners, as to make the creation of new ocean freight lines a virtual impossibility. Yet, on the other hand, plans for the longer future at once encounter the uncertainties which, as every experienced shipmaster is aware, must surround such an enterprise, if undertaken when Germany's blockaded merchant fleet is re-entering the ocean highway, and when the 25 per cent or more of English steamers, withdrawn from the merchant service for military transport duties, are released. Beyond even this, there remains the uncertainty regarding continuance of these new relations when the war is over and London is again in the field of international finance.

(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 54)

Whether England will or will not be able, in the decade after the war is over, to resume her old-time investment of capital in these foreign communities is one matter of pure conjecture. Whether our own country will have the requisite spare resources for the purpose, in the face of Europe's large demand for capital in the post-bellum readjustment, is another. To what extent South American securities will in the long run appeal to the American investor, if the needs of his own country's undertakings increase along with the country's increasing prosperity, is not the least of the perplexing considerations. They mean, in all probability, that our financial and commercial relations with the neutral outside world will continue to be developed chiefly on the tentative and experimental lines which have been pursued already, rather than through any novel and spectacular programme of development.

THE truth of the matter is, that deliberate preparation cannot be made by rule of thumb for a set of conditions which nobody can exactly predict. One may risk the conjecture that even Preparedness in the way of military armament could not be arranged under just such circumstances, without some dash of theatrical extravagance. The case of the $50,000,000 corporation, organized to promote expansion of this country's foreign trade, is quite in point. The proposal, when it was made last autumn, was greeted with enthusiasm; the stock of the new concern was subscribed at once by important capitalists. But its officers have since then been chiefly occupied in wondering what it was best for them to do next.

The reason for that perplexity lay in

(Continued on page 58)

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The affairs of the Company are in the hands of Voting Trustees, which will insure the continuance of the above management

The Zinc Concentrating Company owns fundamental patents covering the Etherington-Singer Non-Oxidizing Roaster and the Campbell Zinc-Iron Separator. These patents control the "Campbell System," which is the only one giving satisfactory results to the producers of zinc, iron-sulphide ores. This process is producing the highest known recovery of metallic values at the lowest operating costs. In order to furnish the Company with additional capital required by increasing business we have purchased a large block of its stock, a considerable portion of which has already been placed with our customers and friends of the management.

**We offer for subscription the unsold portion at $3.75 per share** (Par Value $10)

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Prospectus and detailed information can be had upon application to

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(Continued from page 56)

the facts, already stated, that the more obvious steps in the way of preparation were already being undertaken by banking and mercantile interests individually concerned. It will naturally be remarked that England's capture of the leadership in world-finance was the result of gradual and persistent adaptation of tangible means to a visible end, along the line of least economic resistance. But our own line of least resistance is apparently yet to be discovered.

**The Mobilization of Resources**

It is possible that the really strongest need for economic preparedness on the part of the United States at the present time is, so to speak, the mobilizing of its existing resources for the work of efficiency already most familiar to us. There are, for instance, many indications that one effect of the economic disturbances of this war has been to clear up the public mind on the proper relations of government and incorporated companies. The country has passed through two very distinct phases of that problem in the past three or four decades. The period in which the corporations either controlled the government, or acted in complete indifference to it, came first. The period in which the government turned angrily on the corporations, and restrained their excesses by drastic statutes, followed.

EACH process was carried for a time beyond the bounds of reason; action and reaction were equally disturbing, and in a contrary direction.

**Intelligent Readjustments**

We are emerging from the second period, in which restraint of corporate activities through prosecution in the courts was carried so far as manifestly to defeat itself. At two culminating proposals, seriously urged by well-meaning men—one for dissolving trade combinations into so minute component parts as to deprive them of efficiency, and the other for inflicting penal sentences on individuals, because they had violated a law against trade combinations, on whose scope and meaning the courts themselves had until very lately failed to agree—the plain-thinking public mind revolted.

It has revolted also against the chaotic regulation of railway rates through the conflicting orders of a national commission and of the commissions of forty-eight States. The fact that all these matters are being taken in hand for intelligent readjustment is a sign of instinctive preparation for the new economic conditions ahead of us. Both parties to the aggressive controversy of the past dozen years have learned something from it, and are better able than they were in 1901 or 1906 to harmonize honest corporate efficiency with intelligent government regulation.

In the larger field of preparation for such economic strain, whether of financial expansion or financial reaction, as may be our lot on return of peace in Europe, the country has at least the machinery of its new banking system, with its as yet untried facilities of mobilized credit. It may turn out that, after all, the Federal Reserve Statute of December, 1913, was the real stroke of "economic preparedness" for the conditions destined to be created by the war which broke out seven months later. But, as Mr. Kipling used to say, that is another story.

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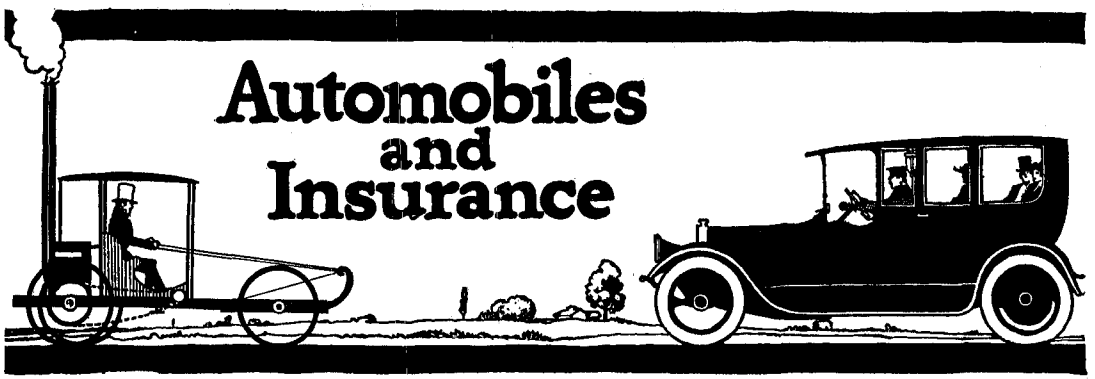


Most people think of automobile insurance as an old form of protection adapted to a modern invention. As a matter of fact, the self-propelled vehicle is older than most forms of insurance. A Frenchman drove a steam carriage in the days of Marie Antoinette. An Englishman was arrested for joy-riding in 1802. In 1815 the directors of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company were amazed to see a steam locomotive snorting through the streets. We are not told whether they ever considered this strange contraption from an insurance standpoint. But we do know that almost before the motor car had ceased to be an experiment the Hartford Fire Insurance Company was offering automobile policies. Today you can insure yourself from every risk of a motor car through the complete

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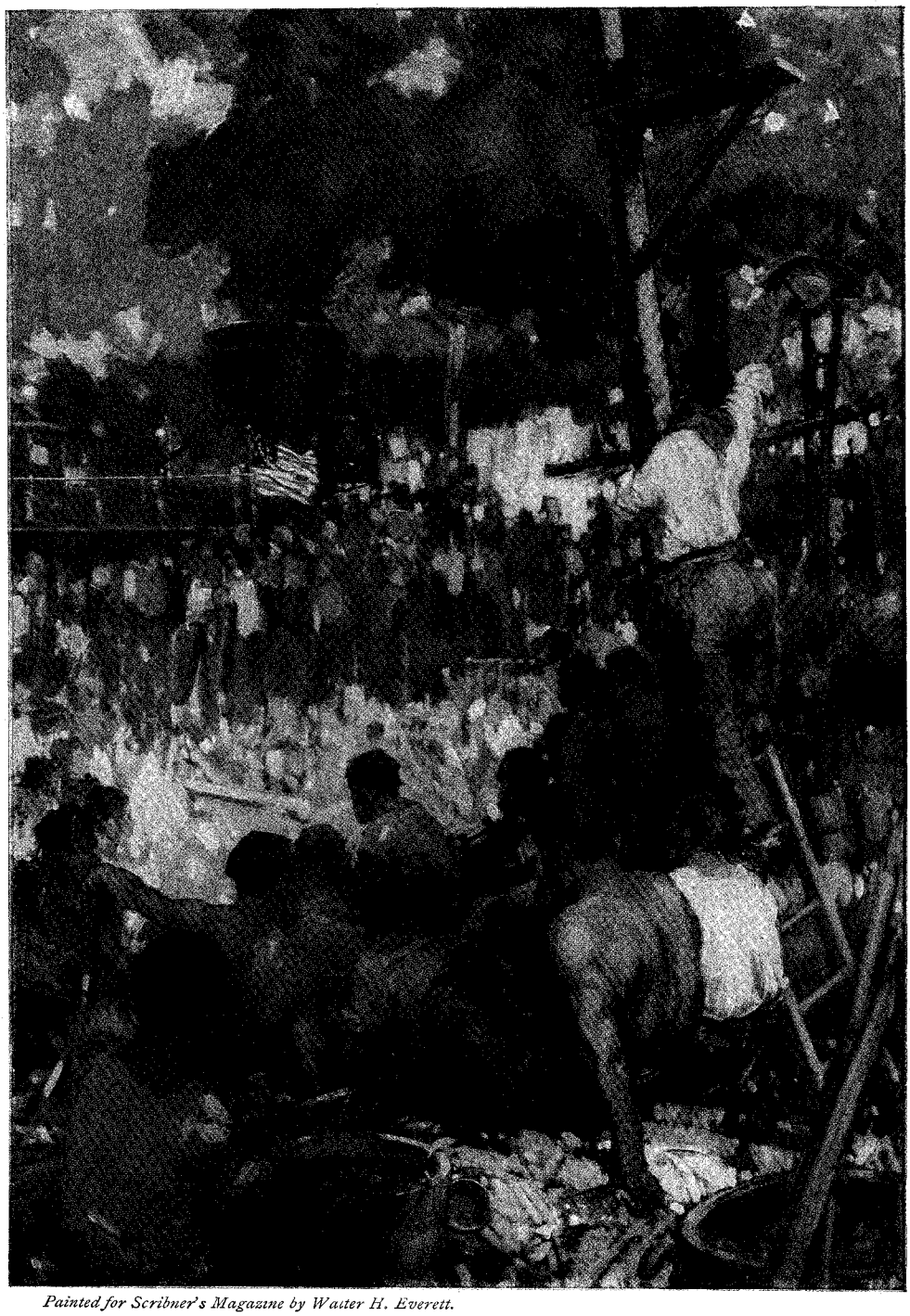

*Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Walter H. Everett.*

SPANNING THE CONTINENT BY RAIL.

On May 10, 1869, at Ogden, Utah, railroad communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific was established by the joining of the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroads. The event was witnessed by American engineers, officials, and soldiers, as well as Chinese, Indian, Mexican, and negro workmen, suggesting the cosmopolitanism of the United States.

[American Historical Events, Frontispiece Series.]

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